

ASIATIC DIGEST

1911

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MAY 1944

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Japan's Coming Peace Offensive

Mr Joseph Grew former American ambassador to Japan, whose one major claim to fame in Pacific history lies in his report to his home Government warning them of Japanese plans to launch a surprise attack on Pearl Harbour *ten months before the catastrophe*, has of late been basing his speeches and addresses on one theme—Japan's coming peace offensive

N J NANPORIA

IT taxes our credulity to the utmost, to realise that Japan is yet capable of launching a peace offensive fortified apparently with some hopes of success. In the heat of the battle, the weariness of the flesh is not apparent, the heart and spirit do not flag. Instead there is exhilaration, rising to a determination to prosecute the struggle against our Far Eastern enemies till absolute and final victory has been achieved. The very thought of considering peace moves on the part of the enemy is waved aside with contempt and disdain, and any suggestion that we—or at least certain influential circles within governments and government bodies—may be tempted to consider them—may be a sign for serious dissension.

Yet Mr Grew has seen fit to issue warnings of a Japanese

peace offensive—warnings which would surely not be necessary, if he were convinced, as apparently he is not, that peace offers may not be unconditionally swept aside.

Japan's leaders, including Tojo, have been describing this war as a hundred years' war. This is no exaggeration, if we permit the Japanese to have their way—primarily by falling prey to their peace blandishments—a hundred years' war is not impossible. By a hundred years' is not meant a prolongation of the present physical struggle for a hundred years, but a series of minor wars in which though Japan fails to gain her objective—complete domination of Asia—she nevertheless is placed in a better position to carry on her mission of conquest.

When once Japan is convinced, as she may now be convinced, that absolute victory is impossible, her objective will be to evade a decisive end to this war, to preserve her potential warmaking resources, and to make a graceful withdrawal from conquered territories to the accompaniment of powerful propaganda informing the world that Japan never intended to occupy these regions in perpetuity

Japan's strategy has often been likened by military students to that of the ju-jitsu fighter (the correct term incidentally is judo) who exploits his opponents strength to overpower him, and whose technique may be summed up in one word—wile. Now, as a very sensible broadcaster told us the other day, we have somehow gained the conception that wile is dirty, that it is associated with meanness and is therefore morally and intellectually degrading. Such a belief is to our disadvantage not only because the belief is probably nonsense founded on prejudice and hypocrisy, but because we are at war with the Japanese. The Japanese is the exponent par excellence of *wile*, and it is a paramount and inevitable factor of wile that it is never constant belligerency—it is not an open display of fistcuffs. Its dominant feature is an

alternating series of belligerent and peaceful gestures which are naturally bewildering to the opposite party

Prior to the outbreak of the Pacific war, when Britain and American policy in that region was directed solely toward seeking clarification of Japan's true intentions, bewilderment was never far off, both for men of ambassadorial rank and for students of Pacific affairs. One moment our ears would be soothed by assurances from Tokyo Foreign Office spokesmen that all they wanted was that the world should be one happy, peaceful family next moment fire-brands, apparently wholly unconscious of the embarrassment they were causing their more diplomatic colleagues, spoke in terms of fire, blood and thunder

That is the essence of Japanese technique in battle and competition. One moment it is the samurai with a sword dripping with blood, next moment it is a *geisha* girl with cherry blossoms. Japan is capable of this transformation at any moment in the future—when it suits her purpose. We—that is the United Nations and particularly America and Britain have never experienced this before, and it is unlikely that the lessons of China have been taken to heart. In China, we have a perfect illustration of the bully cum-persuasive-

cum-soothing-syrup-cum - sword technique of which the Japanese have made themselves masters

Contrary to popular opinion, when Japan launched her offensive against China, she realised that militarily a conclusion could not be hoped for. A conclusion, commensurate with a definite Chinese defeat, was possible only if a political offensive calculated to win over Chinese quislings and the masses could be successfully consummated. This the Japanese have failed to do—leading to an outbreak of barbaric atrocities, alternating with peace offers which the Chiang-Kai-shek Government have repeatedly rejected. A more detailed, analytical study of the roles of the Japanese Foreign Office and the Japanese military, will reveal an identical technique of wile—a wile which will suddenly give way to a fit of temper.

To observers of the Pacific scene, the Japanese are preparing the stage for a coming period of blandishments in the form of peace offers. They will not materialise for some time yet to come, possibly further naval and military clashes will be inevitable. But come they will.

Already Yosuke Matsuoka, one time energetic Foreign Minister who fathered and smothered the Japanese-Soviet

non-aggression pact, and was promptly eclipsed following the outbreak of hostilities between Germany and Russia, has been appointed head of the Peace Bureau. This Bureau presumably will be engaged in studying the ways and means of approaching the Anglo Saxon mind, and of making it amenable to peace offers. Matsuoka who was educated and brought up in America, and therefore prides himself on the fact that he understands how the mind of the white man works, in co-operative relationship with Prince Konoye who is near enough to the Emperor and more a diplomat than a swash buckling militarist, to allay suspicion, is perhaps the best mouthpiece which the Japanese can use.

There are others, but Matsuoka's gift of the gab and his astonishing capacity (surprising even for a Japanese) for saying anything and making it seem logical, are qualifications that cannot be ignored. He and Konoye in company with the Empire's best bargainers and diplomats have been reserved in cold storage, out of the lime light, so that they may subsequently be placed on the forefront of the stage as representing Japanese liberal thought. With typical thoroughness our enemies have not forgotten to make provisions for a retreat into peace in such conditions.

as to make the preservation of their army and navy and air forces possible

Prince Konoye's character may be summed up as that of a man who preferred war in the Pacific to bloodshed and revolt at home. He wanted neither war nor trouble at home, he attempted to compromise with the Fascists, and failed. In order to save face, and partly out of necessity (diplomacy is helpless before the muzzle of a gun) he allowed himself to become the pawn of the militarists. The fascists having used him to make war, will not hesitate to use him to make peace for which Konoye is more accomplished. Already, please note, Allied officialdom has attempted to place the Japanese Emperor in proper perspective. It feels that the Emperor is a harmless little man interested in mineralogy riding a white horse, it feels that he is not directly responsible for the chaos in the Pacific. This effort to maintain a same mental balance is admirable, is it an effective antidote against hysterics. But the danger lies in the fact that Konoye is an aristocrat, close to the Emperor's circle. Dress up the Emperor as an innocent baby, tricked and deceived by a big bad uncle, and we are next door to doing the same thing for Konoye—without realising that because they

are in the forefront again it does not mean that they have ceased to be the pawns of Fascists hiding behind the curtain. What Konoye and the Emperor and Matsuoka are capable of doing when they are freed from militarist pressure there is no means of ascertaining. In Italy King Emmanuel appears to have weathered the storm, though he may yet be compelled to retire. In the case of Japan, Allied policy is still doubtful, but one hears the argument occasionally that the maintenance of the social structure and the preservation of order and peace require that the Emperor should not be deposed. This of course is an argument, the sources of which may be traced to a rooted fear of a revolution. If there is any country in which communism or socialism is inconceivable for some time yet, it is Japan, but these people of whom there are yet influential and great numbers, who would rather prolong the war than see the possibility of a revolution in social and economic structures, are seeking not merely the defeat of Japan, but such a defeat as would be consistent with a perpetuation of Japan's capitalist status.

The spread of communism throughout the East is a fear second only to the fear of communism in Europe, and may

well be elevated to first place in time to come. The only bulwark against Communism in the East, as before, is Japan—a powerful Japan, with a navy, army and air force intact. Asia after the war will be specially amenable to the subtle endearments of Communism: the growth of which will be largely spontaneous, this is a 'danger' of which men and women behind the scenes in the major countries of the United Nations are very conscious. It is inevitable—or is it?—that Allied policy towards post-war Asia will be influenced by these considerations and fears.

The enemies of communism die hard if they ever die at all. They have not been deposed from positions of power—positions from which they are able to mould foreign policy. *And the Japanese know it.* Their peace offensive will be directed to just those people who more than once before have allowed their judgement to be warped by their fear of communism and by love of property and the *status quo*. These people are to be found in positions of power throughout the United Nations, they are not very vociferous now, but students of Pacific affairs will recall how many of them urged that Japan's New Order should be recognised: that Japan had a right to a sphere in East Asia, that Manchukuo had

profited from Japanese Rule, how many of them cried "Appeasement" and shed crocodile tears for China while providing the Japanese with the necessary planes, and war materials. Since Pearl Harbour, they have proceeded to make more money manufacturing arms for their own Government. When Japan is defeated they will emerge with a programme of 'reviving Japan', their fear of communism being so great that they forget what should be paramount in their minds—the prevention or further Japanese aggression in the future.

Japanese aggression in the future may be prevented without running the risk of communism in the East: it may be prevented without crushing the spirit of independence inherent in the Japanese people, and without allowing our temporary triumph to impose conditions which will deny to the Japanese people the right to live and work in co-operative peace with their neighbours. A single operation is necessary—an operation which will uproot Shintoism and its doctrine of racial superiority—and a ruthless elimination of present day fascist leaders.

Please note however that unless the Allies back this policy with all that they have in them, nothing will come of it. There are in Japan many

elements willing to undertake this task of eliminating fascism and of uprooting Shintoism, but without the necessary support and encouragement which only the Allies can supply, they will continue to be manacled and helpless. Will this support be forthcoming? Will the allies have leaders who will forget power politics, forget the communist bogey, and address themselves solely to the preservation of peace in the Pacific. The Japanese—our enemies—apparently think not. They think that our leaders will succumb to their blandishments, that they will agree when Japan points out that communism can only be prevented in Asia by a strong Japan, and that they will consequently accept Japan's peace offers.

Japan will retire from occupied regions, retain Korea,

Manchukuo and such territories as she held before Pearl Harbour, retire from China, place Konoye and Matsuoka in the forefront, manufacture sweet talk of democracy, preserve her army, navy and air force—and her fascist leaders. These leaders are dreamers—they dream, big dreams of world conquest, but they are realists—equipped with all the patience of the realist. They will wait and plan for a hundred years to conquer the world, they will be able to do this if we allow them to exploit our weaknesses and fears. Mr Joseph Grew's warnings are not so much hot air, they are sound common sense based on specialised knowledge. Japan has plenty of brawn left yet but a time will come when she will prefer wile, and it is for us to prepare for that contingency, and realise what it means.

COUNSEL “Where did the automobile hit you?”

Plaintiff “Well if I'd been carrying a license number it would have busted into a thousand pieces.”

MARRIAGE is like a besieged fortress those without want to get in, and those within want to get out.

LIFE is such a Comedy to those who think such a Tragedy to those who feel.

YOUNG Nurse (to drowsy patient) Now wake up at once you've got to have your sleeping-draught.

One More Opportunity Missed

The writer of this article thinks that recently there was an excellent opportunity to end the political deadlock and establish a national government at the centre. The Congress-League unity in the Central Assembly, the Delhi discussions and the Japanese inroad into India had in his opinion brought about the right atmosphere for tackling the political problem. Even now it is not too late, he concludes.

U G RAO

INDIA came hopefully within sight of national unity last month. Common opposition to the Finance Bill in the Central Assembly had served to keep down the minor points of difference between the Congress and Muslim League parties and unite them on the board issue of a demand for an immediate transfer of power to Indian hands. This promising development within the Assembly led to a country-wide feeling of relief. And there was a tangible stir of life within the frustrated, despondent political circles of India.

LEAGUES FIGHT

For the first time in recent months, the Muslim League party, under the able leadership of Nawabzada Liaqat Ali Khan, took a really broad and

generous view of the Indian situation and fought with great fervour for India's rights. Leaving aside controversial issues, the League Party concentrated its attention on the unexceptionable demand for a more representative and responsible government at Delhi—in other words, a government formed by the leading political parties of India.

Though the performance of Congress Members in the Assembly was unfortunately neither so forceful nor so outspoken, save for one or two exceptions, they too focussed their attention on the same demand. And strangely enough, when some Government members, notably Sir Jeremy Raisman and Sir Ferozekhan Noon, replied to the issues raised in the debate, both in the Assembly and outside,

they adopted a more or less apologetic tone, saying in effect that they would be only too glad to relinquish their seats in favour of more representative men

NO MIRAGE

All these facts combined to produce the impression that the seemingly impossible might at last happen and that representatives of the Opposition groups in the Assembly might, after all change places with the present office-holders and form a government as nearly national and popular as circumstances might permit. The vision of a wartime national government in India seemed less of a mirage than ever before.

More encouragement came in the shape of prolonged discussions between Congress and League members outside the Assembly. The participation of Mrs Sarojini Naidu, Mr Rajagopalachariar and Mr Bhulabhai Desai in certain stages of these discussions was a still more hopeful sign, which was further buttressed by the fact that even Mr Jinnah and Mr Rajagopalachariar had an exchange of views

DIM OUTLINES

Even the outline of a possible settlement could be dimly seen in the columns of certain newspapers. It was suggested that major points of difference would be put aside for con-

sideration after the war and that meanwhile the Congress and League would join together to run the central government on agreed and non-controversial lines. And Lord Wavell was reported to be not unfavourable to such a change.

Still more stimulus to the hope of a wartime settlement came from an unexpected quarter. The Japanese inroad into India, however negligible it might have appeared in certain quarters, did have an appreciable psychological effect in responsible political circles. For the first time in more than a century, India had been invaded by a major, aggressive power, and that in itself was a challenge to Indian pride and valour. At that stage the Japanese aim and objective were but hazily known, and there was absolutely no question of taking any risk with the greedy, insinuating Japanese. The change in the atmosphere was becoming increasingly evident in the utterances of Congress leaders and others, who called for unremitting opposition to Nipponese designs.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

The country would have rallied most enthusiastically over that slogan, had the authorities the vision to make a prompt gesture and call for the whole-hearted co-operation of the people. It was a

psychological moment, when a small gesture would have meant much and brought about an incredible change in the general situation. The background had already been fortuitously prepared by the Congress-League talks, and all that had to be done was to seize the opportunity and forge friendly links between the different political parties and between the parties and the powers that be.

Was that possible? I think it was. Anyway, it was worth a trial. The conditions were most favourable for such an attempt. The Congress and League had come nearer each other than ever before. The country was sick of the dead lock and the resultant frustration. The problem of Defence, which had proved ticklish at the time of the Cripps negotiations, had been substantially solved by the creation of a separate command, the South-East Asia Command, for operations against Japan. So there could be no objection to handing over what remained of the Defence portfolio to an Indian Minister, and what remained was nothing more

than the defence of India, against aggression, which at least could certainly be entrusted to an Indian, with the present Commander-in-Chief continuing to direct actual operations. It would never have been difficult to settle questions of jurisdiction and demarcation of power in the Defence Department with an enlightened and liberal-minded Commander-in-Chief like Sir Claude Auchinleck.

VICEREGAL VETO

As for the question of the Viceregal veto, which again proved troublesome at the time of the Cripps offer, a warm-hearted and sympathetic Viceroy like Lord Wavell would have found less difficulty than Lord Linlithgow in exploring a satisfactory formula with Indian parties. Thus in every way there was reason to hope that a settlement could have been effected if only the men in authority had the necessary imagination and courage.

Even now it is not too late, though the first flush of enthusiasm has naturally died down. Will Lord Wavell act?

WALDO "So you don't think exercises are good for you, huh? Why not?"

Oscar "The Doctor says my blood pressure has gone up since I started watching the girl next door take hers"

How Far Will Russia Strike?

TERENCE BOCARRO

THE Prime Minister, Winston Churchill once described Russia as "A riddle wrapped in mystery" which is all the more true to-day

After Odessa what will be the next vital objective of our Russian Allies? What are her war aims? Will the Soviet Armies go hammering through Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary driving the bloody Juggernaut of War and Carnage into Nazi Germany? Or will Stalin call a sudden halt to his victorious battalions after they have recovered their former territory from the German hordes? Is Soviet Russia still waiting for the Allies' Second Front? Will Russia fight Japan in the near future?

These are the questions on everyone's lips defying elucidation as the historic panorama of Germanic debacles are being unfolded in Europe before our eyes.

Stalin said in November, 1942, that "It is not our aim to destroy Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany. It is not our aim to destroy all the military forces of Germany. This is not only impossible it is inadvisable from the point



Joseph Stalin

of view of the future" We must always bear these words in mind in relation to the march of future events

When Odessa and Lwow fall, the enemy will be slithering away like a snake with its back broken. Its poisonous fangs bared in self-defence will have lost their deadly venom. They will sting, but it will be impotent and ineffective. For the striking might of the Red Army will be dealing such catastrophic bludgeonings on the retreating Wehrmacht that there will be left a trail of blood and death. They will

smash and annihilate those modern mechanized armies of Hitler now in disgraceful disorder. They will decimate and relentlessly pierce the hearts and bellies of those god-like-warriors of Hitlerite Germany. Then Russia will settle down.

Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Northern Iran will definitely be areas of special influence and possible occupation. These will be probably converted into buffer states to act as a wedge so that the whipped and drooping Nazi menace can never invade Russian territory easily again.

For many years the Turks have feared a Russian push towards the Dardanelles. This is why modern Turkey is disturbed by Soviet Russia's interest and influence in the Balkan states.

It is problematic whether the U S S R is still waiting for the Second Front? They have liquidated the 'invincible' German armies in the field and dispersed the evil Hun from their expansive lands. He dare not come back for more soon. Soviet Russia has taught Hitler a Napoleonic lesson. He will never come back.

"We can safely assume that Russia from now on, unless some major change occurs, is going to handle her own international affairs regardless of what London and Washington

think. And by reason of her spectacular military victories Russia has placed herself in a position which justifies this attitude. If Russia alone has been able to deliver the blows she has to Germany, while the Anglo-American Allies in spite of their colossal potential strength have not yet opened the real second front needed to complete the destruction of the European Axis it follows that Russia alone can well have the prestige and the power to carry out whatever decisions she makes in the field of international politics. The situation has now been reached where Russia can better afford to do without the United States and Great Britain than Great Britain and the United States without Russia."

comments Lisa Sergio broadcasting in the U S A over the WQXR

"Russia will not voluntarily go to war with Japan until she has finally disposed of Germany," says Edgar Snow writing in the 'Saturday Evening Post' some time ago. I for one doubt this. Even if Russia has liquidated the menace of the Swastika from her homeland, will she fight Japan? Do you think Russia will risk her war-depleted stocks of men, money and material unless the Japanese make an attack on her frontiers first? To be quite prophetic, there may be some 'alliance' signed between Japan and Russia in the near future to co-ordinate more peaceful relations, till such

time as one or the other feels the necessity of breaking it

According to Wendell L. Willkie "Russia is a dynamic country, a vital new society a force that cannot be by-passed in any future world" And, therefore, it will not do for the valiant democracies to fear and distrust the enviable might and position of the Soviet Nation In fact the peace cannot be won without complete unity between England, America and Russia Moreover, Russian isolationism and imperialism—an acute case of international lockjaw—is threatening our muddy post-war objectives This conspiracy of profound silence must be broken by the Allies If not achieved in the near future it will be an unforgivable crime For that grand nation will drift so far apart that the void will never be bridged

Louis Fischer writing in the American Magazine has amplified the above statement beautifully when in a nut-shell he says —

' The diplomats of the three countries have a big task cut out for them Russia may be acting from fear induced by isolation and foreign attack The British and the American diplomats will try to give Russia complete assurance that future aggression will be met by collective resistance Russia may be acting from ambition stimulated by the knowledge that with Germany defeated, nothing on the European continent is strong enough to check the Soviets Our diplomats may be able to prove that, with proper organization and with outside help Europe will grow strong again and join America, England Russia and Asia in maintaining peace "

" Unless they are able to find a way of working together, no peace worthy of this struggle is possible "

SCIENTISTS say the modern girl blushes as readily as the old fashioned girl, but due to having her emotions under better control blushes inwardly instead of outwardly

It seems the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak

A magician caused a stampede in a theatre recently Walking on to the stage with a beautiful blonde he announced "I'm going to make this young lady vanish Would any of you gentlemen care to step up and disappear with her?"

IT used to be bread and cheese and kisses
Now it is champagne, duck and divorces

A very fair summing-up by an acknowledged expert of the present day prospects and feelings of Spain

Spain Needs a New Man

Condensed from "Spain in Eclipse" (Methuen, London)

PROF E ALLISON PEERS

WE may fairly view Spain's immediate future against the background of a Europe liberated from the oppressor and preparing to use the freedom won for it by the United Nations by playing its role in the new world family. And the first question we shall ask about that future will be: In such a Europe, can General Franco's regime survive? Will Spain herself retain or reject it? Visitors to Spain return periodically, declaring, according to their individual observations or beliefs, that the people are behind it to a man, or are opposed to it with the same unanimity. Calculations based on such travellers' tales are meaningless, newspapers, apart from anything that the practised reader may be able to read between their lines, are almost useless, trustworthy people dare not write trustworthy letters for fear of the censorship and "the" police. We must therefore fall back on evidence of quite another kind—the evidence of psychology and history.



General Franco

In the elections of February 1936 there was a small majority for the Left as against a constitutional Centre Right—so small that it is doubtful if the Left could at that time have obtained a majority in a plebiscite on any question on which the votes of both Centre and Right would be combined.

against it. The five months of their disturbed and chaotic rule which led to the outbreak of the Civil War must have neutralized whatever majority they had, in July 1936 the numbers on each side might have been considered approximately equal. No reliable estimate of the relative losses of the two parties during the war has been, or can be, given, but assuming those of the Left to have been the greater by a few hundreds of thousands, deducting a similar number for emigrations and imprisonments, and remembering that nothing succeeds like success and nothing converts like victory, we might calculate that of the 8,600,000 odd voters of 1936, reduced by death and emigration to about 7,300,000, the Right had something like 4,500,000 in 1939 and the Left the rest.

This, in a democratic State, would give a fair-sized working majority. But it must be remembered that in Spain reactions are rapid and severe. In the elections of 1933, after little more than two years of left-wing rule, an unprecedented left wing majority was wiped out completely. Over four years have passed since General Franco's Victory Parade and these have been far worse years for the Spanish people than 1931-3. They have suffered not only severe repression but a degree of hunger

sometimes verging in certain places on starvation. Many of them have relatives in prison or exile. Many of their homes have been destroyed, and reconstruction has of necessity been slow. Their rulers, although remaining technically neutral, have openly supported the losing side in the World War, and, if they have appealed to the idealism of some by sending volunteers to Russia, they must have wounded that of many more by their silence over the Russo German pact of 1939 and over German aggression, ruthlessness and cruelty in the countries of their fellow-Catholics. Taking every consideration into account on both sides, it is difficult to see how there can fail to be a large majority against the regime in the country at present. The size of it, of course, would depend upon what alternative was in question, but about the existence of it there can surely be no doubt.

The Spaniard's fierce independence at all costs demands expression. His individualism pulls him in this direction or in that—but generally away from everyone else. For his cherished institutions he claims and expects freedom. And the institutions which the present dictatorship has suppressed—Socialism, Anarchism, Liberalism, Regionalism and the rest—are not of recent growth,

Their roots lie deep And they have only been lopped off above the soil, not uprooted

And what, when they are free to express themselves, will the Spanish people have to say about General Franco's attitude to the war? It is not merely that they will resent his having begun by prophesying a stalemate of exhaustion and gone on to hail the imminence of an Axis victory. One can forgive a false prophet. It is his alliance of sentiment with Hitler that they will not forgive—the exchanges of decorations with him, the acceptance of gifts from him, the flattering speeches, the messages forecasting and wishing Nazi Germany victory, and so on. It is of no use to say, as his apologists do, that his telegram to Hitler of December 1942 wished him victory only over the "Bolshevik terror." The war, as General Franco knew perfectly well, was all one, Soviet Russia, as he himself continually remarked, was an ally of the "democracies" and, in any case, it was not on June 22, 1941, but on June, 12, 1940, that he had led Spain away from neutrality into non belligerency. Sophistries of that kind will be meaningless when the war is over.

If the present dictatorship falls, what is the most likely alternative? A new dictatorship of similar type may be ruled

out at once, for, if a change takes place at all, it can hardly fail to involve a considerable reaction. The immediate step would be the establishment of a Third Republic, not necessarily of long duration. A Republic, and a Republic alone, would provide the full reaction which is bound to come, satisfy all the anti-Franco groups at present in existence, give scope for pent up individualism, restore the institutions which have been suppressed, and make reparation for the opportunist and pro-Nazi policy of Spain's recent past. The momentous question is this: Will the Third Republic, if it comes, be a regime of democratic liberalism or of extremism? Will it mean a return to 1931 or to 1936?

One would gladly predict the former. Spain's best hope lies in a strong Liberal, democratic regime, willing to hasten slowly and to consolidate each advance, able to carry a large majority of Spain's individualistic but tradition-loving people with it. One would like to say that such a regime seems a possibility in the near future. But the historian must not be a wishful thinker, and the probabilities seem rather to indicate a strong pendulum-swing—that is, a new Popular Front. It is natural enough that the leaders of the suppressed groups and unions should no longer

be content to go back to 1931 and say "Today our Republic, tomorrow our Revolution" Their slogan will rather be "Revolution here and now," and, should they triumph, Spain will be fortunate if centralizers and decentralized—the Socialist Communist parties and the Anarcho-Syndicalists—do not immediately split asunder and plunge her into still further bloodshed

What are the chances that, either now or later, Spain will revert to the Monarchy? Many, in view of the greatness of her monarchical past, think such a development very probable, it would be quite unnatural, they say, for an institution over a thousand years old, which disappeared in forty eight hours, never to return. The very suddenness of its eclipse suggests a sudden restoration

Although Spain has had some bad monarchs and not all the Bourbons have been among her best, monarchism, taken over the whole period of its course, has been successful, whereas republicanism, so far, has not. The First Republic had four presidents in twelve months and lasted for only twenty-one, it coquetted with feudalism, stimulated disruption, and culminated in anarchy. The Second Republic, seeming to hold fairer promise, started favourably, but threw away its opportunities, split the nation

and led the country into civil war. Two failures do not prevent a third attempt from being a success, but neither do they encourage the rejection of an institution under which Spain rose to world-greatness

Monarchism makes a strong and direct appeal to the Spanish temperament. The Spaniard is attracted by, and readily responds to, symbols, but, more than that, he follows a person with less effort, yet with greater tenacity, than an abstract ideal. Most of Spain's achievements have been the work of great men—or, occasionally, of great women—rather than of organized bodies of men and women working in collaboration. Her recent history has been a pathetic search for heroes

Democratically inclined before 1923 or no, Spaniards undoubtedly accepted Primo de Rivera with enthusiasm, and little was heard of popular opposition to him until it became clear that he was unequal to his self-imposed task. Azana was idolized by Republicans of nearly all shades of thought for as long as they thought him the strong man, his decline in favour dates from the discovery that he was a man of straw. The present Government, fully versed in the national psychology, has invested Franco with the maximum of glamour, has provided him—witness the

official photographs—with a flashing eye, an intense expression, an intellectual forehead and the additional inches deemed necessary to the stature of a hero. To a people which reacts so strongly to personal influence, a King coming of historic lineage and surrounded by the perpetual limelight of the Throne has a long start over other competitors for hero-worship.

The most probable method for the re-entry of monarchical rule would be its establishment in the near future, either by General Franco himself, or by a Traditionalist *pronuncia mento* with General Franco as a temporary Regent or prime minister. To restore the Monarchy in a constitutional and perhaps democratic form might be a way of stemming the swiftly incoming tide, and, at the worst, of postponing and modifying the reaction likely to come latter.

When history comes to pass judgement on General Franco's rule, it will certainly criticize,

but is unlikely wholly to condemn him. Nor would it wholly condemn King Alfonso, nor Primo de Rivera nor Azana. Each worked for what he believed to be Spain's good, each contributed his best—and already we can form some idea of what the enduring part of each contribution will prove to be. But the supreme praise of history will be reserved for a man who has not yet appeared—he may be King or President or Dictator or Prime Minister none can say. He will need to be strong enough to rule the whole of Spain, shrewd enough to forestall and counteract Spain's temperamental tendency to schism, wise enough to forge a national plan which will unite the majority of Spaniards throughout long years or reconstruction, but, above all, great enough to put the past behind him and work solely for the future.

Where is the Spanish Abraham Lincoln? Only when he appears can there be peace for Spain.

A CUSTOMER walked into a shop and bought a rug telling the salesman to charge it to his account. In some way or other, the salesman lost the customer's particulars only remembering that the address was somewhere in Hampstead. The manager was appealed to.

"Just charge it up to all our customers who live in Hampstead," said the man of business. "We shall soon find out, that way, who really owes the money."

The clerk did as he was told. Twenty-five people paid the bill.

Dr. B. R. Ambedkar

AN ANACHRONISM IN INDIAN POLITICS

R A ZAKARIA

WHEN I was the General Secretary of my College Union, that is about two years back, I rang up Dr B R Ambedkar

"Yes, Ambedkar speaking", came the voice from the other side of the phone

"Our Union is arranging, Sir, 'A Tagore Symposium' and we would very much like you to pay a tribute to the poet on that occasion", I said

"But I don't know Tagore", the learned scholar replied

"Of course you don't mean to say Sir, that you cannot speak a few words about him. It is going to be a great "

But he cut me in the middle and burst out, "I tell you I don't know anything about him, I have heard that he was a great poet. Nothing more. Surely that is not enough for a tribute". And he banged the phone

Any Indian, educated and enlightened, who expresses such ridiculous sentiments about the achievements of a sage like Tagore deserves to be condemned. But I don't condemn



r B R Ambedkar

Dr. Ambedkar for I know he is not ignorant of Tagore

The conversation was a peculiarly Ambedkarite way of rejecting an invitation. Every Secretary, who has approached him for a talk or presiding over a social function, is quite conversant with it. The so called leader of the Depressed Classes feels that in it lies

his greatness He cannot stoop so low as simply to say "I am sorry, I shall not be able to do it"

This one trait in his character explains his attitude towards things, particularly political Though belonging to the lowest strata of Hindudom, Dr Ambedkar suffers from a superiority complex Consequently there is natural collision between his 'inherent inferiority and acquired superiority, with the resultant tragedy For no one can doubt, inspite of Mr Amery's referring to him in the Mother of Parliaments as the leader of the scheduled classes of India that the doctor remains a tragic figure on the political arena of his country

From his library one gathers that he must be a voracious reader How far he digests what he reads is a controversial matter One thing, however, is certain He does not look learned There is definitely a show of learning, but that is what a learned man can never put on When he was lecturing at the Government Law College, Bombay, on legal topics, he never impressed his students as a professor As a speaker he did And a speaker always tries to say more than what he knows When he practiced at the bar, he did not flourish Though master of laws, he could not apply them correctly

to facts The innumerable sections of the various codes were on the tip of his tongue, but a proper grasp of realities was lacking

Last month Dr Ambedkar finished his half century Today he is the Labour Member of the "national" cabinet, set up by the Viceroy, at New Delhi He had, however, to try, and try hard, for quite a long time, to be included in that august body Had it not been for the War perhaps he would never have been there The bureaucracy knows that Dr Ambedkar can hardly be loyal to anybody The Civil Servants want a man who can be relied upon The self-conscious and self possessed doctor, however, is an individualist 'par excellence Where ever he goes he builds a house of his own It matters little to him whether it is made of bricks or of cards

Dr Ambedkar was a member of the now defunct Bombay Legislative Assembly He used to champion there the cause of labour According to Mr K M Munshi, the then Home Minister, he rarely came in its portals and very seldom sat on its benches But whenever he appeared he made himself felt His speeches used to be verbose and full of official statistics They lacked personal touches For the doctor's knowledge of Indian Labour is based on what econo-

mic books provide, he never goes to the chawls and slums to find out the facts for himself and to see the down-trodden humanity with his own eyes

In the Central Legislative Assembly his maiden speech was a big fiasco. He attacked the present composition of that body and called it unrepresentative of public opinion. "Whom do you represent?" many members, almost in a chorus, asked him. The Leader of the sixty million Indians was taken aback! He tried to dabble into constitutionalism and in spite of having lectured for many years on Constitutional Law he blundered. This time he became conscious of his weakness. Perspiring all through his body he struggled to make amends. But the House was in no mood to listen to him. Mr M S Aney, who was the Leader of the House at that time, later came to his rescue. The case, however, was so hopeless that pleadings could not much change its complexion.

During the initial period of his assumption of office Dr Ambedkar was very fond of holding press conferences. Now he does not stage them due to lack of cordiality and enthusiasm on the part of the Fourth Estate. His remarks, however, at one of these conferences still make strange reading. "There is no use

bothering about these paper pronouncements — call them charters if you like, you never know when they will become scraps of paper," he said when asked by a representative to comment on President Roosevelt's declaration that the Atlantic Charter applies to all humanity. If the Government of India's Labour Member is right, why is he making all this propaganda for the Allied War Effort? Where lies the difference between Roosevelt and Hitler? One of the greatest crimes of the Nazi Fuehrer is that he considers treaties as scraps of papers. On that attitude the whole Axis mentality is based. The Allies are fighting for the preservation of human dignity by relying on the goodness of one another. That is why all the progressive forces—big and small, are with them. Such statements by a responsible minister of the Crown do harm to the cause of the United Nations.

But that was not perhaps Dr Ambedkar's intention. He simply wanted to tell those leaders, who were then sincerely working for a compromise not to waste their time in making appeals to foreign powers. He was afraid that these appeals might influence public opinion in those countries. Roosevelt and Chiang might be compelled—that is what he must have thought, to bring

pressure on Churchill to concede the Indian demand of National Government. And then where would have been Dr Ambedkar?

Dr Ambedkar dislikes Gandhi and Jinnah because, he says, "I like India more." But that does not seem to be the reason. Perhaps he dislikes them because he likes himself more. With them in the field he is conscious that he looks a dwarf. Without them he feels he may rise to be a giant.

About the press in India he has a wonderful notion. "Journalism was once a profession here," said the doctor in one of his flamboyant

speeches. "Now it has become a trade." One wonders, however, why in spite of his capitalistic status and privileged position now, he has not been able to buy it yet.

A contributor in "The Hindustan Times" has aptly described his place in the New Order. "Dr Ambedkar likes to be considered a leader of the Indian Depressed Classes, but if he leads any one it is the motely army of unhappy Indian intellectual individualists who know they have no place in the new order and have not the courage honestly to support the old."

THE NEGRO had been charged on a driving offence. The police declared that he was drunk while driving. The police doctor confirmed the charge and declared that the pupils of the man's eyes were noticeably dilated.

"Were your eyes dilated?" asked the judge.

"I don't know, your Honour," said the negro, "but you can see for yourself," and he removed his glass eye and offered it to the bench.

WAITER (*looking tired*) You say there is a feather in the soup, sir.
Yes, so there is. Sorry, but I was charging you for clear soup, and it's evident you have chicken broth. That's another ninepence.

THE famous preacher, Rev. Charles Spurgeon once said to students: "If you ever find a man asleep in my congregation, don't wake him, wake me!"

EARNEST UNCLE It was some consolation to know that your father had a peaceful end. What were his last words?

Son: "He had no last words. Mother was with him till the end."

*If we ration their oil and nitrogen the
Germans can't start another war of
conquest*

How to Disarm Germany for Keeps

R E McCONNELL

WE can prevent a defeated Germany from rearming and starting a third world war if we drastically restrict her supply of just two of the raw materials essential for modern war—oil and nitrogen

After the first World War the Allies tried to disarm Germany by reducing her army, by taking away her fleet, her big guns, tanks and planes, and by forbidding her to make any more of them. Yet 20 years later Germany came dreadfully close to conquering the nations which had thus "disarmed" her.

This time we must do the job better—and differently. Let us begin by admitting that we couldn't kill off 70,000,000 people even if we were barbarous enough to try. And if we propose to let the Germans live, we must let them make a living. They are a great industrial people, they will rebuild their bombed-out factories, and will soon be making automobiles, machine tools, tractors, motors, merchant ship—all products from which a

R E McConnell at present a special assistant to the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury is a mining engineer. His experience has included development of an atmospheric nitrogen plant for the U.S. Navy copper mining in Rhodesia, Cyprus and the western U.S. and drilling the world's two deepest producing oil and gas wells in Louisiana.

huge modern industrial plant can easily switch to making engines of war.

We need not fear a warlike revival of German industry—provided we allow no German production of nitrogen and oil. Without these two key materials, whatever planes the Germans might manufacture in secret could never leave the ground, whatever guns they might sneak by Allied inspectors would be as harmless as the obsolete cannon on a village green.

Of the raw materials essential to war, the most crucial is oil. The Germans would never have begun the war in 1939 without a considerable stock-

pile of oil products and what seemed to them the certain prospect of much more to come. Since Germany produces very little natural oil, she was forced to synthesize gasoline from coal. Synthetic gasoline requires large, complicated plants. The German plants were built for one purpose only: war. It is inconceivable that the Allies will allow them to remain in Germany after the armistice. They must be destroyed, and not rebuilt.

A chastened German people will benefit from this so long as we have the wisdom to sell them enough oil products for current peaceful needs at a reasonable price. The German economy can maintain synthetic gasoline production only with the help of a heavy government subsidy, or exorbitant tariffs on imported oil and gasoline. The elimination of such burdens would help to raise the German standard of living.

If we can control Germany's supply of oil we have gone a long way toward preventing her from breaking the peace again. But there must also be drastic control of her supply of nitrogen, which in one combination or another—such as nitrocellulose, gun cotton, or TNT—is the base for nearly all modern explosives.

Before 1914, the only source of nitrogen was natural depo-

sits, the great bulk of which was in Chile. But in 1914 German technicians perfected a process for extracting nitrogen from the earth's atmosphere. Germany could not have gone to war in 1914 without this new process up her sleeve.

Chile's entire production capacity would not satisfy one half of Germany's nitrogen needs for World War II. Therefore we should throttle any revival of German military ambition during the coming years of peace by dismantling *all* her nitrogen fixation plants and removing them to parts of Europe far beyond her grasp.

But in peacetime, fixed nitrogen is also universally used for fertilizer and many other chemical needs. Germany, more than most large nations, requires fertilizer for agriculture. The drastic controls I suggest will therefore result in unending friction and a depressed German standard of nutrition unless the United Nations are prepared to sell her the fixed nitrogen required for her civilian needs at a reasonable price.

I am not offering restriction of German synthetic oil and nitrogen production as a panacea, an easy substitute for all the complicated, delicate international agreements that will have to be made when the

war is won But I do believe the controls here proposed should be an integral part of any broad programme to prevent future wars

One point must be insisted on to establish the administration of these controls the armistice period must be extended over a long period of years The longer this period, the firmer the controls, and the more enduring the peace

There must be flexibility in the controls, as well as firmness

Science moves with incredible speed today, and it is conceivable that we may discover new sources of power, or a new chemical base for explosives, which will make the controls of oil and nitrogen I have proposed obsolete But that time is not yet Meanwhile, here is a concrete proposal, simpler and more workable than many heard today, for making Germany powerless to start another war



"Now, I'm not proposing—I dropped my lighter"

As The End Draws Nearer

WALTER LIPPMANN

IT is no longer academic to work seriously at defining our war aims, because now at last it has become possible to see how the war is to be won

After Pearl Harbour we pledged ourselves to the destruction of the German and Japanese military power. There were a few, though a very few, who saw dimly then how this was to be done. But until they had clarified the principle of victory, and had worked out the initial plans, and had persuaded the sceptics, and had launched the enterprise, and had won the preliminary successes, the discussion of war aims and of post war plans was, as a student once said of philosophy, like the search in a dark room for a black cat that wasn't there.

What was known was that since Britain and Russia had with some but not very much assistance from America, jointly fought Hitler to a standstill, the weight of America when it was mobilised would knock him down and finish him.

But until it was known where the power of America would be deployed, and how it would be exerted, it was still impossible



Adolf Hitler

even to begin to make practical judgments about the armistice and the settlement.

The great decision as to how the war is to be fought has now been taken. Building on the foundation which Winston Churchill laid in the darkest days of 1940, when he determined to hold at all costs not only the British Isles, but Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt, the President and the Prime Minister together made the crucial decision to proceed from Africa across the Mediterranean into Europe.

This decision, if we make no radical errors and suffer no irreparable reverses in carrying it out, will fix the shape of victory over Japan and Germany alike.

A United Nations' army of invasion and liberation moving up from and across Italy and the Balkan Peninsula will be entering Europe on the flank and in the rear of the bulk of the German Army

Many who have talked about a second front in Europe have thought of it defensively the Western Allies were to attack in order to relieve the pressure on Russia by drawing off some of the German Army But the prospect which has actually been opened up by the genius of the Churchill-Roosevelt strategy is not merely to relieve Russia it is to trap the German Army in Russia and cut off its retreat and destroy it before it can get back to Germany

That can give to the United Nations a total victory over German military power For if the German Army were able to get back in to Germany, as it did in 1918, it may fight on German soil a desperate defensive If it capitulates, it will remain, even though disarmed, an organized formation with an infinite capacity for mischief

But to trap it and destroy its fighting power and capture the officers and men in Russia will constitute a military defeat such as no nation, not even France in 1940, has ever suffered in modern times The problem

of what to do with Hitler's poisoned generation of young men will be the problem of what to do with a large mass of prisoners of war

Then with two-thirds of the German Army in Russia, the rest of the Nazis will be faced with the rest of Europe, not excluding the rest of the German people

A victory of this character will also bring about two results which are essential to the security of Europe and the peace of the world The first is that it will ensure to each of the occupied countries the opportunity to strike the final blows for its own liberation

In the last analysis we must desire that they should be enabled to win their freedom in this way and for themselves Their heroic resistance has earned them the right not to appear to owe it altogether to the British and the Russians and the Americans Then they can be our friends, and not our clients our self-respecting Allies and not our wards

The other great consequence of a victory of this character will be to compel all the United Nations—the great Powers and the small ones—to deal together rather than separately with the settlement and reconstruction of Central Europe

In these circumstances we shall not run the risk, which would make the whole future of mankind ominous, of being drawn into dealing at arm's length with Russia, and of having then to make evil and unnecessary choices between the necessary demands of Russian security and the national rights of our smaller Allies

No such clarification of the scheme of the war with Japan has as yet appeared, though it may be that it is in the making

The fundamental fact is that the war with Japan cannot be won decisively by reconquering the islands. It must be won by overcoming the military power of Japan which resides in Japan proper and upon the Asiatic mainland

Even if we reduced the Japanese Navy to a point where the remnants were driven back to their home bases, even then the sea-borne assault on Japan would be an infinitely more formidable undertaking than any in the history of war

The soft side of Japan is on the main land of Asia, where after the opening of the Mediterranean it should in time become possible to assemble in India the forces to reconquer Burma, Siam and Indo-China—and by this one operation to reopen China and to get behind the Japanese in Malaya and the Netherlands Indies.

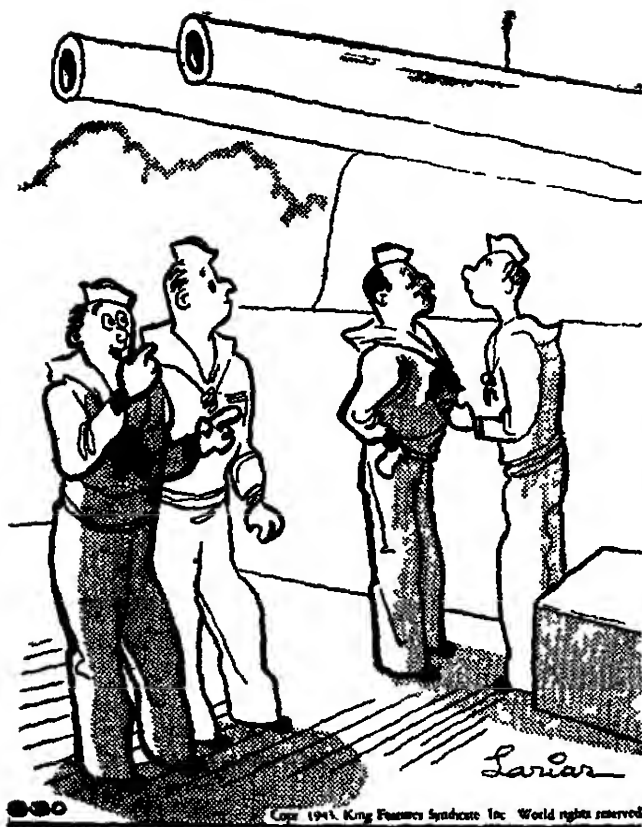
For this operation we shall have as footing India, the Middle East, and Africa, and ahead of us to receive us the vast fighting potential of China

This is a wholly different prospect than to try to fight the Japanese Empire from the Solomons and New Guinea, based on little islands, which are based on other islands, scattered across the watery wastes of the Pacific, which we have to risk our naval power to defend

Moreover, the launching of the decisive attack on Japan from the Asiatic mainland offers the only imaginable foundation for a settlement in Asia. It will make the United States and Britain the fighting Allies in Asia, and not merely nominally, of the Chinese, the Indians, and perhaps eventually of the Russians

On the other hand, a war won by the American Navy alone over the Japanese Navy alone would settle nothing except that for a few years we should be masters of the ocean. It would not dispose of the Japanese army, which is the centre of Japanese militarism. Indeed, it might cause Japan, when she had recovered her breath, to concentrate her whole energy, instead of dividing it, in the conquest of a land empire in Asia

Daily Sketch



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"He's really tough' He's been torpedoed once, bombed twice and married three times"

Turkey's Three Wise Men



No 1 ISMET INONU Second President of Turkey

No. 2 MARSHAL CAKMAK, Army Chief of Staff

No. 3 SUKRU SARA COGLU Prime Minister

Two of them are German-trained military men and the third is a baby kissing Yankophile

EMIL LENGYEL

TURKEY calls herself Germany's friend and Great Britain's ally. This is the great Near Eastern paradox—but, then, many things about Turkey are paradoxical. Another example is that, although Turkey has a democratic constitution, she has entrusted her fate to three strong men.

The best known of Turkey's trio of leaders is President Ismet Inonu, who bears the title, "National Chief." He is the second president, successor to the immortal Ataturk, who is honored as Turkey's "Eternal Chief."

No 2 man is the chief of the General Staff of the Turkish armed forces, Marshal Fevzi Cakmak. The third is a comparative newcomer, Prime Minister Sukru Saracoglu.

The careers of these three wise men of the westernized East largely explain the great Turkish paradox.

NO 1 WISE MAN

I first met Turkey's president in his office, a modern, air-conditioned, "all-American" study with telephones and dictaphones and rows of buttons to call his secretaries.

President Inonu looks more like a small-town clerk than the leader of a great power. He has an apologetic smile, which seems to be projected inward rather than outward. He is olive skinned, small and ageless, the record reveals he is 69.

Because he is small and also strong, his country men call him "the pepper." He is quiet and—on convenient occasions—deaf. It is said of him that he can hear less and misunderstand more than any other Turk alive—when he doesn't want to hear.

His former role as a war lord is recalled only by his name. Inonu is a town in northwestern Turkey where he won a decisive battle against the Greeks two decades ago—a battle that revitalized Turkish nationalism.

War lord no longer, Inonu is a cagey statesman. This is how he explained his pro-British policy to me:

Germany cannot maintain itself in East Europe without the Dardanelles. The Turks, on the other hand, are determined to keep the strait, and England is satisfied that they should.

Further, the British understand the language of the Turks, while the Germans understand no language save

their own and regard Easterners as an inferior breed.

Finally, Inonu insists, Turkey wants only to become truly modern—politically and economically. It needs industries and, to have them, must have capital. Money and England are synonymous to the Turks.

The life of Inonu helps us to understand the Turkish paradox. He received his early military education in Germany, and German officers coached the Imperial Ottoman Army in which he served before and during the First World War. It was then he developed an intense dislike for his "superior" German allies and a deep admiration for his fighting British foes. He still has both.

NO. 2 WISE MAN

Second in Turkey's triumvirate is Marshal Cakmak. The name, which means "flint," indicates what the Turks think of him. "Man of Iron" and "Warrior with the Eagle Eyes" are earlier, unofficial names given him by desert Arab nomads, who credit his eyes with hypnotic powers.

Cakmak is about Inonu's age. He, too, is short but stocky, massive. He has a heavy, stern face, but I have seen it transformed in a moment into that of a high-spirited school boy, his mouth opening wide in

laughter, his eyes sparkling darkly

The Marshal is unusual as old battle-horses go he never drinks. The cause of his abstinence is also unusual. It is not that he dislikes alcohol, a devout Mohammedan, he does not even know its forbidden taste.

He is no more fond of the Germans than is Inonu, but he learned much from them. With that knowledge, in two decades he has transformed a barefoot rabble into a high precision, streamlined fighting force.

His are splendid fighting men, descendants of a martial race which ruled the Near and Middle East and much of the West until comparatively recent times. It is reported Cakmak has about 1,500,000 firstline troops and trained guerrillas.

The forces are well-armed with weapons and equipment that is obviously of American make. Cakmak's was the first—and for a long time the only—neutral army to receive lend-lease material from America.

Most of Turkey's troops have long been drawn up on the famous Chataldja Line in Europe, between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea, facing the Germans in Bulgaria.

No 3 WISE MAN

Turkey's Prime Minister Sukru Saracoglu is a youngster,

only 55. He, also, is short and, like Cakmak, stocky. His name marks a real difference between him and the other leaders. It means "saddler's son." Inonu and Cakmak are soldiers, he is a civilian, an ex-corporation lawyer.

Saracoglu looks quite unlike a statesman. He appears constantly bewildered, the roundness of his big brown eyes accentuated by large glasses rimmed in dark shell, which the Turks call "American spectacles."

Saracoglu delights in appearing Americanized. He visited here some 13 years ago and likes to show off the slang he learned then. The pick of his repertoire are such beauties of yesteryear as "And how!" and "O, yeah?" He introduced to Turkey the political custom of kissing babies, which was quite an innovation.

He also cultivates a reputation as a regular fellow. He is not averse to letting it be known that he "likes his likker," and he misses no opportunity to perform the *Sarizeybak*, a fast, romping mountaineer dance.

From 1938 until 1942, Saracoglu was Turkey's minister of foreign affairs. He watched Hitler's power flooding Europe, engulfing mighty nations, swirling eastward, sucking one country after another into its irresistible undertow. He saw

it race down the Danube and sweep across Bulgaria to the boundary of Turkey

The Nazis then had the initiative, and theirs was an elemental force. With the momentum they had gathered, they could have vaulted Cakmak's Chataldja Line and leaped the strait. But the Nazis stopped short of Turkey—and, stopping, lost the war.

A friend says Saracoglu explains his success with Germany in two German words *sich druecken*—being slippery. He kept very quiet, opening his mouth only for promises.

The Germans needed chromium. He promised them chromium. Germany said Turkey's relations with the Soviets were too cordial. Saracoglu turned a temporarily cold shoulder to Moscow.

Meanwhile Great Britain's 9th and 10th Armies were manning battle posts in the Middle East. Meanwhile, too, the Germans detected the glint of Cakmak's million bayonets. Although the East's oil fields still beckoned, Hitler's chance was gone.

How successful Saracoglu's policy was can be best gauged by results. His country is the only one between India and Switzerland which has not been overrun by a foreign army.

The three men who rule Turkey know definitely that Germany can never be a neighbor, it can only be a conqueror—or be conquered. That is the principal reason they have cast their lot with the United Nations. Tomorrow they may join us in war against Hitler's Europe. When they do, Europe will not be Hitler's long.

Look

WAR Profiteer's Wife Then you agree to sing at my little party for ten guineas. Soprano Yes ten guineas.

W.P.'s Wife And you quite understand that I do not wish you to mix with the guests.

Soprano In that case my fee is five guineas.

A WAR profiteer wanted some statuary to give a classic air to the hall of his new mansion. He went to a dealer, explained what he required, and left the choice to the dealer, who sent a replica of Venus de Milo. When it arrived, the war profiteer opened the case and found the arms broken off. He immediately wrote to the railway carriers and explained the whole situation and the railway company paid up.



"I think it's just a bad cold, but I really came here to tune your piano!"

Is An Arab Federation Coming?

In Alexandria work has begun in connection with the constitution of an Arabic Federation. The heads of the governments of Egypt and Iraq have already had their first meeting. The Pan Arabic movement began in 1805, thanks to the efforts of the Macedonian Mohamed-Ali. The Pan Arabic confederation seeks the cultural and racial union of Arabs Catholic as well as Moslem.

THE head of the Egyptian Government, Mustafa Nahas Pasha, and the head of the Iraq Government, General Nuri Said Pasha, have recently had a series of talks in Alexandria preparatory to studying the possibility of the two states establishing a basis for an Arabic Federation, to be formed by several countries of Arabic origin in the Near East. The countries which could first take part in the Federation would be Egypt, Iraq, the Lebanon, Syria, Trans Jordan and Saudi Arabia, although this list could always be extended to include others. Each would keep its own political system, and the Union would begin by being a Customs Union for the unification of civil laws, economic, social, pedagogic and cultural interests. The two above-mentioned Ministers have been in communication with the authorities of the other countries, and hope that these negotiations will result in

the convocation of a Congress in Cairo, which will discuss and determine the question.

This appearance of the old plan of Arabic union in an atmosphere which up to the present has been foreign (that of Nahas Pasha and his Party) signifies that in the last few years the idea has gained ground that the politicians less ready to welcome it have become its most ardent supporters. The Pan-Arabic trend will prevail in the countries which speak the language on the east coast of the Mediterranean. Spain, a Mediterranean country closely related culturally to the Arabs, should become acquainted with the background and significance of the plan.

ARABS AND TURKS

The first thing which must be remembered in speaking of Pan Arabism and the Arab, is that this has nothing in common with Mohammedanism, Pan-

Islamism, etc The majority of the Arabs are Moslems, but the problem of the Islam is a spiritual, not a political one. In Spain, Arab and Moslem are sometimes thought to be one, because two essential things are not taken into account first, that Mohamed was Arabic and his companions who helped him to conquer Arabia were also Arabs, but that, after the triumph, many Arabs remained outside his Party (as, for example, the Christian Arabs) second, that the Moslem idea extended forthwith through various countries which were not Arabic, such as Persia, Turkestan, India, Sicily, etc, most of them Moslems and strange to Arabism.

In the early centuries, the difference was little noted because Mohammedanism adopted the aspect of an Arab empire. But the two ideas grew apart when the Turkish Ottomans assumed control of Moslem affairs in the year 1517. The Arabs accepted this change with distaste, and the Ottomans could not penetrate into some regions, or enter only by violence and on sufferance.

The first friction between Arabs and Ottomans took place in the desert of Central Arabia, the tribes of which impeded their passage in 1520. Then in Morocco, where the Saadian Sultans prevented their entry in 1548, and in Tunis, whence the

Arab Sultan asked help from Carlos V, and thereafter from Don Juan of Austria.

In 1635, the Emirs Zeiditas of Yemen made the Ottomans evacuate the whole of the Yemen, in 1740 there was brought about in Central Arabia the union of the thoughtful mystic, Mohamed Abdelwahab, and the chief of the tribe Ibn Seud, forming between them a state free from Puritan Arab guerrillas. In 1741 the free Sultanate of Oman was founded, and in 1785 the Catholic Arabs of Beyrut, who were not warriors, established the first review, in Arabic, *Hadigat al Ajbar* (Garden of News) as the organ of a camouflaged Arab protest of an intellectual type. From that day there were two parallel protests—from the guerrilla tribes and chiefs in the field, and from the writers and professors in the cities a political and intellectual Pan-Arabism, both so complex that the length of this article makes it necessary for us to be concerned with the political aspect only.

MOHAMED ALI THE FOUNDER

The Pan Arabic organisation was born with Mohamed Ali, sovereign of Egypt, in the year 1805. It was Mohamed Ali, a Macedonian of Albanian origin, who was called to Egypt in 1798 as commander of a Macedonian battalion which

formed part of the army which the sultan of Constantinople sent against Napoleon Bonaparte. Mohamed Ali observed two things the new tactics used by the Corsican general, and the condition of indigence and poverty in Egypt, which allowed of the easy and rapid conquest by that small contingent of French troops. The French army was routed by the English and Turks in 1801, but Egypt became an anarchy in which feudal lords disputed the authority.

Mohamed Ali, applying the Napoleonic technique, was the sole commander who could maintain his strength, and because of this, was appointed Governor of Egypt in 1805. But he sought something more because he aspired to a kingdom, which neither his faithful Macedonian companions, as they were only a handful, nor the long-suffering rural Egyptians, could give him. Then he thought of moving the great lever of Arabic resentment. He began by recruiting troops from among the nomads of the Sahara, and, at the same time, surrounded himself by Syrian delegates, thus uniting the two levers of Arabism from field and city. But it provoked the fear of the Mamelukes, that is to say, of the feudal lords to whom the Ottoman Government had entrusted the power. They were almost

all of Greek, Slav, etc., origin and descended from former-captives, by their strength they came to be great landed proprietors who went about armed and surrounded by partisans who beat travellers. Mohamed Ali invited them to a great banquet in the Alcazaba (in 1811) and, when they had assembled in the courtyard, he had them exterminated by his Albanian fusiliers.

THE ARAB STATE BEGINS

Now free from enemies in Egypt, Mohamed Ali was able to prepare his new State. Positions of office were given to the Egyptians instead of to the Ottomans of countless species who occupied them, and grants to study in Europe. Moreover, the gates were opened to the Syrians, Lebanese and Palestinians, who flocked in their thousands to Egypt and Alexandria, creating a flourishing trade and opening schools where the task of establishing a modern teaching in Arabic was begun, those being the ones who edited the official Arab newspaper *Al Wiqaya al Misriyya*. The aspirations of Arabism took shape under that Macedonian commander, who, like his compatriot Alexander the Great, was obliged to create a synthetic civilisation, at once oriental and occidental, based on the Arabs.

The success of this became apparent when, in 1819,

Mohamed Ali defeated the tribes of the Arab desert, who although Arabs, defended only the rights of one sect whose restrained ideal was razed by the news of the union of those speaking the Arab tongue, whether Catholic or Moslem. Much more happened also when, in the year 1831, Mohamed Ali was attacked by the Sultan of Turkey, who was indignant because Mohamed Ali was moving towards the creation of an empire, thanks to his expansion in the Sudan. Mohamed Ali then sent his son Ibrahim Pasha, at the head of 100,000 soldiers. The Arabs of Syria and Palestine, on hearing this, were enthusiastic. Damascus rose in rebellion, killing its Ottoman garrison, Lebanon recruited a small corps of an army which, commanded by the Emir Bachir el Chibabi, united with the Egyptian troops before the fortress of Acre. The Palestinian cities (Jerusalem, Jaffa, Gaza, Naplusa etc.) enthusiastically received the *Delivering Army of Ibrahim*, who called his troops the *Great Arab Army*, and signed his orders as 'Chief of the Greater Order of the Great Arab Army'. Ibrahim triumphed, and incorporated the whole Arab coast of Asia, but in the year 1844 was obliged to evacuate that territory through the imposition of Austria, Russia, Prussia and England, who supported the Ottomans. And so terminated

the first period of Pan-Arabism which might have become a great Egyptian Empire in the lands of Africa and Asia.

The second period of Pan-Arabism was that in which the Arabs on the Asiatic side, seeing that Egypt could not help them, decided to act on their own, with the aim of releasing all the Asiatic Arab regions. In the year 1875, a secret society was founded in Beirut, which lasted till 1885. In 1896 there assembled in Paris a '*National Arab Committee*', presided over by the Egyptian politician, Mustafa Kemal, in order to unify the action in the regions subjugated to Turkey, and from this Committee affiliated societies sprang up. In 1905 the Syrian Neguib Azury Bey established in Paris the 'League of the Arab Fatherland' in order to reunite emigrants, and published the book *Awakening of the Arab Nation*, in which he sought the establishment of a free State 'from the valley of the Tigris to the Isthmus of Suez, and from the Mediterranean to the sea of Oman'.

In 1908 there broke out in Turkey the revolution organised by the 'Turkish Youths' of the Committee of Union and Progress, which convoked a Parliament with deputies from all the races of the Empire. The Arabs lent their assistance, thinking that it would give them

autonomy, but they were up against the attempt to wither their language and personality by 'Turkanising' and assimilating them. Its fifty-five deputies formed a defensive block, the more active element of which was Damascan, Al Moayyad, who insulted the chief of the Turkish Youths, Talat Pacha, in the Chamber. Other Arab dwellers in Turkey formed new societies of resistance, such as the *Al-Ahad*, composed of military Arabs, and *Al Qah-taniyyah*, of civil Arabs, etc., etc. The vigour of these societies occasioned the General Arab Congress at Paris in June 1913, at which the Arabs demonstrated their good will, declaring that Arabs and Turks would have as a common Sultan the Sultan of Turkey, but that there would be more autonomy for the Arabs, thus creating a double Empire, a sort of Austria-Hungary. But the Turkish Youths did not agree with this petition, they believed in complete independence. Moreover, they were encouraged by the attitude of their brothers of the desert who, in 1913, succeeded in forming three independent kingdoms in Neyy, Assir and Yemen.

The third period of Pan-Arabism was the struggle for independence in the regions of Asia. In the first they had sought to be incorporated in the empire of Mohamed Ali.

In the second they had resigned themselves to remaining in the Ottoman Empire on condition that they would be granted a great autonomy. But in the third, undeceiving themselves, they decided to create a group of united or federated Arab States. This idea of various states at the same time was justified by the necessity for taking advantage of the local resources of each region now that a joint action was impossible, given the Ottoman military occupation of the great cities of Arab Asia.

This period began with the outbreak of the European War in 1914, which by reason of Turkey's place in the alliance of Central Empires, was the cause of the Arabs transferring automatically to the other side, or rather to that of the Allies. It is not feasible to deal in detail here with that Arab revolution, the best-known episode in which was the revolt of the Chief Hussein from Mecca, who formed an army under the command of his son Faysal. With this army went Nuri Said Pasha, chief of the Greater State, and the famous Colonel Lawrence representing the Allied Command.

EGYPT, CENTRE AND CAPITAL

But it must be noted that the Arabs, by helping the Allies, were promised independence by the latter. This, however, was denied them in 1920, in

spite of having been allies, by the decision to divide Arab Asia between England, France, etc. This was done so that the Arab chiefs friendly to the Allies would lose their territory, and so that the uncompromising Nationalist chiefs, such as Ibn Saud and the Imam, Yahya in Arabia, Saad Zaglul in Egypt, Musa Kazzun Husseini in Palestine, etc., would win it. This period of the creation of various independent Arab powers lasted from 1920 to 1936, each one of them working on its own.

In 1936 several amalgamated and began to think of a Federation. In that year Egypt concluded a treaty with England, which gave her almost total independence in her interior life, and King Farouk ascended the throne. In him, a living symbol of a new Mohamed Ali began to be apparent. Saudi Arabia concluded with Egypt and with Iraq two pacts of Arab friendship.

In Syria, the French were prepared for a restricted independence. In Lebanon, Syria and Egypt, three parties formed and called themselves Arabs. The same happened in Tunis and French Morocco. Lebanon signed independence

with France. Palestine began the Arab war of the Mufti Amin Husseini.

The Arab world was consolidating but failed to give voice to this anxiety. After the Pan-Arabic Congress of Bludan in 1937, the Arab Parliamentary Congress met in Cairo from the seventh to the eleventh of October 1938. At this it was seen that the Arab movement rested on two bases: firstly, the independence of each country, secondly, the centre from which all these countries could keep in touch, and the spiritual capital would be Egypt, by reason of its being the largest Arab country, as well as the richest and most cultured. Farouk I, who occupied the throne of Mohamed Ali, would be sole king of Egypt, but all Arabs would look upon him as supreme among them, because his forefather had created the Arab political ideal.

This double theory of the independence of all, but under the presidency of Egypt, at least intellectually, is that which, since 1938, has been expanding and seems destined to prosper, given the central geographical situation which the country of the Nile occupies.

El Mundo

"**M**OTHER, Derek has got such funny ideas about religion. He believes in heaven, but he doesn't believe in hell."

"Marry him, dear, he'll soon get a better sense of values."



'SH H H you can't buy THAT one'

India is the base for a gigantic offensive against Japan
Omitting politics, here is a report on her state as the—

Arsenal of the East

V S SWAMINATHAN

INDIA and its tailpiece Ceylon occupy a key position in the Indian Ocean and Southern Asia, even as Italy and Sicily in the Mediterranean and Southern Europe. Hitherto, India has constituted a formidable barrier athwart the path of the Japanese forces striving to advance west and shake hands with Germany at the head of the Persian Gulf or near Suez. Hereafter, she is destined to play the role of an Allied offensive base for expelling the Oriental bully from Burma, and joining hands with and more effectively aiding beleaguered China. Further, the Indian Ocean is of vital importance in supplying and sustaining several Allied fronts. All war supplies from Britain, America and Canada on passing the Suez or Cape route diverge along three sea lanes. The first feeds the Allied forces in the Middle East and Russia in part. The second supplements India's needs and through that country some of China's most pressing requirements. The third stretches out to Australia and New Zealand (who also get their supplies—mainly North

American—via the Panama Canal and across the Pacific)

It is, furthermore, a two way traffic that moves through the Indian Ocean. Following the loss of strategic supplies from the South Sea Islands and Burma the United Nations rely more than ever before on India and Ceylon for such essential commodities as iron and steel scrap, manganese, chrome, mica, shellac, jute, cotton, hemp, oilseeds, tea and rubber.

What of India's war potential? Sir Robert Cassels, India's C-in-C, summed up the position as it was early in 1940 thus "India's greatest asset is a large supply of the finest type of fighting men. Her great weaknesses are a low national income and a limited industrial development incapable as yet of supplying the technical equipment of a modern army." Since then India has been the focus of a larger expenditure by an external Government, i.e., the United Kingdom, than that of the indigenous Government. Thus, while she spent £320 million on her own defence between September 1939 and 1943, the U K Government

spent during the same period £438 million in respect of stores for use outside India or representing the cost of extending the country's industrial capacity. And following the recommendations of a U S Technical Mission a War Resources Committee was set up in June 1942 to deal with and co-ordinate problems of war production, transport, communications, finance, the rationing of goods and materials and all connected matters. Thanks to these measures India is fast becoming the arsenal of the east.

The country has thriving secondary industries concerned with steel, alloy steels, chemicals, engineering, etc. Its production of small arms and munitions is most satisfactory, while shells, guns, mortars and mortar bombs are being turned out on a scale approaching self-sufficiency. The assembly and body-building of armoured vehicles for service use has grown markedly. The U S authorities have set up an assembly plant in Sind to supply automobiles to Russia under lease-lend terms. An aircraft factory in South India fabricates airframes for Harlow trainers and Curtiss-Hawk fighters. India is looking after China's quinine needs and supplying Russia with a useful range of surgical instruments. She is, however

unable to provide for all of her wartime needs, and must rely on Great Britain, the United States and Canada for aero-engines, automobile engines, multi-purpose machine-tools, tanks, precision instruments, larger types of armaments and warships.

The armed forces within the area of the India Command are drawn from the peoples of India, Britain, America, China, Burma, Nepal and Ceylon. The pre-war strength of the Indian Army totalled 187,000 with 3,500 commissioned officers. Today, its strength exceeds 2,000,000, which is small indeed in relation to the country's population of 389,000,000. Many difficulties beset the training of recruits—the need for teaching a common language in a sub-continent of many tongues, shortage of skilled men, especially engineers and armourers, lack of trained medical staff in adequate numbers, paucity of officers and, above all, shortage of fighting equipment. But, besides having the largest volunteer army in the world, India also, has the largest force of any one of the British Dominions serving overseas.

India's fighting men have played an important part on many fronts. Her troops are now serving in the United Kingdom, the Middle East, Iraq, Persia, East Africa and Ceylon, in addition to India.

and the India-Burma frontier. Previously, they served in France and played a conspicuous part in the Libyan, Eritrean, Ethiopian, Syrian and Tunisian campaigns. They forestalled Rashid Ali's *coup d'etat* in Iraq, and frustrated Axis machinations in Persia. The Indian Army bore the brunt of the early fighting in Malaya, and played a distinguished part in Hong Kong. In the protracted and gallant rearguard actions which characterized the Burma campaign in the first half of 1942 the forces used were mainly Indian. While the general record of the Indian Army in this war has been high, that of the Fourth Indian Division has been exceptionally so. Up to the middle of February it had suffered 15,000 casualties, but it had captured nearly 100,000 Axis prisoners. In the first 30 months of the North African campaign India also furnished the bulk of the stores, more than 1,500,000 tons.

In the last eighteen months a very large air force has been built up in India. The sub-continent is studded with airfields, great training establishments and an efficient organization for maintenance, repairs and salvage. Air routes have been built up along all points of the compass, and are supplied with communications and meteorological services. To-

day, Indian, British and American airmen are standing in battle array not only to meet the enemy but to go out and destroy him.

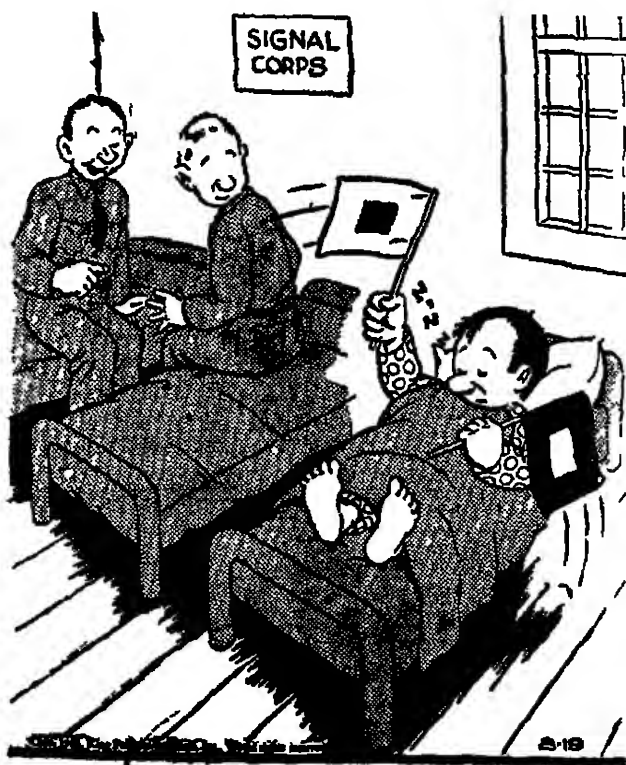
India is, too, becoming increasingly "naval-minded." Her small but efficient and growing Navy is attracting recruits from all parts of the country. Over 1,000 boys are attending the naval school at Bombay, while trained seamen are turned out at the Karachi establishment. In addition to medium-sized merchant vessels, Indian shipyards are building corvettes, anti-submarine trawlers, patrol launches and other craft. India is making her own propelling machinery, and hopes, in due course, to build her own cruisers and other warships. The principal Indian and Ceylonese seaports have been turned into naval bases. Last but not least, the Empire's merchant marine, her second line of defence, is manned by Indian lascars to the extent of 25 per cent.

Lord Louis Mountbatten's Command provides the missing link in the offensive line-up of the United Nations between Generals Eisenhower and Wilson on the one hand and MacArthur on the other, not to ignore the sorely-pressed Chiang Kai-shek in Chungking. The significance of India as a base for assaults has emerged

clearly General Auchinleck has made the best use of the period of lull in improving the quality of troops under his jurisdiction by intensive training in jungle fighting, preparation of parachute battalions

and training of amphibious commandos. The new disposition presupposes a considerable reinforcement of the Eastern Fleet under Sir James Somerville and of British and American air forces.

Free Europe



"There's Deck, talking in his sleep again!"

The Welfare of the Common Man

JULIAN S HUXLEY

THE Age of the Common Man is taking shape against the background of a new hope

People are beginning to grasp the Revolutionary fact that for the first time in history, thanks to science and technology, we could provide a decent standard of life to everybody in the world—not a high standard, nor all at once, but a reasonable standard in a reasonable time

Let us look at some of the implications of this fact. First, food, the indispensable basis for health

We have during the present century for the first time discovered what elements in food are necessary for full health

So we can set up a scientific standard for nutrition, and measure what proportion of a country's population falls short of it (a quarter to a third even in the United States of America and Britain, perhaps three-quarters or more in backward areas)

By the same token we know what elements are needed in the soil for our crops and our herds. By quick transportation

It is easy to pour ridicule on ideas of world organisation by calling them Globaloney or asking sneeringly whether Americans are expected to supply milk to Hottentots but the hard fact of world unity has at last begun to penetrate people's minds. Both peace and prosperity are indivisible

—Julian S Huxley

and better distribution we could prevent the recurrent famines which still kill their hundreds of thousands. By mechanisation we can enormously increase the productivity per man, both in agriculture and fisheries

And we know that by some system akin to that of our war-time rationing we can secure that food supply is related to needs, not merely to purchasing power

Enough of the right kind of food for full growth and energy—that is the first thing we could assure to the Common Man

The next is freedom from infectious and parasitic disease. That freedom cannot as yet be complete even in theory, we

still have a great deal to find out about the cause of such dangerous plagues as flu or such chronic burdens as colds. But for the most part, it is merely a question of applying the new knowledge gained during the last hundred years.

Smallpox, T B, malaria, V D., plague, typhoid and the rest—we now know their causes.

In some cases, we have discovered their specific remedies, thus the recent discoveries of germ-killing drugs—the sulpha drugs and penicillin—are reducing the dangers of pneumonia and wound infection quite enormously.

This new knowledge has already in some areas meant their entire abolition (as with typhoid or smallpox in Britain) or their reduction (as with T B), it could do the same everywhere and for all diseases.

Modern anaesthetics have made it possible to abolish at least half the world's burden of pain. Psychology is beginning to give real help over mental health.

Through dietetics, medicine and a positive health service we could provide every baby with the birthright of full growth and reasonable health which heretofore has been enjoyed by only a small minority of human beings.

Then there is housing. Let us recall the simple but terrible fact that throughout history (and even today) the majority of the human race have had dark, cramped, insanitary quarters to live in.

Windowless huts are not confined to primitive tropical people. Slum, urban or rural, are all we provide for tens of millions.

The discovery of new materials (like plastics) and the techniques of mass-production and pre-fabrication can alter all that.

Today we could produce light, airy houses and flats with conveniences and labour-saving devices that till now have been the prerogative of the rich (and other devices that are quite new), and produce them more cheaply than the most shabby little pre-war houses, and we could throw in beauty into the bargain.

We could also provide a minimum platform of economic security for all. The Beveridge Plan illustrates how this could be done in the field of what is usually called social security. It also illustrates the need for careful planning and organisation to make any of these ideal possibilities come true.

But Man does not live by bread alone, or by economic

security alone. There remains the whole field of mental life. First, education in the strict sense.

In advanced countries like Britain, we can give everyone a reasonable standard of education, which I would say means schooling at least up to sixteen, and part-time education for at least two further years, and we can provide a ladder of truly equal opportunity for the talented and the gifted to go on to the university.

We can provide some sort of adult education—not merely in tutorial classes, but in the form of opportunities for grown-up people to go on having interests outside their round of work and home, by discussion groups, lectures, hobbies and in a hundred other ways.

We can give everyone holidays with pay and, by proper planning and organisation, provide cheap but exciting opportunities for using leisure—hostels, camps, travel cruises and the like.

And we can provide a decent cultured foundation for life—plays, concerts, travelling exhibitions, better films, some attention to beauty in architecture, in the design of common things, in the countryside.

The Russians have done this on a large scale and CEMA

and similar bodies have made a good beginning here.

To sum up, we can today in all seriousness think ahead to a world in which everyone has enough to eat, everyone has the chance of being healthy for most of his life, everyone can be housed with a reasonable standard of space, light, comfort, privacy and beauty, everyone can be given a rock-bottom economic security, and everyone can get a reasonable education and a chance of using their minds and enjoying their leisure throughout life.

That will lay the foundations for a common culture in which everyone will have both an opportunity and an incentive to share.

That is the new hope in the world. But—and it is a big but—to turn this hope into reality will not be easy.

In the first place, many regions of the world are still so backward that it must take decades, perhaps generations, before they can possibly reach this reasonable standard of human decency.

And, in the advanced countries, it can only be achieved by the most careful planning and organisation, with the aid of far-reaching schemes of international co-operation and after the overcoming of formidable ~~vested interests~~.

To take but two examples We in Britain cannot provide the Common Man with a reasonable standard of life without a big redistribution of the national income—more for the foundations, less for the pinnacles at the top

Nor can we do so without putting the profit motive second to other motives, as we have already done in rationing during the war, by and large, foodstuffs are now distributed according to needs not according to what profit the grower and distributor and retailer can make

And we cannot free ourselves from the tyranny of booms and slumps without world-scale schemes for financial and trade regulation and raw material control

So the new hope generates a new fear—that we shall not seize our chance All the same, it can be done And it is more likely to get done if we make

the welfare of the Common Man our yardstick and our overriding aim

It is quite possible that, in some ways, the new age will be an age of mediocrity With our energies largely devoted to satisfying the fundamental needs of the whole community, it is on the cards that we shall not produce so many noble buildings, or masterpieces of painting or music or literature, or even great scientific discoveries, as have sprung from this or that civilisation in the past

That will be a pity yet we can afford to wait

For if we can assure the Common Man everywhere of security, health, education and the ordinary decencies and dignities and opportunities of life, we shall have laid the only possible foundation for the next age but one, the Age of Human Achievement

Daily Herald

“SO all your daughters are married now ”

“Yes, the last one left us last week ”

“It must be nice to get them all off your hands.”

“Well it's nice enough to get your daughters off your hands, but what we don't like is having to keep our sons-in-law on their feet ”

SEASIDE Fop I have made up my mind not to marry until I come across a girl who is my opposite in every way

Nice Girl Oh, well, you ought not to find any difficulty in meeting your opposite There are shoals of good-looking, clever girls down here this season

The High Cost of Victory

DONALD M NELSON (Chairman, War Production Board)

The swifter our armies forge ahead, the greater their demands for supplies. To meet the heightened demand for more production will not be easy, but it must never be said that our armies had to abandon their aggressive push and sit down to wait because not enough weapons and equipment had been manufactured to replace their used-up guns and motor trucks

HARD fighting chews up material at a staggering rate. A homely illustration in training camp, a soldier's shoes last three or four months, in Sicily, many troops wore out their shoes in three days!

Flying Fortresses are more spectacular than shoes. We all feel that the stepped-up rate of the air offensive against Germany is one of the greatest contributions to eventual victory. Hamburg is in ruins, the Ruhr is a shambles, factories vital to German war production are crippled. We are making progress. Doesn't this mean we can ease up a little on the production of bombers?

Well, let me give you one sobering fact: *one thousand* airplane workers will have to work 40 hours a week *for a year* to replace the 60 bombers we lost in *one day*, in the raid on Schweinfurt. And I'm not

counting the thousands of hours that were expended in producing the materials—mining the bauxite and iron ore and coal and transmuting them into aluminum and steel. And if we are to keep punching until the enemy is groggy, and not give him time to restore the damage, we must not merely replace lost bombers but build them faster and faster.

The Italian campaign brought home to us the appalling destructiveness of war. Not because the enemy captured material into which we had poured our sweat and toil, and not because of any staggering destruction by enemy shells—though of course we suffered outright battle destruction. What I am trying to drive home is that even the victor chews up equipment at a staggering rate. I know of a division which used up *all* of its guns in that month. One of our most important guns.

is the 105-mm. howitzer. It is a good gun, made as well as any field piece in the world, and it has a long life—for a gun. It can be fired 7500 times before the barrel is so worn that it is no longer accurate, and the recoil mechanism is worn out. Well, we wore out *hundreds* of them in Sicily in *30 days*. German officers captured in Sicily inquired with professional curiosity about our "magic fire." They never had imagined anything so terrible as the way we poured the shells on them. But there was no magic about it, it was just our superbly trained gun crews lavishly using up their guns.

Obviously nobody is going to tell just how many guns of just what kinds were used in Sicily—but I can tell you that we lost or used up—*mostly used up*—more than a third of the 75's we sent there, just under half of our 57-mm guns, and more than half of a certain type of gun mount. The fighting in Italy is certainly using up equipment just as fast, perhaps faster.

When we send 100 men overseas with 100 rifles, we have to ship 60 extra rifles to replace those that will be lost or damaged within a year. For every 100 machine guns, we have to ship 85 replacements. Think of the work that gives us to do!

Battle is desperately hard on clothing. Some of the troops in Tunisia, and later in Sicily and Italy, wore out uniforms in a week—clothing that would have lasted eight to ten months in training camp. In the steaming jungles of Burma and the Pacific islands, articles of leather or cloth will sometimes disintegrate from mildew within 72 hours.

Our army has the toughest trucks we know how to make. But our trucks give out in just a few months of service in the mud of Russia or Alaska, or the tropics, or on the rugged Iraq-Iran highway which carries supplies into Russia.

Just recently, two of our divisions which had been engaged in jungle fighting had to be completely re-equipped. Among the thousands of items required were 1471 vehicles and 592 trailers.

The Russian situation well exemplifies the fact that victory means you must work just that much harder. The Russians have won such vast areas from the enemy that increasingly the Russian problem is transport in the recaptured territory. The needs of the fierce campaigns that loom ahead for our Russian ally demand enormous numbers of trucks, and in 1944 we may be called on to supply substantially more than they received in

1943 And whereas they needed few locomotives from us in 1943 they may well need hundreds in 1944, so as to be able to cash in on their victory and to make full use of their rewon railroad lines

The stepped-up tempo of our offensive brings swollen demands upon production in other and unexpected ways For instance, nobody could foresee how vast a quantity of radio devices we should need It took the lessons of battle to teach us that It is a staggering fact that in 1944 we shall spend as much money—which in effect means almost as much labour—on radio equipment as it took to build the Panama Canal That means a heavy load of additional work for us

The attrition of actual battle is only the beginning of our outlay After every victory we must restore the war-revaged region, converting it either into a military base for future operations, or aiding it to become self-sustaining. This requires countless locomotives, trucks, tractors, trains and electric generators (In Sicily alone we strung 1100 miles of copper telephone wire) These are all drains on our war production, as our armies advance, the regions behind them will absorb ever-increasing quantities of these supplies

Steel saves lives It is the weight of metal thrown against the enemy which has kept down our casualties It is the extra heft of material that breaks the enemy's back, pulverizes his resistance and destroys his ability to strike back

It is no secret that this is the strategy of our generals—to use to the full the advantage of possessing the world's greatest productive power, bring it to bear on the enemy

In plainer words, to be prodigal of equipment and ammunition, and of the labour they represent—and economical of the lives of boys! It is a strategy which all will whole-heartedly approve

But if it is to succeed, it is the people at home who must make it succeed

It is true of this war as of no other, that the *worker* is winning battles and saving soldiers

It is only human for most of us, when we get the good news of victories in Africa, in Sicily, in the Pacific, to feel that now we can relax our efforts a little Take a day off, perhaps But because I know the true situation this feeling alarms me It is dangerous, it may even prove disastrous For I have to face the fact that, great as our production is, we must do

better *Victories call for more and more materiel, not less*

It is my sober judgment, and military men support me in this, that if the American people will concentrate every available ounce of energy on the

production job, this war can be shortened by six months. By overwhelming the enemy with a tidal wave of war goods now, the lives of hundreds of thousands of our boys will be spared

The Reader's Digest



Rumania In Retrospect

Since the entry of the victorious Red Army into Rumania this unfortunate country faces devastation Rumania is the largest state in the Balkans and one of the important sources from which Germany receives her oil supply

" AJE "

RUMANIA is the largest of the five principal states that comprise the peninsula of south east Europe—the Balkans The other four states are Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece and Bulgaria Albania is the smallest Yugoslavia is the land of the Chetniks and the Partisans Greece is the land of immortal glory and Bulgaria is the home of a savage, polygamous people

Rumania's proudest tradition is her Roman origin To what extent present day Rumanians descend from the early Romans is not established, but their language is certainly a Latin one, unaffected by later waves of barbarian conquerors Authentic Rumanian history dates back to the thirteenth century A D

BID FOR UNIFICATION

Wallachia and Moldavia, the two important principalities of Rumania developed separately Their early history was one of

wars and changing frontiers—a history usual to the Balkan states But from about 1774, when both were under the Turkish rule, a common national feeling grew up Their ambition was fulfilled only a century later In 1848, known to history as the "Year of Revolutions", Wallachia raised the standard of rebellion against the Ottoman Empire At the treaty of Paris in 1856, Napoleon III of France sponsored an arrangement by which independent national existence was practically granted to the two principalities They were allowed two separate assemblies and a central commission Prince Alexandru Cuza was elected to both the assemblies This was the first step in the unification of Rumania The Prince brought the two principalities closer and suppressed the central commission with a strong hand In 1881 the Chamber of Deputies proclaimed the Kingdom of Rumania

But before this proclamation another chapter of Rumanian history intervened Alexandru Cuza was overthrown in 1866 and Carol of Hohenzollern became the head of the state The country was not happy and faulty land reforms led to numerous peasant uprisings

GREATER RUMANIA

The next important landmark in the history of this Balkan Kingdom is the Great War of 1914 The Rumanians were able, after the war, to satisfy their territorial ambitions As a result of the Peace Settlement of 1919 Rumania greatly increased in size by the inclusion of the former Russian district of Bessarabia and the Hungarian district of Transylvania Other districts which were added to Rumania were the Dobruja and the Bukovina

NATURAL FEATURES

Turning back to Rumania proper we find that Moldavia consists of the eastern slopes of the Carpathian mountains and the adjacent plain as far as the Pruth, Wallachia the southern slopes and the plain at their foot, as for as the Danube The landscape of these two principalities is typically Balkan Yet in Wallachia we find something which is unknown to the other Balkan states These are the huge

oil-wells in some of the Carpathian valleys, of which Ploesti is the centre These have brought Rumanian wealth beyond that of her neighbours She is still the main source of oil in Europe In 1942 Rumania produced 5,150,000 tons of oil According to the latest estimates last year's output was about 5,500,000 tons The country is also rich in agricultural products and supplies considerable quantities of wheat, maize and pulses

The Bukovina and Bessarabia which have changed hands so frequently during this war, are extensions of Moldavia reaching to the Polish border in the north and extending eastward to the Dniester respectively In the Bukovina one still finds traces of the Austrian rule, whereas Russian and Ukrainian influences are predominant in Bessarabia Transylvania covers the central plateau and the western slopes of the Carpathians In the layout of its mountain villages we see the undying relics of those days when it was a part of the Hungarian Empire Memories of the Turkish rule are still fresh in the little towns and undulating uplands of the Dobruja which lies between the Danube and the Black Sea Thus on the hills and plains of Rumania is written the history of her complicated past

CAROL'S CORRUPT RULE

In 1922, Ferdinand of Hohenzollern and Marie of Edinburgh were crowned King and Queen. The peasants were still dissatisfied as further land reforms had not bettered their economic status. On the death of King Ferdinand a Council of Regency was set up for King Michael, who was still under age. It had already been arranged that Carol, the Crown Prince, should renounce his right of succession in favour of his son. The Regency proved incapable and in 1930 the Crown Prince returned to Rumania as Carol II. All traces of a democratic government soon disappeared. Carol's corrupt rule became open dictatorship.

Ion Antonescu who was Chief of Staff did not pull along well with the King. Therefore when the Royal Dictatorship was established Antonescu was without a job. He then conspired with the Fascist Iron Guard and thus made Rumania an easy prey for German control.

THE 'LUPESCU SCANDAL'

During his chequered career of love and politics, Carol of Rumania earned many rude names such as "Europe's Royal Rake" or "Europe's Wreck". The biggest scandal of his personal life was his association with his copper-haired

Jewish mistress, Magda Lupescu. When Carol took over the reins of government Mme Lupescu, who till then made few public appearances, began to sun herself in public. All this made the King a target for the extremists.

The fall of France in 1940 completely demoralized Rumania. Carol the Romantic made up with Antonescu and summoned him to his side. Ion Antonescu had got the long awaited opportunity. On September 6 1940, he staged a shooting in front of the Royal Palace to frighten the King, and asked for his abdication. Carol left the country accompanied by his "loyal" companion, Mme Lupescu. His son, Michael, became King for the second time under the control of the all powerful Marshal, Ion Antonescu.

ALLIANCE WITH GERMANY

The effect of Antonescu's rise to supreme power was almost immediate. German influence in Rumania, which had been increasing since 1933, became paramount. Antonescu's policy led Rumania to German subservience. In October 1940 he received German troops into the country and in the following June when Russia was invaded his demoralized country entered the war on the side of the Reich.

The Rumanian Army, with German aid, quickly marched deep into Russian territories. But within a year the tide turned the great Soviet counter-attack began to take shape. The Rumanians were the first to suffer heavy losses at Stalingrad. Yet with the

obstinacy of despair and resignation Rumania continued to fight a losing battle. Today the great battle is being fought on Rumanian soil itself. As Hitler can no longer guarantee security to his Balkan Ally, she stands at the cross-roads of surrender and devastation.

THE other day a man up from the country went to Scotland Yard and told the police that he had dropped his watch in one of the main thoroughfares. They listened intently and said no stone would be left unturned in trying to find it. Next day, the countryman walked along the Strand, along Oxford Street, along Piccadilly and along lots of other streets. Everywhere he went he was evidently pleased.

"They're doing as they promised," he told a friend. "they're digging up all the streets and if they don't find it, it won't be their fault."

CURATE (to local spendthrift) You know my dear man you should not spend all your weekly wage.

Local Spendthrift I never do mister. I gets three 'pound a week and out of that I only spends two pound ten.

Curate Good man, and what do you do with the remainder? You put it in the bank I hope.

Spendthrift Oh no, guv'nor. I gives the rest to the missus. 'Ow d'yer think she'd run the 'ouse else?

"I DON'T find that it is the motor cycle which costs a lot. It's the motor cycle attachments," said young Flyer.

"Hum, yes," replied his father, "especially those with bobbed hair."

Master You can make anything in the carpentry line?

Applicant for a Job Yes, sir, anyfink.

Master Well, can you make a venetian blind?

Applicant Yes, sir.

Master How would you go to work?

Applicant Knock 'is two eyes out, guv'nor.

POLITE Piano-Tuner (making a business call) If you please I have come to do the Grand.

New Maid (answering the door) Well, my fine fellow, you can 'op it. We don't want none of your airs 'ere.

Bernard Shaw's Boots

A T

WHO wishes to pay more than twelve guineas for an old, elegant, much worn, and much repaired pair of brown laced boots from the feet of the master, George Bernard Shaw?

The question is agitating the souvenir hunters of Richmond, Surrey, and wider literary and art circles

The facts are these

In 1937 a trades paper reporter named Kerree Collins sent to Mr Shaw, unasked, a manuscript of his book for children

The manuscript, alas! was lost And so, for three years, Shaw and Collins maintained an acid and humorous correspondence about it This was published in the *Sunday Dispatch* in 1940

Early in these proceedings Shaw gave Collins a pair of brown boots and, moreover, had them cobbled several times when they were worn through and Collins was unable to pay the cobblers

On September 30, 1942, Collins wrote

"Dear G B S,—Dare I send you, once again, your most inestimable boots to be mended for me? Or will you be offen-

ded? The year has long gone by since last you mended them—and, as usual, the uppers are still sound, but the soles are gone "

Shaw replied

"If you dare to send them you will never see them again The war has absorbed the village cobbler And I am at the end of my patience with you "

In July of this year a collector of curios wrote

"Dear Mr George Bernard Shaw,—A Mr K Collins, of Church Road, Richmond, wants to sell me your brown boots for £5 Do you think this is a fair price? Please let me know what you think "

Shaw replied

"The boots are authentic Mr Kerree Collins, to whom I gave them, wore them out, and then sent them back to me to be repaired Having worn them out again, he is, you tell me, offering them for sale as relics for £5 Their cost when new was about 35^s

"If you feel the slightest temptation to buy them, you had better consult a psychothera-

pist doctor as to the state of your mind ”

In spite of this Shavian rebuke, bidding for the boots has reached, to date, twelve guineas!

Collins, who is thirty-eight, recently married, and still constitutionally unable to keep a job for a long time, has also obtained Shaw's advice on how to fill in a Ministry of Labour unemployment insurance form

Collins, according to the form, was discharged for unpunctuality, and when questioned on the matter said that this was a weakness of his

On the reverse side of the form is a space for comments by the claimant, who is warned that his comments may have to be shown to the employer

Collins asked Mr Shaw how he should fill in this form and Shaw pencilled in the following statements

“I am for all ordinary commercial purposes an unemployable I can give references on this point to all the firms from whom I have obtained employment—usually for a few hours only—by representing that I am a skilled tradesman, which I am not.

“I can boast of a ready pen, and am admitted on all hands to be a Confounded Nuisance There must surely be room in the public service for these as

for the more conventional qualifications

“I believe that if I were placed under an iron discipline and severely flogged once a week or so, I might make good”
Signature of Claimant—*Collins*

Address—*Every apartment house in Richmond, Surrey I have been in all—for a week*

Name of Association—*The Guild of Richmond, Good-for-Nothings*

Name and Full Postal Address of Branch Secretary—*Collins, Secretary and President Address as above*

Note by Collins—*It is not I who require iron discipline, but the officials who require imagination*

In 1941 Collins got a job after having referred the employer to Shaw for a recommendation Collins was discharged

One of the points he made in conversation with this short-time employer was that he was a communist The employer wrote to Shaw, who replied

“I must positively did not recommend K C I said that he could write, and I suggested that you should refer to his former employers, of whom I am not one

"I left you to ascertain on your own initiative why he was rejected for military service.

"It was very good-natured of you to omit all these precautions, but you must not blame me for the consequences, which are quite what I expected. I am glad he has made good in the direction I indicated. For

the rest it must pass as an amusing experience. I can do nothing.

"Communists are, I should say, more honest and industrious than employees who prefer dog races and cinema thrillers. Let them rip. I am a Communist."

Sunday Dispatch

THE cyclist was on tour and had lost his way with the consequence that he had inadvertently got on a private road. Suddenly he was confronted by a very stout, irate estate bailiff.

'Look here, young man,' bawled the rotund bailiff, 'you just go back, you sharn't proceed any further except over my dead body.'

'Very good, very good,' said the willing cyclist, 'if it's like that I don't want to proceed any further. I've done enough hill climbing to-day already.'

BISHOP Vaughan was a man of great hospitality, and on one occasion when a conference of world delegates was being held in London, he asked a number of native clergy to call on him. Mrs. Vaughan sat in her drawing room at the appointed time to receive the coloured gentlemen but none called. Afterwards she remarked to the butler that the expected visitors had all failed her. The butler's face blanched.

'Perhaps it's them nigger chaps that I've been turning away from the front door all the evening wot I took for beggars,' he said.

THE Doctor was disturbed by a night call. An anxious husband begged him to come round at once. He was certain his wife had appendicitis.

'She can't have, man, give her some bicarbonate and keep her quiet. I'll look in first thing in the morning. I took her appendix out two years ago and I never yet heard of a woman having two appendices.'

'Maybe,' countered the husband, 'but did you never hear of a man having a second wife?'

DEPARTING Traveller (*to the boy in buttons*) Run upstairs, boy, as quick as lightning, and see if my umbrella is in room 502. I think I left it in the corner by the wash stand.

Boy in Buttons (*some minutes later*) Quite right, sir, it's exactly where you said it was.



THE UNCONQUERED ISLE MALTA *By Ian Hay* (Hodder and Stoughton 7-6 d)

IT is one of the strangest commonplaces of History that wars which evoke in men a level of brutality far above that of God's lesser creation also proves to be the background against which deeds of unparalleled heroism and sacrifice are enacted. Somewhere in the depths of human personality are stored these reserves of good and evil and only in periods during which Man proclaims himself lesser than the beasts does he appear to rise higher than the angels.

The story of Malta—the Unconquered Isle—is an epic of courage written in that vein of artistic understatement so congenial to the English mind. The persistently prominent part which Malta has played in world history is due to its position in the Mediterranean

which made, and still makes it “the strategic focus of that landlocked ocean.” The Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans and Arabs occupied it in turn (The Maltese language today is very largely an Arabic dialect identical with that of the Arabs of the North African coast). It was not till the sixteenth century, however, that Charles the Fifth bestowed the island in perpetuity upon a body known as the Knights of St. John, and “the tradition of high courage and knightly faith which accompanied them was in due course transmitted to the Maltese people.” Their Grand Master John Parisot de la Valette converted part of the island into an impregnable fortress, defences which, during the first siege of Malta “probably saved western Europe for

Christendom" In 1798 the island withstood another siege and, by forcing the capitulation of the French garrison at Valetta, definitely severed Bonaparte's lifeline to Egypt and the East, after which, at the request of the Maltese people themselves it passed into British hands

General Sir George Dobbie, in charge of operations during the third siege (which is part of the history of the present war) put conscription into immediate effect after Malta had sustained her first air raid, and "British officers and sergeant instructors laboured to convert an unmilitary (though by no means unwarlike) little people into a seasoned instrument of war They has three main difficulties to contend with The first was the complete lack in the average Maltese of what may be called the instinct of discipline The Maltese recruit was willing enough to learn but he had never been accustomed to do anything at speed or in unison with others He was reluctant also to assume autho-

rity over men whom he regarded as his friends and equals The result was that reliable junior leaders, sergeants and corporals were not readily forthcoming "

How Malta withstood the deadliest bombardments of the war steadily through two long drawn out and agonising years (with the civil and military population often on half rations) constitutes an epic of endurance and courage for which the award of the George Cross to the island as a whole seems almost inadequate recognition Mr Ian Hay is an inspired chronicler of events which move breathlessly forward in a major key The welter of heroism that is Malta where All the Brethren were Valiant floats out of the pages of this highly acceptable book like some golden isle that the Gods have dreamt into life Mr Hay's light-hearted and deliberately frivolous writing helps to maintain the balance of a story spotted over with too many emotional highlights and adds considerably to its readability and grace

THE WELL OF THE PEOPLE By Bharati Sarabhai (Viswa Bharati Rs 3)

"A copy of a picture of Titian's by the hand of Rubens," says Mr Osbert Sitwell in the course of an article on "*Vulgarity in Literature*" "or an exercise by Keats

in the Elizabethan manner remains a 'variation' inspired by love and understanding and executed with the energy of another master and is not therefore a true "copy" But

in the hack imitations of James Joyce or Eliot or other famous writers of the day this personal element is lacking, it takes the flesh and blood and brains and nerves of a great man to make a masterpiece. And this raises the whole question of "influence" as against "imitation." It is well that a great writer should exercise a great influence, and that his work should be regarded with wonder and humility by lesser men, but when that influence surpasses influence and becomes domination hypnotic, a form of possession without the soul of either possessed or possessor then the books of those younger writers become in the truest sense vulgar."

This play written in imitation of modern English forms was suggested by a true story which appeared in the *Harijan* relating to an old and destitute woman who earns four annas a day at her spinning wheel. The aim of her life is to save

enough to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy City. When by working and stinting herself for years she collects enough for the journey, it is only to find that no one will take her there. She finally decides to give the money for a well to be built for the people. The characters are two dimensional and the writer's conception of the function of language appears to be anti-social in the extreme. One does not feel as someone once said, I think of Gertrude Stein, of going to a great deal of trouble to find out what the writer means only to discover that very little is meant. Miss Sarabhai however displays splashes of talent, sensibility and sympathetic understanding of the problems of our day, which, in the work under review, are neutralised by a masochistic enthusiasm for modernity. One hopes she will some day be kinder to her talent and fulfil the undoubted promise which she displays in some pages of her present work.

THE KING LIVETH By Jeffery Farnol (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., London)

"THERE is (Thank God)" says Mr Farnol in the course of his Foreword and Dedication, "a grim and cheery valour peculiar to the English, a spirit which though ever youthful is old as the rock, the chalk and soil forming this small portion of earth that has

been called Britain, Albion and now England. Wherefore to all sons and daughters of England blessed with this ageless spirit who are now fighting, working, striving or suffering for the future welfare of all, this Romance is humbly dedicated—this tale of a great and noble

Englishman whose heroic spirit
 is with every one and will be to
 the end "

Based on contemporary records this story concerns itself with the adventures of Alfred the Great and entwined with the doings and love affairs of various fictitious personages ends with the conquest of Essex by the king Mr Farnol seeks to establish the authenticity of this period by a great many references to halberds,

cuirasses, huntsmen, gypsies, theows and thanes and by means of a dialogue that breaks out in a rash of irritating Anglo-Saxonisms which do not always ring true In an age in which a thousand feet parachute jump is a matter of the everyday and opportunities for indulging in adventure are difficult to escape there may still be a few school-boys and others with a taste for vacarious adventure To these "*The King Liveth*" he recommended

BUBBLES IN THE AIR By Jos Albert Sequeira (Anglo-Lusitano, Bombay)

THIS collection of sketches on subjects ranging from Friendship, The Ideal Mother, The Ideal Wife to Mr Sequeira's Aunt Julie deal mainly with the author's own experiences and are descriptive of life in that

picturesque Portuguese principality—Goa They reflect a quiet and restful spirit whose everyday may not be frantically interesting but manages to escape the lurid vulgarity of the devotees of sensation

VISITOR to war hospital 'May I see Captain J P Brown, please?'

Sister 'I am afraid it is not a visiting day Are you a close relative?'

Visitor 'Oh, yes, I'm his sister'

Sister 'Really, so am I Funny we've not met before'

THE corpulent man had been recommended to take up golf to improve his figure and to aid his health He took the idea with enthusiasm, but after a week he was back in the doctor's consulting room

'Doesn't it work?' asked the doctor 'You haven't given it a fair chance yet.'

'I can't give it any chance, doctor,' said the burly gentleman 'When I put the ball where I can see it I can't hit it, and when I put it where I can hit it, I can't see it.'

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

A FUTURE WITHOUT A PROMISE !

IT is always interesting to come across any two men talking about films. It becomes still more interesting if the conversation happens to be among some youngsters. And the interest reaches its height when the persons concerned are grey-haired!

Fortunately as it were, they were juveniles, all the three of them, and fate had ordained my taking the seat quite within the reach of their lively outbursts in regard to the movies whose interest they seemed to hold so near to their heart. It was a fast train and I had to struggle rather hard against the consequently obstructionist wind which made so difficult for me to follow their conversation properly. But all the same, I resolved to steal the best of it and as I start recollecting that experience now, the first thing that strikes me so singularly is that so far our film industry has woefully failed in profiting by the intellectual ardour and zeal towards our films so plentifully evinced

by the juveniles of the country. Maybe, the following substantiates such an impression.

Here, then, were the three young enthusiasts who, evidently, were not worried about knowing the home address of this or that glamour queen or having the autographed photoes of this or that favourite, who, far from belonging to that variety which delights in seeing



Meena in *Minerva's Patharon-La Saudagar* at the Minerva

**Laxmi Production
Proudly Present**

**BANA BHATTA'S
CLASSIC STORY**

KADAMBARI

Starring :

SHANTA APTE

VANMALA,

PAHARI SANYAL,

JEEVAN & HARISH

Directed By

NANDLAL JASHWANTLAL

A SUPREME RELEASE

**NEXT CHANGE AT
ROXY**

a film fifteen times for the sake of a favourite idol, were, in fact, found discussing—however feebly and with limited intelligence—the progressive possibilities of the Indian screen, citing, now and then, examples of what they regarded as outstanding products etc. It is a pity I had to miss a good deal of their thought-provoking conversation which, from whatever small bits I overheard later, would have doubtless been equivalent to a dozen boosted interviews put together.

Youthful Vigour

The main point which signalised their discussion was that in whatever department of the

industry, the unborn spirit and vigour of youths who take to films as a career, inevitably lines up with the characteristic 'modus operandi' as established by the traditional duds and thus begins to degenerate slowly but surely. Curiously enough, that line of argument almost appeared to hold good, when one of them narrated factual instances as experienced by a few of his victimised friends, and finally asserted with remarkable eloquence—and an air of confidence too—that sensible youths had better count ten before even allowing the idea of a movie career enter into their head! What is amazing,



Cast NEENA, SHEELA, AL NASIR,
P. SENENJI, SANKATHA PRASAD,
K. N. SINGH, ABUBAKAR

MINERVA

Advance Booking for Higher Seats 10 to 12 p.m.
A Minerva Film Exchange Release Thru Famous Pictures Ltd

The Love affair
of the Prince
created a sensa-
tion in the State!

The King was all Rage and the
Queen was all Grief!

MINERVA'S Love Parade of
Mirth Music & Melodrama

PATTHARON-KA SAUDAGAR

Direction

SHORREY DAULTALVI

Daily 4 7 10 p.m.
Sat., Sun. Hol 1 p.m.



the fellow did convince his opponent that he was not irrational or reactionary in the least

Frankly, I didn't quite like the pessimistic note, which most of their conclusions sounded. The drama however, appeared to reach its decisive climax when the most violent and imaginative of them raised a question about the picture "Zamin"

"How could you account for the miserable box-office failure of such a fine creation?" he asked

"That", came the reply, "is the clear evidence of a promise without a future. Thematically, the picture was nothing if not promising and it will long remain a problem for our critics to solve why it had no future worth the name on the box office front"

"But most of these critics have left not a stone unturned in commending it to the public in no uncertain terms and the contrast to the fate of a film like "Zamin" is so staggering that the films condemned by sincere critics have turned out to be gate-crashers", continued the first one

"That exactly proves that the industry may have a great future, as the "officials" would have us believe, but it's all without a promise yet! For



Kaushalya in Jayant Desai Productions
Zaban released at the Lamington
Talkies

actually a friend of mine told me, he felt like taking to task the devil who called "Zamin" a great picture!"

That was the end of it all (the most premature one, I thought) as they got down at the next station. It was a sort of a queer but interesting experience any way and if one believes in the ingenuity of this belief about 'a future without a promise', I am afraid, he might as well be sure, we are trying to create new developments merely for the sake of restoring old positions!

—Filman

"PATHARON KA SAUDAGAR"

SOME one rightly observed that the principle (or rather 'formula' in the 'film' language) of boy meets-girl will only cease to be when Calis and Dover meet! After all the two can't help meeting, sooner or later, in the woods or on the streets and so meet they meet again in "Patharon Ka Saudagar", the Minerwa film now running at the Minerwa

Shorrey Daulatalvi is a new director but that is not the reason why there are two boys and two girls in this picture, for that is not a new idea. What is new with the picture is that there is nothing new in it except that the good old wine is presented in a brand new bottle with a little additional concentration which helps to keep wagons moving. And Shorrey Daulatalvi has made an admirably interesting, nay enjoyable, motion picture from a typically rich story material which Pandit Sudershan has always in store for by-the-way screen purposes. What's most remarkable about this film is that it keeps the audience throughout absorbed, thinking and guessing and more often than not finding what it had just expected!

Another noteworthy feature which distinguishes this new director of Minerwa is that his



Vanmala in Laxmi Kadambari
booked for the Roxy

angle (or may be experience!) on romance is nothing if not unsparing and plentiful. There is a fund of it between Meena and Al Nazir and Sheela and Bannerji in "Patharon ka Saudagar". The story as conceived by the author seems to have had a lot to say on the princely order as established in our country, but the scenarist has found it advisable to stick to "realism" by showing the professed democratic prince whiling away most of his time in romancing and there is nothing wrong if one seeks peace with his inevitability—or helplessness?

The best histrionic work in the film comes from the irresistible Meena, who seems to be slowly but surely heading



A FOOL & HIS MONEY
are easily parted !

Here is the big Financier who
lent money to a Soap Factory
expecting to marry the
proprietors' daughter in
lieu of interest !

IT'S ALL FUN & NO FROWN

IN

JAYANT DESAI

Productions'



NON-STOP LAUGH RIOT

Z A B A N

Directed By

JAYANT DESAI

Starring

ISHWARLAL, KAUSHALYA DIXIT MUBARAK VATSALA,
KANTILAL BHAGWANDAS

DRAWING CROWDS AT

LAMINGTON

towards the top of the ladder Paresh Bannerji, for the first time, plays a sympathetic role with due sincerity. The rest acquit themselves creditably.

The picture provides an excellent pastime with its good music, smooth story and fine acting.

"ZABAN"

JAYANT DESAI Productions' second picture 'Zaban' had its 'premiere' on April 28th at the Lamington Talkies. It is directed by Jayant Desai and that is enough guarantee for cinegoers of the quality that awaits them on the screen.

"Zaban" is described as a musical comedy, and depicts

the story of a gay debonaire, publicity man, who quarrelled with his father and left home on a difference of opinion regarding the publicity of their Soap. Leaving his fathers' concern he goes to a rival Soap factory, and his efforts there raise the sales to such a giddy height that even his father recognises his talent. Incidentally he comes into contact with the daughter of the proprietor of the Factory, and falls in love with her. That is so much said about the story.

Ishwarlal and Kaushalya play the leads while Dixit, Mubarak, Vatsala, Kantulal and Bhagwandas supports

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"KADAMBARI"

"KADAMBARI", Laxmi Productions' latest film is scheduled for release immediately after the current film at the Roxy Talkies. Adapted to the screen from Bana Bhatta's celebrated novel of the same name from Sanskrit literature, 'Kadambari' is Laxmi's most ambitious production to date. The producer Sjt Chimanlal Trivedi, has not spared pain or money, to make the film worthy of adaptation from Classic literature and having taken nearly a year in planning and production, the picture is reported to be up-to the expected standard.

Shanta Apte, Vanmala, and Pahari Sanyal play the chief roles while in the supporting cast come big names like Jeevan, Harish and others. The picture is directed by Nandlal Jashwantlal, and the lyrics written by Miss Kamal B A, are reported to be the highlight of the film.

"POLICE"

BEING fully aware of the fact that filmgoers are sick of stereotyped stories, Messrs Prakash Pictures have decided to introduce novel subjects on the screen. After the success of "Station Master" and "Panghat" they are bringing the life of a policeman on the screen of the Capitol immediately after the current picture.

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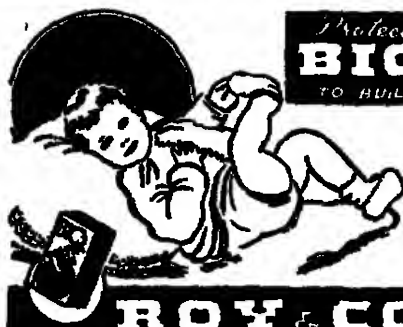
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JUNE 1944

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A social security proposal for the provision of free basic rations for all

Plan for the People's Food

W RUSSELL OWEN

Condensed from the author's pamphlet 'The People's Food Charter'

NEVER before has there been such a social awakening as now. Never before have so many parties, associations, societies and individuals issued books, pamphlets, and made speeches stressing the necessity of giving to the people a fair share of the goods they produce. Conservative, Labour, Liberal, Common Wealth and Independent political bodies all agree that with the end of the war the era of plenty should dawn and the period of scarcity be passed. If the resources of the nation can be organized in time of war, there need be no unemployment and want in peacetime.

But it is remarkable that all palliative plans advocated for the equitable distribution of the fruits of labour to those who produce are based on money. More money for old-age pensioners—for dependents of the Services—for the Beveridge plan—for family allowances—for everybody. Always money, money, money. It cannot be too often stated that money is a medium of exchange and is only "wealth"

when backed by goods. Money without goods is valueless. The following proposal appeals to all those who can think in terms of goods apart from money.

The cost of living is the basic cost of production and distribution. Wages calculated in "man power" hours relate not so much to the volume of output in a given time as to the cost of feeding and housing the worker and his family. Every wage must be a living wage if workers are to be healthy. When the cost of living rises the cost of production also rises. But whereas the workers in highly organized and powerful unions can enforce immediate wage increases, unorganized labour, as well as old-age pensioners and others living on fixed incomes, suffer considerably.

By the provision of a *Basic Food Ration* for everyone, irrespective of age or financial position, the cost of living could be pooled, thereby lowering it to the producers and reducing the selling price to the consumers. The Ministry of Food possesses all the necessary

machinery to put this Basic Food Ration plan into action. People are accustomed to "points," and coupons and retailers and distributors are organized to deal with them.

The Basic Food Ration would consist of bread, butter, margarine, jam, marmalade, milk, meat and all other foods in such quantities as the Ministry decided were necessary for the maintenance of the people's health. Coupons and "points" would be issued, and registered holders would obtain weekly supplies from their regular shopkeepers. *The public would not pay cash to the shopkeeper for the Basic Ration, but the cost of supplies would be pooled and charged by means of a Food Rate collected by the local authorities and based upon the rateable value of the premises occupied and not on the number in family.* Thus the cost of feeding a family of six or more persons living in a house for which, say, Rs 10 is paid per week, will be exactly the same as for the man next door in a house of similar rental who has but one child.

Under the Basic Ration scheme parents would know that food was available for every little soul they brought into the world. Unemployment and enforced absence from work would not mean a hungry family. Instead of

making a family allowance in cash, it would be made in food. People who for any reason had small families would help to pay for those who accepted the task of rearing big families. Occupiers of large houses would pay a bigger proportion of the the Food Pool costs just as now they pay proportionately more for education, water and other public services.

By equalizing the family cost of food, all round production costs would be lowered, and this would open markets abroad once closed to us by the high price of manufactured goods. More people would be employed and the standard of national health raised. The workers, relieved of the fear of poverty, would raise larger families, many members of which would no doubt emigrate to people our Dominions. The Ministry of Food could plan food production and supplies, control quality, and correct dietetic errors. The present-day high cost of hospitals, sanatoria, mental asylums, correctional schools and prisons would be reduced as healthy minds are reared in healthy bodies. Absenteeism due to malnutrition would be reduced. Cost of unemployment insurance would fall as overseas markets were developed. Old-age pensioners and others living on fixed incomes would be adequately fed,

Coupons and points issued to the consumers by the Food Ministry would be lodged by them with shopkeepers, who would, in turn, send the coupons and points to the Local Authority. The Local Authority would send them to the County Council, who would pool them with others from the same county. The County Council would pay the respective retail distributors, who in turn would pay their suppliers. The Local Authority would receive from the County Council a charge for the Basic Food Ration supplied, and a rate would be levied upon property owners, who would then pay the sum due. If the premises were let at an inclusive rental the extra

rate would be paid by the tenant. To those who object that the rich would be called upon to pay in part for the poor, the reply is that the principle is already agreed in the matter of education, water and other public services, and is considered equitable.

The far-reaching advantages of a Basic Food Ration as part of the Public Services would bring greater prosperity to the nation as a whole, and would not take away from the people the need for industry and thrift. The Basic Ration would be a minimum and might be supplemented by the purchase of additional food. It would not interfere with wholesalers and shopkeepers.

MAC and Sandy kept two adjoining shops, and one day Mac had a most elegant sun blind fitted. Sandy admired the blind and said he wished he could afford one like it. A little while later Sandy had a sun blind put up even better than Mac's. Mac was rather nettled and went in to see Sandy about it.

"Thought you couldn't afford a blind like mine, Sandy, and here you are with a far better one," said Mac.

"Nor could I afford it," retorted Sandy with a grin. "My customers presented it to me."

"Your customers! How do you mean?"

Well, it was like this. I put a collection box on the counter and wrote on it *For the blind*."

EGYPTIAN Guide (*with great pride*) yes, ma'am, it took two thousand years to build dese pyramids.

Pompos Dame from West Kensington. I don't doubt your word for one moment. Builders at home are every bit as indolent.

Answering America

Recently returned from a lecture tour in the U S A., a famous lawyer tells us what we must do—those who entertain Americans in England as well as those who lecture them there—to counter the wrong headed ideas that persist about the British Empire

SIR WALTER MONCKTON, K C

WE ought, all of us, to do anything we can to assist the British Authorities whose task it is to ensure that the British point of view, with our experiences and the lessons to be drawn from them, is fully understood both in Canada and in the United States. It is not enough that our Government's point of view should be appreciated by the Government of the Dominion or of the United States. The important thing is that the people of the United States should understand and be understood by the people of Great Britain.

Those of us who have the good fortune to be allowed to cross the Atlantic should not all want to see the President or the State Department or other high officers. We want to see our opposite numbers in profession or trade or calling and as many as possible of those whom Mr Wendell Willkie described as "the man on

the street or wherever he may be."

What, then, are the subjects upon which we need most to enlighten our friends and allies in America? I think there can be no doubt that the main point is that we ourselves should understand more, and therefore explain better, about the British Commonwealth of Nations and its place in history, in the world of to day and in the future. Just as our history books almost wholly omit the war of 1812, so the peoples of the New World have been taught all too little about the history of the British Commonwealth in recent years.

There is in many places a profound misunderstanding of the facts about our connexion with India. It is thought by many that we govern India to-day almost as it was governed in the days of Clive and Warren Hastings, that we milk her people for our own financial advantage, that we have done nothing

or practically nothing to promote her social well-being, to improve her industries, her communications, her health services. We are looked upon by many as grasping buccaneers.

It is not only for the Ministry of Information to correct these false impressions—as they seek to do with a will by pamphlet and talk and article—but for us private citizens to give nothing but the undisputed facts and to be ready and anxious to discuss the problem with these facts as our back ground. I wish that everybody, who thinks and talks about India would read or re-read the first volume of the Simon Report and then bring himself up to date for the decade which has followed.

But it is not only the Indian problem which needs explanation and clarification. There is, I think, a fairly complete appreciation of the freedom which the Dominions possess under the Statute of Westminster. On the other hand, the position about the colonies is much misunderstood.

Anybody who has visited them, or some of them, will know that, however deep one's feelings for democracy may be, it just would not make sense for the British authorities to walk out of the Colonies and leave them to govern themselves. There would be chaos and they

could not do it. The British people have a long experience in administering colonies. They have made many mistakes but they have learned much, and they will avoid mistakes which less experience nations would make. Moreover, I believe that the candid critic would admit the British have an aptitude for this kind of task.

Whatever one may think about that, there can be little doubt that the true concept of Great Britain's relationship to her Colonies is not so much the rather legalistic conception of trustee and *cestui que trust* but of partners, a relationship which implies mutual confidence and a whole hearted contribution by each partner to the success of the joint endeavour for the benefit of both.

We need to tell America more about this principle upon which our colonial policy is now based and more about the problems of the individual Colonies. To do this we need to know more about it ourselves. The more we study this question the more readily shall we be able to impart our knowledge to others and, above all, to counter an idea quite common in many circles in the United States that the future must be faced upon the footing that the British Commonwealth will be disintegrated, that Canada, troubled by the problem of the

growing French-Canadian population, will break away from the Commonwealth—may be to join the United States, that Australia might well follow a similar course, that India will be gone by our own grant of independence, that the British Colonies can no longer be left to Great Britain, and that Great Britain, shorn of these responsibilities, no longer in possession of vast resources represented by invisible exports, shipping and financial services, will have become an over-populated little island, a somewhat anachronistic, misplaced, rather inconvenient bastion of the New World in the Old

In my own opinion this is not merely a distorted but a wholly mistaken and mischievous picture. But it is being painted,

and will only be destroyed when we paint the true picture in its true colours. That we must do

The questions about which I have been writing affect the problems of reconstruction which are already being debated on all sides in America. No doubt we have not concrete answers to the many questions that arise, but we have a contribution to make in the course of the discussions which already take place in America. We must either be taken into account in those discussions or be counted out in them. And without our contribution, made while our American allies are still making up their minds, their deliberations will be less fruitful.

The Daily Telegraph

THE doctor seemed to be getting on very well with the pretty lady.
 "You've met before?" asked his friend.
 "Oh yes, I know her professionally."
 "Really? Excuse me old chap, your profession or her?"

I SHOULD be inclined to offer you the position, Smith, so long as I was quite sure you were well up in double-entry book-keeping.

"Double entry, sir? It's child's play to me. In my last place I had to do triple-entry—one set for the active partner showing the real profits, a set for the sleeping partner, showing small profits, and a set for the income-tax people, showing a loss."

WESLEY ENCOUNTERED Beau Nash, and the dandy, drawing himself up said "I never make way for fools."
 "I always do," said Wesley, standing aside,

A sculptor has trouble with that famous cigar

The Premier Sat for Me!

CLARE SHERIDAN

WINSTON Churchill was one of my early sitters. I did a head of him in 1920. It was immature work. Winston, too, perhaps, was immature.

I was tormented by the urge to do him again, to do him *now*. I had no illusions as to the difficulties. I have done public men before, obdurate public men. Gandhi, for instance, would not pose but sat on the floor, spinning, which obliged me also to sit on the floor to be on level with the model.

Lenin, too, said he had no time, but admitted me to his study and just went on reading. I did not ask more than that of Winston.

A year passed, then I received my summons unexpectedly. It came in a curious, indirect way through the Minister of Information. "Now is the moment if you want to do him" was the gist of the message. The conditions were clear-cut. I could work in his bedroom as many mornings as I needed to from 9 to 12 hours, varying according to his necessity. Because he works late into the night, he gets up late, but he works in bed.

His room was delightfully quiet and pleasant to work in. Lenin's room too, impressed me by this same atmosphere of quietude. May be it is a characteristic and necessary condition for great thinkers.

But there was no calm in my heart while I worked. I was almost continually in a state of exasperation bordering on nervous breakdown brought about entirely by a cigar.

I could have murdered that cigar! It deformed his mouth; it threw the whole lower side of his face out of true.

—CLARE SHERIDAN

The Marines inside the door at Downing Street took charge of my paraphernalia.

Winston was in bed and lowered a newspaper to survey the invasion. When I uncovered my potential block he exclaimed at its size, it was a quarter bigger than life. "Why not?" I asked. He agreed.

The light, however, was not good, and his bed was encumbered on either side by tables covered with papers. The Hogarthian figure in bed with cigar and spectacles smiled.

back at me, and then raised his newspaper full open and was lost to view

I stood helplessly staring and wondering—in the same way I had stared at Lenin and wondered how it was ever going to be done

Suddenly down when the paper and "Oh, my dear ' my dear '" came a muttered apology He removed the cigar and gave me his concentrated attention for at least twenty seconds Then he turned to his papers and cigar, but not to the newspaper I was able to see his face, but I seemed to get on slowly

He was the more tantalising because I could see the possibilities of some fine modelling if only he would give me a chance His face is full of interesting lumps and lines, with here and there a strong trace of bone where it is not utterly submerged

At one stage he set down his documents, removed his glasses and said

"Let me see Turn it around slowly" He then expressed appreciation of "its steady progress," but added, "You don't seem to have worked on the mouth"

I almost exploded He was penitent and apologetic, he "would be good" before the end and give me a chance without the cigar I looked forward to that moment, but

the hours went by, days became weeks, and I could only guess at—or misrepresent—the mouth

One morning I coincided luckily with his breakfast There he was, without cigar or glasses It mattered little to me that he munched a piece of toast I did more in that short interval than I had in all the rest of the time put together He was delightfully relaxed and smiling, enjoying the antics of his black Persian cat

Photographs of Winston reveal him generally with his head thrust forward, a characteristic attitude, but in bed leaning back against the pillows, he had to look up I preferred this, it gave him a Ciceronian dynamism So much so that he laughingly admonished me "Forget Mussolini ' Remember you are doing the servant of the House of Commons "

The only similarity to Mussolini is in the great neck and jowl

He has no vanity, no illusion about his looks, but he is proud, and with reason, of his brow

The man mentally is such a giant that all those around him appear pygmies

Having reached the limit of what I could achieve in his room, at the end of two weeks I announced my decision to remove the bust He was pre-occupied that morning and ner-

vous He couldn't stand the sound of hammering below He rehearsed some speech, but inaudibly I could catch only a few of the more strongly emphasised words

At eleven, he had to be at the House of Commons, and this cut the morning short

He said I could take the bust away if I would bring it back again after the week-end "I'm interested in the head," he said "I think it's a fine piece of work and I want it to be a success"

A date for the final sitting having been agreed on, Winston sent a camouflaged Army car to fetch me

During those last two hours or so, I worked frenziedly He kept his promise to be good and not smoke his cigar He was in a very good mood, reading a book which seemed to amuse him

It was good to see His book was entitled *Twenty one Days in India*, it had been recommended to him when he went to India as a subaltern in 1892 I think he was giving it to someone who was just leaving for India, and was re-reading it before sending it. At first he chuckled merrily to himself, and then began to read it aloud And how well he reads!

"Now listen to this—" and his eyes twinkled mischievously He then read out a long diatribe against British rule The

author described Indian riches and Indian miseries, the potential wealth of the land and the starvation conditions of the peasantry The very stuff that Gandhi had told me about

He then proceeded to make a little speech in defence of the British in India He said that during the past century and a half, while all Europe, most of America and China, had been convulsed by wars, India had known peace It was we who had preserved peace for her

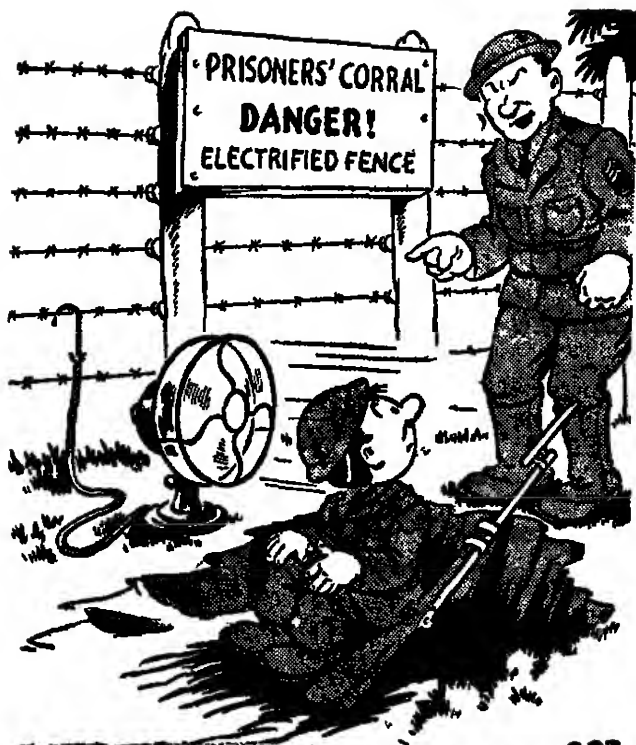
Suddenly he remembered there was to be a Cabinet meeting at noon With a dramatic gesture, he threw back the bed-clothes and leaped out of bed "I shall be late!" He shuffled into his slippers and his dressing gown with the silver dragons

I had done all I set out to do I had concentrated for two and a half hours on that recalcitrant mouth and I was satisfied

I began to clear up His valet said I need not hurry

Then from the next room emerged his wife, Clementine She wanted to view the completed work and examined it long and carefully By the time the men came to carry it out Winston issued from the bathroom, his bath towel draped around him, exclaiming "I shall be late, I shall be late!"

Sunday Dispatch



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GARD

"Kunda stuffy in the Colonel's office Buck. Mind if I give him
his fan back?"

Man of The Year

'The foreign Press sometimes carries such twaddle as that the Red Army pursues the aim of exterminating the German people and destroying the German State. This, of course, is a stupid lie and a senseless slander against the Red Army. The Red Army has not and cannot have such idiotic aims.

'The Red Army's aim is to drive the German occupants from our country and liberate Soviet soil from the German-Fascist invaders. It is very likely that the war for the liberation of Soviet soil will lead to the exile or destruction of Hitler's clique. The experience of history indicates that Hitlers come and go but the German people and the German State remain.

JOSEF STALIN

Order of the Day No 55 February 23 1942

It was not so much for his sudden bursts of inspiration, or a meteor-like brilliance flaming suddenly across the war-torn world, or even for his actions during 1944 that Marshal of the Soviet Union Josef Stalin became clearly and unmistakably the Man of the Year. It was, rather, for his constancy and solidity, for his vision, for his steadfast dignity, which the Western Powers finally recognised in 1943.

Until Order of the Day No 55 was issued during the bleak days almost two years ago, the "Man in the Street" spoke vicariously of the vengeance that would be Russian, and the blood "the Reds" would shed

in the streets of Berlin. The "Man in the Street"—in London, in New York, Manchester, in Pittsburgh—could not be convinced that the Russians would pursue anything but a policy of blood-for-blood, bayonet-for-bayonet reprisal against all Germans.

But in 1943-1944 the world realised, and at the historic Moscow Conference the Governments of Britain and the United States endorsed the calm, cool, dispassionate, calculated policy which Josef Stalin had formulated nearly two years earlier that Nazi criminals must pay for their crimes, but those pulled by the Nazi rip-tide into the war, and guilty of no greater sin

than being forced to fight, would be treated as unfortunate victims

Sooner—two years sooner—than Winston Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the great Stalin looked beyond the victory for a formula of peace, and found it. His Russia was in the throes of agony, but Stalin knew, and Stalin said, even at that time, that with victory must come justice, not indiscriminate vengeance

Thus it was not merely the triumphant success of the Red Army which made Stalin the Man of 1943. Not for a moment did Stalin change his mind, while other world leaders pursued policies which changed with the changes in "the situation."

The U S made several such shifts. It compromised with the Darlanists.

Britain made some, too. It compromised with the U S compromisers.

Both Britain and the U S compromised with the original AMGOT idea.

Throughout the year the U S and Britain vacillated on policy where the French were concerned, until the De Gaulle-Giraud crisis and the Lebanon Incident came as a culmination.

The U S and Britain, sworn to Italy's "total surrender,"

compromised with Marshal Pietro Badoglio and his cronies until Moscow demanded a purge of all the Marshal's Fascist hangers-on.

What made Stalin the year's great leader was not merely that he knew what he wanted, but that he had the honesty not to hedge in a world in which hedging precipitated crisis and he had the courage to look beyond the immediate task in hand.

On November 6, 1942, Stalin said:

"The programme of action of the Italo-German coalition may be described by the following points: racial hatred, domination of 'chosen' nations, subjugation of other nations and seizure of their territories, economic enslavement of subjugated nations and plunder of their national wealth, destruction of democratic liberties, the institution of the Hitlerite regime everywhere.

"The programme of action of the Anglo Soviet-American coalition is, the abolition of racial exclusiveness, the equality of nations and the inviolability of their territories, the liberation of the enslaved nations and the restoration of their sovereign rights, the right of every nation to arrange its affairs as it wishes, economic aid to the nations that have suf-

ferred and assistance to them in achieving their material welfare, the restoration of democratic liberties, the destruction of the Hitlerite regime"

There, in that last paragraph, lay for anyone who cared to read it, as succinct a forecast of the Moscow Conference decision as one could hope for, and a token of Stalin's far-sightedness

In Stalin's honest consistency lay his greatness, that and the tenacity of his people, that and his own dignity, carefully preserved as he sat sedately in the Kremlin, plotting new campaigns while the other members of the United Nations worked under the bright spot-lights of Quebec and Casablanca and Cairo

STALIN AND THE RED ARMY

More than any other world leader Josef Stalin showed a sensitive, intuitive quality of leadership of the Armed Forces, a paternal quality towards his men. He had the emotional fire of Winston Spencer Churchill after Dunkirk and during the Battle of Britain, and which he has not since been able to recapture completely

As Marshal of the Red Army, Stalin knew his military science. As head of the State, he knew all the political connotations and annotations in the

margins of the Plans for Victory. As an acute leader, he knew that men would fight better when they were sure *why* they were fighting and were praised for their fighting

Every Stalin speech teemed with intimate military terms, with good fellowship, with steely determination, with a knowledgeability of things military. Samples

"Comrades! We are waging a patriotic war, a war of liberation, a just war"

"Order (1) Men of the rank and file must study their rifles to perfection, become master of their arms (2) Machinegunners, artillerymen, mortar crews, tankmen, and fliers must study their arms to perfection, become experts at their jobs (3) Commanders of all units must learn to perfection the art of co-ordinating the various branches of the Service (4) The entire Red Army must make 1942 the year of the final rout of the German-Fascist troops (5) Men and women guerillas must intensify partisan warfare in the rear of the German invader"

Whenever Joe Stalin finished making out an Order of the Day, every soldier, every general, could feel that he had Comrade Stalin's personal blessing.

STALIN'S PRIVATE LIFE

Although he has now donned epaulettes, and, as Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army, is actually directing Russia's war against Germany, his private life remains absolutely, completely private

The most interesting single personal fact made known about him during the war was his change of clothing

For years, his plain, unornamented, semi-military tunic, khaki breeches and knee-high black boots symbolised Stalin as leader of the Soviet Union. In 1943 he changed this famous garb for the uniform of a Marshal of the Soviet Union, with gold-braided epaulettes, military tunic and ankle length trousers

On his chest, which previously bore only the golden star of Hero of Socialist Labour, he added the star of the Order of Suvorov and the ribbons of one Order of Lenin and two Orders of the Red Banner

The resplendent new uniform was more than a simple change in the costume of one man. It marked a change in the orientation of his country

Stalin wore his Marshal's uniform for the first time at a Kremlin reception to Donald Nelson, Chairman of the U. S. War Production Board

Last week, cabling to *News Review* from Moscow, Associ-

ated Press correspondent Henry Cassidy gave this intimate glimpse of the great Josef Stalin

Last Summer, while the Red Army was successfully quelling the German offensive at Kursk and advancing across the Ukraine, Stalin was with his troops

Presumably he stayed at the General Staff headquarters, supervising operations. When he returned, it was with the suntanned face of a man who has lived in the open

Ordinarily he uses a small apartment in the domed Kremlin, where he also works. He has a *dacha* (country house) outside Moscow, and a villa at Gagra on the Caucasian Riviera of the Black Sea coast, but has had no time to visit them during the war

His family, like those of 193,000,000 other Russians, has undergone all the disruptions of war. Jacob, his elder son, was officially cited during the first Summer of the war for staying with the artillery battery of which he is commander until the last shell was fired. The Germans falsely claimed he had been taken prisoner

The younger son, Vassily, worked on the Moscow-Kuibyshev airline, then went to the front with a fighter

squadron, is now a Colonel of the Red Air Force Vassily recently became a father, making Stalin a grandfather

Stalin's pretty brunette daughter Svetlana is a student at Moscow University

Widower Stalin spends most of his time with old friends Foreign Commissar Molotov is with him frequently, and other members of the all-powerful *Politburo* often call

He presides at Kremlin banquets for distinguished visitors, but otherwise leads a quiet life, crammed with the day-to-day work of a man who is not only commander-in-chief but also Secretary-General of the Communist Party, and Chairman of the Council of Peoples Commissars, two of the most important organisations in the Soviet Union, as well as being Commissar of Defence, and Chairman of the State Defence Committee

He writes, in his own vigorous handwriting, the orders for the Moscow salutes, hailing each victory of the Red Army But how he himself celebrates those victories no one knows

STALIN AND THE PEOPLE

The same quality of leadership he showed to an army marching victoriously eastward toward the old boundaries of Poland distinguished Stalin also as leader of a nation He had welded *all* of Russia, it became

apparent in 1943, into a solid fighting unit, behind the lines as well as at the fighting front

By constantly, unceasingly, simply and logically explaining *why* Russia fought, he had also explained *why* Russia must work to fight. He had impressed upon Russia's workers that they, as well as their relatives and comrades at the front were fighting Fascism, that their work was as important as that at the front

Possibly no leader in all history has drawn as heavily and as *successfully* as Stalin on tradition so young "Lenin, the great founder of our State, used to say the chief virtues of Soviet men and women must be courage, valour, fearlessness in struggle, readiness to fight together with the people against the enemies of our country "

And herein lies the difference between Stalin and Hitler and the late little-lamented Duce, *Benito Mussolini* Stalin never wraps a ring of egocentricity around his speeches Stalin has never promised that he, Stalin alone, would ever lead the people of Russia in or out of victory or defeat. The first-person singular is lacking in his utterances Stalin's approach has been the complete subjugation of his own ego to his people

News Review



531

For help, apply to the World of

"Of course, I'm helping the war effort Lady Look'a all
th' scrap and rubber I've pulled outa this old fishin'-
hole!"

Gandhiji's Release and After

'Lord Wavell had opened a new chapter in Indo-British relations. He has the desire to see India great and happy, the will to action, and now the greatest opportunity. The next few days will decide his place in Indo British history'

U G RAO

For the first time, last month, since that fateful August morning, when Congress leaders were snatched away and locked up, the country heaved a sigh of relief. The occasion was the release of Gandhiji from jail. Though at first the public joy over his release was tempered by a feeling of anxiety over his health, there has been a gradual resurgence of hope and political speculation as days have passed by and his health has shown signs of improvement. The political energy and goodwill of the country, that were pent up and dammed for nearly two years, have been stirred by the event and now indicate the possibility of flowing into constructive channels. There is altogether a new atmosphere prevailing in this frustration-ridden land.

THE REASON

Though Gandhiji's release might have been primarily actuated by his serious illness,



Mr Gandhi

it cannot be denied that the authorities must have at the same time entertained a fond hope that it might lead to some hopeful developments in the political sphere. They must have realised by now that, however much they might try to be benevolent and even paternal, in their rule they cannot succeed in winning the

affection of the people or dealing with the problems of the country as long as the people's chosen leaders are behind prison bars. The famine, the food problem, the need for keeping up public moral while the enemy is knocking at the eastern door, the problem of securing the co-operation of the commercial, industrial and other important sections of the population in wartime needs and measures—all these must have led the authorities to conclude that what may be accomplished with ease by the people's trusted leaders becomes almost an insuperable task to an administration, divorced from popular sentiment.

Hence the release of the Congress leader on a convenient occasion and for a convenient reason—and the hope that it may prove fruitful in other directions. Though everything will depend on Gandhiji's reactions to the events in the country so far, the influence of those with whom he will be discussing the political situation when he gets better and the final attitude he will take up in the first statement he may choose to make after his recovery, indications about which are hardly available at the moment of writing, there is an indefinable something in the air which makes the people hopeful about the future. This hopefulness has been

further stabilised by the fact that Gandhiji has expressed himself as eager as ever to come to an agreement with Mr Jinnah. It is a good beginning and an auspicious start.

A LIMIT

But there is a limit to which Gandhiji may easily go, in the present circumstances, in his search for a communal or political settlement—a limit beyond which troubles may arise. Suppose Gandhiji meets Mr Jinnah soon after his recovery, and they discuss the whole problem of communal settlement. Up to a certain stage Gandhiji may be able to carry on the negotiations by himself, but when it comes to a question of committing the Congress to any definite line of action, he will find it absolutely necessary to consult the Congress Working Committee and gauge their attitude.

Should talks with Mr Jinnah give no indication of hope and should Gandhiji turn his attention to the problem of a political settlement, even here a stage will be reached when it will be impossible for him to proceed further unless he can have discussions with members of the Working Committee. No doubt, Gandhiji has been fully empowered by the well-known August resolu-

tion to carry on negotiations with H E the Viceroy for a settlement, but it is one thing to carry on negotiations and quite another to take decisions on behalf of the Congress. This latter, Gandhiji will never undertake without previously consulting members of the Working Committee. He is too democratic to arrogate to himself powers which rightly belong in the last analysis to the Congress Executive and deliberative bodies.

PIQUANT SITUATION

As most of the members of the Working Committee, whose advice Gandhiji may need at any time, are still in jail, a piquant situation is bound to arise sooner or later. Those who know Gandhiji's ways and the importance which he attaches to the ideal of freedom, whether it be in the national or individual sense, declare that he will never agree to consult members of the Working Committee while they are still under detention. He may insist on their being released prior to any consultation and even earlier, and unless the authorities are agreeable a deadlock will ensue. Moreover, it is likely that Gandhiji, who would certainly not like to be at large while his comrades are suffering in jail, may choose to go back to prison. The result would be

a state of disappointment and frustration, worse than the one that the country has endured so far.

But let us hope that the authorities will not be so short-sighted as to let go this splendid opportunity for a settlement. Now that Gandhiji, who had been virtually appointed dictator of the Congress at the August session of the A I C C, has been released, there is no reason why the members of the Congress Working Committee and other Congress leaders, who had technically effaced themselves by handing over all power to Gandhiji, should still be kept in jail. If there was no risk in releasing Mr Gandhiji at this stage as has been suggested by some publicists, there would be even less risk in releasing other Congress leaders. If Gandhiji's presence in the country is not going to provoke any disturbances, their presence will do even less harm.

STABILISING INFLUENCE

Far from upsetting the country, their release at this juncture, following as it will do Gandhiji's, will tend to have a tremendous stabilising influence over the whole land and bring about a marked change in the attitude of the people towards the authorities. In the joy of welcoming their long-imprisoned leaders, the people will

forget the bitterness of the past and look with less heavy minds and brighter eyes to the future. The political scene will undergo a further metamorphosis, and conditions, more favourable to a settlement, will arise. And anyone, who has even the least knowledge of the high-minded patriotism of Congress leaders, will know what their reaction will be to this gesture. There is no doubt, but that they will rise to the great occasion.

Lord Wavell has opened a new chapter in Indo-British relationship. This soldier-statesman has all the vision, magnanimity and large-mindedness that a task as vast and formidable as the one that confronts Britain and India at this time, calls for. He has the desire to see India great and happy, the will to action and now the greatest opportunity the next few days will decide his place in Indo-British history.

A MAN living in Stirling bought two tickets for a golden ballot in which the first and only prize was a five hundred pound motor-car. When the draw was made the Stirling man had won the car. His friends rushed to his house in order to congratulate him. They found him with a long face and evidently dissatisfied.

"Why, what's the matter?" they inquired.

"Well," answered the new owner of the car, "it's that other ticket that's troubling me. Why I ever bought it I can't think."

IN a little East Coast town there was an undertaker who for reasons of his own, made close acquaintances of all those whose health was none of the best. He plied his friendship with due decorum and often when the friendship was terminated by death a little piece of business fell to his lot. One old lady—a chronic invalid—saw him almost daily and his interest in her health was unbounded. Last week he called and the housekeeper told the undertaker that her mistress was gone. Slipping five shillings into the woman's hand, he asked when she departed.

"By the mid day train for London," came the answer.

A Tommy who had bravely filled a place in the ranks during the Great War recently sought employment from a well-known general of his old Division. The private soldier had been unfortunate enough to have his nose carried away in action by a bullet, and his appearance was so angular that his late superior officer shouted with laughter upon beholding him.

"Where the deuce, my good fellow, did you lose your nose?" he asked.

"I lost it, general," replied the private, "in the battle in which you lost your head."

RECONSTRUCTION

A Tory View of Politics, Empire and Money

Three men accustomed to approaching life from a different slant set down in pamphlet form their hopes and fears for the era which will start when the last gun has been fired

The pamphlets are the first of a series of sixpenny Signpost Booklets by a self styled Committee of Conservatives. Brief written in language the tram traveller can understand, they are aimed at providing an objective discussion of some of the major problems from a point of view that is frankly sceptical of grandiose theories untasted by experience though by no means averse to reforms

Far from being stodgy stuff shirted blimps are the first three Signpost authors W (Bill) Astor M P (Our Imperial Future) Norman Crump City Editor of the Sunday Times (The Future of Money) and Kenneth Pickthorn M P lecturer in history at Cambridge University (Principles or Prejudices)

A World War I soldier and flier, author Pickthorn mixes humour, gusto and penetrating insight in his statement of the Conservative creed. He cannot resist a gentle jibe at those on the Left of the political fence, who are prone to be dead certain that if their ends were sought by Socialist means "all ills would cease, and all goods redouble, and it would never rain on Sundays, and the contents of a pint pot would be inexhaustible."

A Conservative he defines as "a man who believes that in politics the onus of proof is on the proposer of change, that the umpire, when in doubt, should give it for the batsman."

Politics, he reasons, is the art of directing public force

"Whatever is the law, Government has enough agents and instruments, from telephone girls to tanks, to enforce," but nobody likes to be constantly conscious of restraint by force, and Conservatives are therefore wise not to be too wholly interested in politics.

Pickthorn detects a contradiction in the Leftist stand. They abhor, says he, the use of force (unless it happens to support their own position), yet they exalt politics, or State force.

Great Britain is "a large, spirited, and active population governed with the maximum of consent and the minimum of violence, and with almost constant and quite unprecedented increase of wealth," thanks to

"the habit of tradition and discussion," the cherishing of liberties, and "the extension, less than half-conscious and the more stubborn for that, of family feeling"

"Socialism and Individualism, like every other heresy," continues Pickthorn, "err by over-insistence upon something that is true. Between two truths, either of which swallowed whole is a lie, the Conservative will not choose, he will reject neither, and will not bolt either whole, but with the help of certain habits of mind he may hope to get some nourishment from both, without poison from either"

In international relations, negotiation between Governments is preferable to creation of a super-State, holds Pickthorn. "No British statesman should feel himself authorised to spend British blood for the promotion of something superior to British interests," he writes. "The worst thing a man can use force for is to enforce his own notions, and a Government could not use force worse than by way of forcing its subjects to force its notions upon foreigners."

All wars are bad, but "a war lost may be the worst of all temporal ills." No cause can pamphleteer Pickthorn foresee for Britain's going to war "except in defence of its terri-

ories and communications, and of any honourable bargain made for that defence"

On the subject of a Briton's responsibility to his country in time of war he writes "Any decent person finding himself at odds with a society of which he is a member will begin by believing it possible he may be mistaken, by giving the benefit of doubt to the society

"The Conservative, not doubting but not uncritical will, when His Majesty's Government is at war, be inclined to believe that His Majesty's Government is right, or at any rate right enough, that is more right than its enemy"

The pamphlet ends with a discussion of property. Solomon on this subject is Conservative Pickthorn. "Many things that ought never to have been done ought not now to be undone, and no institution that has been for centuries an essential part of human life ought to be speedily annihilated

No institution that has been for so long a time as property so great a part of human life can be destroyed in one generation without the certainty of destroying for that generation much more happiness than there could be any certainty of creating for it, no one can set out to destroy such an institution in the course of several genera-

tions without a strong probability that his intentions will be reversed by his successors long before they are fulfilled "

THE EMPIRE—MORE EXPERTS NEEDED

Echoed by legislator Astor are Pickthorn's words concerning the Briton's detestation of force, whether he is exerting or submitting to it. But not so concerned with abstractions is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Astor. He is more interested in the problem of making the British Empire work in the best interest of all involved.

Writes he "The British official or policeman, the British officer, the British Tommy hates to be in a position where he has to use coercive measures. He has a deep-seated repugnance to using violence and a natural desire to be on friendly personal terms with the peoples among whom his lot is cast."

Again seeing eye to eye with Kenneth Pickthorn, Bill Astor declares "There is a need for common regional policies and doctrines by members of the United Nations. But it must be emphasised that there are no grounds for thinking that the transference of the actual administration of the Colonies from one nation to an international authority would be to the advantage of the

people of the Colonies, or would be welcomed by them."

Astor sees no indication in the trend of opinion the Dominions or the U S A of a willingness to accept after this war the restrictions of sovereignty necessary to create a peace loving Power so strong that other nations would not dare take up arms against it. We must plan, he says, "in the present climate of opinion."

With a backward glance at the three years he served in this war as Lieut R N V R, Astor pays tribute to the men from the Dominions, of which he writes "Those of us who were in the Middle East in 1940," he recalls, "will never forget the emotional experience of seeing, in our darkest hour, great convoys of troops from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and East and West Africa, arriving to stand beside us in the fight."

Too often in the past, argues he, has Britain's policy toward the Colonial Empire been the negative, passive one of the "correct" trustee. To make the Commonwealth a benefit to all, in peace as well as war, the Empire must be regarded as a partnership, aimed at educational, social, economic, and moral progress.

To bring this about, he suggests, the United Nations might set up a Council for

Undeveloped Areas, representing both Colonial and non-Colonial powers, to provide such services as "long-term credits, specialist advice, and so on" The Council must not, he warns, act as, "a Universal Paul Pry," for "it is the greatest error to attribute to other parts of the world our own psychological atmosphere, that was an error of pre-war Geneva"

Regional Councils would operate under the main body, according to the Astor plan, he advocates that one be set up in each of these areas Caribbean, Africa Middle East, Far East, Pacific Islands

The Caribbean Council would be the present Anglo-American Council extended to include Holland, France, and Canada The African one would embrace all of that continent south of the Sahara

Astor on the subject of the Jews and Arabs in Palestine "Our policy must be to seek agreement between the two sides, till that is reached, Great Britain must persist naturally in holding a balance Meanwhile, our policy must be to encourage the moderate elements on both sides It is suggested that special tax advantages should be given to joint industrial enterprises, in which Jewish and Arab capital, Jewish and Arab direction and labour participate"

Eager is Astor to see the development of colonial territories along the lines of capital equipment, agriculture, secondary industries and exports Impetus must be given by private enterprise, Government action, semi-Government bodies Local governments must be assured their fair share through taxation, especially when the home office of a company is outside the territory in which it is doing business

Health and education go almost hand-in hand in the Astor agenda Lessons in diet would be no less important than lessons designed to raise the population to a higher plane based on the people's own old culture Astor's aim "Not to make *ersatz* Englishmen, but persons who have both their own inheritance and also what Western civilisation has to offer"

Finally, W W Astor, M P, calls upon Members of parliament to fulfil their responsibilities not only to their 60,000 electors, but to "the 60,000,000 fellow-subjects for whose welfare they are finally responsible" Urging an enlightened attitude toward the Colonial Services, he writes "Governorship should not be considered as a short final stage between a Colonial Secretaryship and a pension Governors should be appointed sufficiently young to have the vitality and

time to carry through a programme "

MONEY—THE FUTURE OF TAXES

Money expert Crump starts off with the cheering assertion that "under modern conditions no Government can, strictly speaking, go bankrupt, "but he quickly puts the damper on this by adding "it can get the country into grave difficulties " And a little farther on he observes "The need to balance the Budget over a long period is vital "

With peace, says City sage Crump, the Government's financial wizards will have to pay strict heed to which way the money tide is running If there is plenty of work and prices are rising, then taxes may be raised as a means of stemming inflation and reducing the national debt, if the current is in the other direction, however, Budget-balancing must wait

Crump sees no return to the pre-war Budgets of £1,000

millions, is not worried by the prospect of post-war Budgets twice that size His reasons, the pound will buy less after the war, national income is now spread more evenly over all sections of the community than previously, post war plans for housing, education, health, social security, can be safely managed providing interest rates on money are kept low (5 percent in 1928, 2½ percent now)

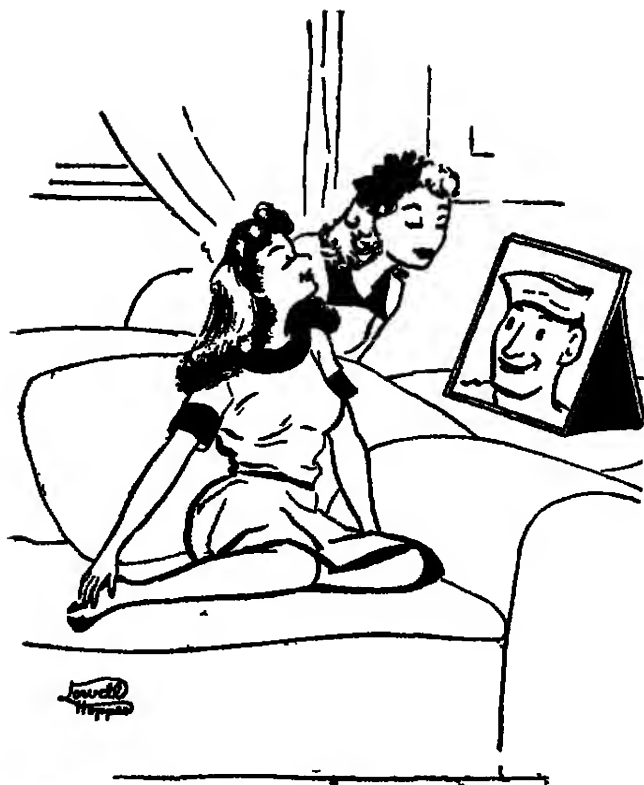
Everyone earning more than the £2-a-week subsistence level suggested in the Beveridge Report will have to pay some sort of tax, Crump believes

One of the tax changes proposed by Crump which would directly affect the individual includes an increase in income-tax allowances for dependants and insurance premiums, to the point, of having some semblance of similarity to actual costs, even if this meant postponement in the reduction of the tax rate

HOWLER

IN the Middle Ages the monks were very good men They went into people's houses and helped everyone, doing everyone's work About this time the population of England increased three-fold

"I can't think how you can devote so much time to smoking, Fred " said the young wife, with a smile
 "Stops me from talking nonsense, my dear girl," he said, kissing her.
 "Ah," she replied "that was the reason you never smoked when we were courting!"



Howard
Hepburn

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"I call him my Postwar Plan number one!"

The Russian Slogan: "Work, Study and Learn"

MAURICE HINDUS

WHILE the Red Army is fighting, civilian Russia is working and studying as never before. There are no strikes, no lockouts and no vacations. No one, except women who have little children is permitted to live in a leisurely way. There is no night life.

The eight hour labour day is now only a memory. An 11-hour day, which includes three hours of obligatory overtime, is the rule. Voluntary additional overtime, as a special gift to the Red Army, is widespread.

For executives, intellectuals and scientists there are no regular labour hours. All the chief executives in the Kremlin have doubled or trebled their responsibilities. For example, Commissar for Foreign Affairs Molotov is also head of the tank industry, Lavrenti P. Beria, Commissar of Internal Affairs, is head of artillery production.

The college professor not only lectures to students, but is a consultant of industry or agriculture, a director of some enterprise within his speciality.



Joseph Stalin

Writers do research, travel the country lecturing in factories, on collective farms and at army camps.

What is especially significant of the civilian population is the campaign of studying and learning. However disastrous a military setback, this Niagara-like campaign never slackens.

Some Americans ask how Russia succeeded in turning the German Army back from the

gates of Moscow and from the streets of Stalingrad. The answer in part lies in the incessant, vehement emphasis on the need for everyone to learn more and more thoroughly his immediate task, whatever it may be.

The vigorous campaign for more and more study of military science is largely responsible for the skill and effectiveness with which the Russians have learned to storm German fortifications, to throw pincers around enemy forces.

In Kiev I met a Russian colonel who had questioned a German prisoner, a captain of artillery. The prisoner stated "What is worrying the German officers is the quickness with which you Russians have gotten on to our methods of fighting. You know all our tricks now."

If there is no famine it is because of the miracle that Russian agriculture has performed. This would have been impossible without the sweeping campaign aimed at every farm worker to learn new and better methods. Grain men, swine growers, dairymaids, gardeners, beekeepers, fruit growers and cotton planters—everybody is constantly called upon to study improvement in output, quantity and quality.

Half the pre-war chairmen of Russia's collective farms have

gone to war. Their places have been taken largely by women and girls, some no more than 18 years old and lacking previous experience. The average size of a collective farm is about 4000 acres, and its manager must be a person of imagination and action, a scientist and organizer as well as a good businessman.

These women and girls have risen to their responsibility with such talent and energy that the agricultural output enables the national government, with what help it gets from America, to provide excellent meals for its many million soldiers and to keep the civilian population well enough fed to perform its daily duties. In 1943 Russia's sown area was 20,000,000 acres more than in 1941.

All over Russia special schools have been opened for chairmen of collective farms, tractor and combine operators, dairymen and horticulturists, apiarists and others. At least 3,000,000 agricultural workers, mostly women and girls, are attending the schools. Their slogan is the slogan for all Russian men in uniform as well as men in overalls "Study and learn, learn and study."

—New York Herald Tribune

Nine Tings of Yu

A well-informed traveller from Chungking revealed the following story, suppressed in China, in the United States Tings are two-eared three legged sacrificial vessels

CHIANG Kai-shek sat alone in a room adjoining the Kuomintang auditorium in Chungking. In the hall itself waited 500 Party delegates, government leaders, scholars, celebrities. Before them on the platform stood nine fine bronze *tings*. They were inscribed with a classical eulogy, of a type which Chinese tradition reserves for the greatest of men. Copied from ancient models, the vessels carried a symbolic message which was capable of affecting history.

About 2,205 B C the great Yu, half mythical founder of the Hsia dynasty, melted metals from the nine provinces of his empire into nine *tings* to symbolize unity. To succeeding dynasties, they continued to represent imperial sovereignty.

The presentation ceremonies had been planned with delicate subtlety. When Chiang arrived, the sponsors of the occasion led him into the adjoining room and offered him 25 minutes of solitude "to contemplate his soul."



Chiang

At last he came out on the platform. Curtly cancelling the programme, Chiang snapped the sternest rebuke he has ever given in public.

For six months, he said, he had heard rumours about these vessels, but only that morning (last Nov 7) did he realize "the full significance and amplitude of what had been prepared." He appreciated the gesture, but "in its total

implications it is an insult to me and to the Party. It is a gross contradiction of the spirit of the times and a serious blunder by members of a revolutionary party."

As far as Chiang Kai-shek was concerned—and his alone was the power—the 450 million Chinese would keep on their road toward democracy. They would suffer no Son of Heaven.

—Time

A good story is told against the burly Lord Derby. A lorry driver had collided with him and was asked why he hadn't had the sense to drive round his lordship.

"I had the sense, sir," the driver replied, "but I hadn't the petrol."

DEAN Swift was asked to preach a sermon on behalf of a Dublin charity and the organisers dropped a gentle hint that on previous occasions preachers had somewhat prejudiced their cause by speaking for too long.

"I shall be short," said the Dean.

When he entered the pulpit he said, "My text is, 'He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' Brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan. If you are satisfied with the security, down with the dust."

That was all. The collection was a record one.

VISITOR to commercial hotel: "This chicken's very tough, waiter."

"Sorry, sir, but when we tried to kill it, it broke loose and the master had to shoot it."

"Him? Sure he didn't hit the weathercock by mistake?"

A wealthy man caught a severe cold during a business trip and telegraphed his medical adviser. The doctor wired back: "If you neglect the cold, it will probably run its full three weeks. If you take expert advice promptly, you may be cured in twenty-one days."

THE film producer dashed on to the set prepared for the first shots of a great religious film.

"What's them guys in night-dresses doing over there by the chorus?"

"Those are the Twelve Apostles."

"Apostles? What's the good of twelve on a stage like this? Get a hundred. I never limited you on your expenses!"

China's Skyrocketing Inflation

The high cost of living in Chungking—bus-fare \$15 (Chinese), \$40 for a pack of cigarettes \$250 for a meal

ERIC SEVAREID

NOT since 1923 in Germany has there been an inflation of such fantastic proportions as that which exists in China today. A few weeks ago at a great air base there I stood watching the dark-green planes coming in from India—bombers, fighters and, off in one corner, transports bearing the large white Chinese character of the China National Airways. From the transports they were unloading heavy boxes, and carefully stacking them in trucks. I knew the contents were intravenous injections for the feverish economic body—Chinese bank notes from the United States.

Most of these notes—none below \$10 (Chinese) because hardly anything in the stores costs less than that—are printed by the American Bank Note Company of New York. Tons of them come each month of ship to India, thence by plane into China.

The Chungking government's problem is how to speed the



Chiang Kai Shek

printing presses to keep up with prices, which are rising about ten per cent per month. The amount of currency in circulation is so staggering that the government dares not publish the true figures. One Chinese financial expert told me that a year ago the situation had

passed the point at which collapse seemed inevitable. But China's economy is not collapsing. Not yet.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek admits that "there is much left to be desired" in enforcement of his price-control programme. That is an understatement. In some provinces overall prices have multiplied by 250 since 1937—25,000 per cent !

The legal exchange rate is now 20 Chinese dollars for one American, though diplomats and foreign correspondents are allowed 30. On the black market you get 80 or 90.

The purchasing power of an American dollar, at 20 to one, is down to five cents. It will buy you a half package of cheap cigarettes, or a half pound of peanuts, or six sheets of typing paper, or a ride on a Chungking bus for a few blocks. A new pair of shoes costs \$60 (U S), a secondhand raincoat about \$.00 (U S). The first restaurant meal I had in Chungking cost, for four of us, \$50 (U S).

Although the Japs control the rail-roads and ports, and China cannot import consumer goods from abroad, the shops are crammed with luxury items. There is an abundance of packaged sweets, wines and fake liqueurs, thermos bottles, cigarette lighters, toilet articles

—everything you might want, if you had the price, and nearly all of it supplied by the illegal trade with Shanghai, Hong Kong and even Tokyo itself. The illegal trade is enormous between Free China and enemy-occupied territory, and thousands of Chinese and Japanese are growing rich from it.

By strenuous effort, however, the government has kept the price of rice, the basic food, from rising at a dizzy rate. Had it not done that, millions would now be dead of starvation. Even so, around Chungking, rice tripled in price between March and September of last year, rising from \$500 to \$1500 (Chinese) a picul (110 pounds).

Common soldiers, school-teachers, and many government workers, whose fixed incomes are hardest hit by inflation, are reduced to extreme poverty and suffer from malnutrition. They are almost the only salaried groups in China and in any country it is always those on fixed salaries whom inflation ruins. There would be few government officials and clerks alive today if the government did not buy up rice and resell it to the government workers at controlled prices, held reasonably low.

Some groups in China are actually better off under the

inflation It is hard to get a Chungking rickshaw man to pull you now, he is not anxious for new business when he is already making around \$2000 (Chinese) a month, which is more than most trained civil servants get. Half-naked coolies ride the express bus in which the fare is \$15

Recent studies made by the University of Nanking, now at Chengtu, show that big property owners and landlords are as well off as, or better than, they were before the war. The small, landowning farmer finds his real income is about ten per cent below pre-war level. What the University economists term the "labourer-peddler class" enjoys a rise in prosperity of about 75 per cent. The average income of a family in the labourer-peddler class has multiplied by 38 while his cost of living has multiplied by 22. Real income of the merchant-storekeeper class has gone down about 12 percent

We gave China a credit of \$500,000,000 (U S) about a year ago. It could not be used, because there was practically no trade between the two countries. So the latest stunt used to prop up China's tottering financial structure is the importation of \$200,000,000 of the \$500,000,000 in the form of gold bullion. The gold will actually be sent to China. And that means by

air—a total of 80 to 100 airplane loads—at a time when there isn't enough cargo space for needed weapons!

Just what the Chinese government will do with the gold was not decided when I left Chungking. They can issue notes upon it or sell it in the open market, for \$10,000 (Chinese) an ounce, making a good profit as it cost them \$700 (Chinese) an ounce. If the bullion is sold, much of it will be purchased by those Chinese who have made money on the war, thus making permanent their war-time fortunes. In such case much of the gold will find its way into Japanese occupied territory, which means eventually into the hands of the Japs themselves.

The revelation that the American dollar is worth only a nickel in China will upset charitable Americans who contribute to United China Relief. But after long talks with the relief administrators on the spot, I am convinced that these contributions are saving the lives of thousands, and ought to be increased. Mr Arthur Duff of UCR, who spent the summer in the area around Toishan, estimates that already 40 per cent of the people there have died of starvation. In October he estimated that 10,000 children would be dead by the end of November and nothing on earth could save

them This is the price China is paying for her resistance to the Japanese

Your UCR dollar does buy more than a nickel's worth of *Food*, the all-important item In the Toishan area, where famine is ravaging the villages, rice from government stocks can be purchased by UCR for only \$400 (Chinese) a picul, instead of \$4000 (Chinese), the local market price For every \$100 (U S) you give UCR, the Chinese Government adds \$ 50 And the Government matches every \$ 100 (U S) marked specifically for famine relief

Recently, China has had to resort to taxation in kind to keep the army and government functioning Many farmers, even in the famine areas, have seen their entire crop taken from them Often you find a farmer's total production pledged in taxes for years ahead And so it has happened that relief money has sometimes been used to buy, and give back to starving peasants, the very rice which was taken from them in taxes

China's inflation is indeed alarming, but government lea-

ders believe that it can continue at its present rate for about two more years before a collapse China's economy being 85-percent agricultural, she is normally self-sufficient in food The peasants will get along somehow, even if they have to discard currency entirely and live by barter They have done it before But when the peasants *do* begin to barter, it will mean they have lost confidence in the government.

When that moment comes, Chiang Kai shek's regime will really be put to the test If his regime should fall, no strong central authority would replace it The country would then return to its old condition of local autonomies, quarrelling warlords, and the Allies' task of beating Japan would be immeasurably increased

Will China's economy, through inflation, eventually collapse? Nobody is quite sure Everyone is holding his breath Dr H H Kung, the Finance Minister, put it this way "We are like the man who fell from the top of the Woolworth Building As he passed the 22nd floor, he said, 'So far, so good'"

The New Republic



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BEAVER

"All right, you can get that sour look off your face—I
just want to use your phone!"

Hobo in Japan

Observations on the Japanese way of life, their sources of strength and weakness made by one who lived not as a tourist but among the people

JOHN PATRIC

JAPAN is smaller than California, and has fewer natural resources. It is ravaged periodically by earthquakes, typhoons, floods, fires and volcanos. Six sevenths of it is mountainous—neither a rable nor habitable. The 75,000,000 Japanese possess scarcely as much personal, material wealth as 10,000,000 average Americans.

Nevertheless, Japan has conquered an empire.

I made hobo journey of investigation through Japan while she was preparing for Pearl Harbour, and what I saw at firsthand convinces me that she will lose that empire. But I am equally certain that we must pay a terrific price to beat Japan to her knees.

The Manchurian "incident" in 1931 startled me into determination to see Japan and study the Japanese. I wasn't an incident. Nor was it an accident. It was the first incendiary blaze that has spread out into global holocaust.

World War II began about 10 p m on September 18, 1931, with a small explosion on the tracks of the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway at Mukden. The damage was so minor that it did not delay the punctual arrival at the Mukden Station, half an hour later, of the southbound express from Changchun. But the Japanese Army called it sabotage and killed several hundred Chinese soldiers in a nearby barracks. Simultaneously, along the entire length of the railway, the Japanese Army, assisted by several thousand armed reservists among the civilian Japanese, seized Chinese barracks, airfield and military equipment.

By next morning Japan controlled an area in China about as large as Italy—one of Asia's richest sections. It was probably the quickest and cheapest in the history of the world.

What manner of people did it?

I wanted to know But I didn't have enough money to go to Japan I was a roving speciality salesman, earning just about the \$40 it cost me merely to stay on the road However, I could read about Japan And the deeper I went below the tourist books, the more I realized that although first-class travel in Japan might be costly, living costs there would be incredibly cheap if I could go as the Japanese do, eating rice and fish, crowding into third-class coaches, sleeping on floors in native inns

Suppose I started "going Japanese" right now, living in the United States the way a poor Japanese lives in Japan? Could I not thereby both save money for the trip, and likewise accustom myself to the hardships of Japanese life? One day I made a clean break with comfort For three months I slept in my car, shaved in washrooms of service stations, bathed in lakes or rivers, or took sponge baths on sideroads with warm water from the car radiator Thus I saved \$ 135 in hotel bills

Tall cans of pink salmon cost a dime in those days, whole-wheat bread cost eight cents This food was roughly equivalent to the Japanese diet of rice and fish I heated the salmon on the car's exhaust manifold, ate all I could while it was hot, made sandwiches with the rest.

Sometimes I ate a nickel can of beans, which seemed an approximation of the soya bean curd of Japan Food cost me only \$1 75 a week during this period

Meanwhile I continued to read everything I could find about the Orient. And I bought a little conversation dictionary which proved invaluable later It is almost uncanny what you can accomplish with 100 Japanese words—and pantomime

I bought a tourist ticket on NYK'S *Heian Maru* to Yokohama for \$195 Tax was \$5, passport \$10 I had \$165 left, and it proved twice as much as I needed to travel for months, all over Japan.

The *Heian Maru* was a new first-class ship, but for all her modernity the crew occupied only a fraction of the space per man reserved for American seamen in our oldest freighters The average Japanese is accustomed to cramped quarters from babyhood on Thus a Japanese transport, ton for ton, can carry two or three times as many troops as American vessels without reaching the saturation point It also accounts for the heavy loss of life when Jap transports are sunk

On the ship I became acquainted with Tayama, an engineer returning to Japan

after many years in the United States. He taught me to eat with chopsticks. "You can clean plates easier with chopsticks," Tayama said. "Even soup—you not waste drop."

I asked him to demonstrate. The soup, served in thin, red-lacquered hardwood bowls, was a clear broth with bits of vegetables and sea food floating in it. Tayama picked out every scrap of solid, then drank the broth to the last drop. "You see," he said.

"Yes. But how about cream soups?"

"No eat," Tayama said. "Cream soup stick always to sides of bowl."

"But the trifle left doesn't amount to anything," I said.

"To you, no. But Japanese never throw away food with dishwater. Could be enough food left in bowl in one year to feed one child maybe two weeks."

The meat was served cut into little pieces—each a mouthful. "In your States," said Tayama, "on finished plate would be bones, fat, gristle—no good for use. In Japan, only meat served is meat you must eat. Then, in kitchen bones are boiled for soup—then saved for industrial use. Gristle is ground or chopped up and eaten. All fat is used. In States, this go to dog or garbage cans."

In Yokohama I watched the stevedores, clad only in G-strings, unloading ships. Hard-sinewed, they lifted unbelievably heavy freight, hour after hour. They did not use carts or wheelbarrows, men's time is still cheaper than machinery in Japan.

Today I think of these stevedores, in the Japanese Army, assigned to tough work in the jungles, bringing up guns, ammunition cases, all manner of heavy things on incredibly scant rations. No wonder the Japanese had early victories. Their weakness appears only when they face war machines more numerous and better than their own.

I asked a pedestrian to direct me to a native inn, a *yadoya*. He was incredulous. He pointed down the street towards the big *hoteru*.

"No." I shook my head. I said, *Hoteru? I-e-e Yadoya, Ne-ma Ichi yen*. "Hotel? No. I wanted a room where I could sleep on the floor for one yen."

The Japanese looked startled, but he took me to a *yadoya*. It was a good one by Japanese standards, a room cost a yen and a half (A yen—28 cents—has roughly the purchasing power of \$1 in America).

This inn was typical, in its construction and appointments,

of all those I visited later. Doors in the rooms were paper, stretched over wood frames, sliding in wood channels. Partitions slid away like doors, so that one room could be made into many smaller ones. These partitions are no barrier to the slightest noises, there is a constant murmur and medley of sounds—sounds that speak of teatime, love making, or restrained argument.

The furniture, what there was of it, was diminutive. There were no chairs. A little wooden table stood no more than 18 inches high, when you sat cross-legged on the floor, that was tall enough. There was a dresser with a tiny mirror—fit for a little girl's playhouse back home. Nothing in crowded Japan is ever built bigger than absolutely necessary. It is a land of miniatures.

There was of course no bedstead. A silk-covered, cotton-filled pad was spread over the matting on the floor.

To save metal, Japanese stoves, sinks and bathtubs are usually made of wood. There is seldom central heating, though Japan is cold in winter. Individual rooms are heated by a charcoal fire glowing in the centre of a wooden tub of sifted ashes. Such fires are moved from room to room as needed. No chimney is required, and no stovepipe.

Never did I find running water in the individual rooms of a Japanese inn. Thus the very minimum of water piping is required—just enough to run to a long wooden sink, often in the kitchen, where men and women alike line up for morning ablutions.

Most toilet rooms in both inns and homes are unpiped, since sewage is collected and hauled to the country for fertilizer.

"I often hear people criticize Japanese," Tayama had told me.

"Tourists say you must eat no raw vegetables. But is bunk, because Japanese gardeners know enough not to use sewage for radishes and carrots. Sewage more richer fertilizer than animal manure. You think Japanese like dirty, smelly work collecting and spreading human manure? But no choice. Japan must return to land everything possible to replace fertility."

The bathtub is a wooden tank. Charcoal fires in containers that are part of such tank are used to heat the water, or sometime it is heated in kitchen and carried to the tank. One tankfull is enough for everybody, since everybody uses the same water. Each dips out a little bucketfull and washes himself thoroughly, only when clean does he climb

into the tank to soak in the steaming hot water

There are no locks, door-knobs, catches, hinges, or any other hardware on any door in the house or inn. Guests pay no attention whatever to other bathers. Arthur Rose-Innes, in one of the little asides that makes his *Japanese Conversation Dictionary* so delightful, says "Private (Privacy is so little observed in Japan that this word is difficult to translate")

The whole inventory of a Japanese inn or home thus adds up to extreme simplicity and to almost complete inflammability. I have watched houses burn in Japan, then poked among the ashes to see how much metal there was, and found only as much as I could carry in my two hands.

One reason Japanese houses are so flimsily built is that they can be quickly rebuilt, it is a kind of premiumless insurance against heavier losses. Bomb a Japanese city and burn down all the houses, all that the inhabitants will need to re-create their accustomed degree of comfort is a few utensils of wood and pottery, a straw mat to sleep on, a small charcoal fire to sit by, and a very little food.

But the Japanese style of living has made Japan's economic system vulnerable in

war-time. Her metal industries have been devoted to the production of implements of war, not to the material needed in construction works. When her highly concentrated industrial plants are destroyed by American bombers, they cannot be rebuilt as Japanese houses can. Fifty bombs dropped on certain crowded warplant areas of Osaka, Kobe, Nagoya, Yokohama or Sasebo will cut Japan's war production by a percentage ten times higher than the same number of bombs dropped as accurately on Essen or Liverpool.

One morning I went walking out of the town of Nikko, far up a country road that followed a stream into the hills. As usual, I was going nowhere, I had no special objective, I just wanted to see how the people worked and lived.

I saw things that morning that I noticed again and again all over Japan. Here, for instance, was a thatched roof farmhouse, with melon vines trained on to the roof, and the fruit ripening there. Beside it was a grainfield—no bigger than a back yard in a Kansas town, but all the field the farmer had. It was in several terraces, and it had been spaded by men—not ploughed by horses.

At the centre of the field stood a pole, six or eight feet high, on which there perched a

tiny thatched house, build of tree prunings From the house ran a spider web of strings, fastened to stakes at the extremities of this tiny grain-field From each string hung streamers of wastepaper

A child sat in the tiny thatched house—a child of five, too young to do any real work, even in Japan If a bird came, his job was to jerk a string near it, rustle the paper streamers, and frighten it away before it had time to rob the family of a single grain of precious food

Some Japanese children work from dawn to dark on June days, making sacks—of wastepaper—and tying them around every embryo apple on all the trees in an orchard to keep insects out Certainly no child who has ever gone through such experiences will ever, as long as he lives, throw away a half-eaten apple or leave rice in his bowl

We are fighting an enemy whose assets are his frugality and toughness—and his cruelty The streaks of sadism in the Japanese people surprised me the more because they are usually so polite

One hot day in Tokyo I came upon a ghastly sight. Tied to a tree, panting in the heat, was a terribly emaciated dog, a bag of bones that barely lived and breathed Throngs of Japanese

were passing that pitiful animal, but none showed the slightest interest

In a shop nearby I bought some meat and offered it to the dog The poor starved beast, maddened with hunger, snapped at it so violently that his teeth closed on my hand I stared in pain and fright at the torn ribbons of skin and flesh Passers by gathered around and *laughed* Those who had witnessed the incident told newcomers about it, and they laughed, too

Nobody expressed any sympathy, or offered any help I wrapped my hand clumsily in a handkerchief, went to a big store that catered to foreigners and asked the address of a physician Outside, the first pedestrian to whom I showed the address bowed and hissed politely, then walked two blocks out of his way to lead me to the place

A strange people, the Japanese!

In Nikko I saw a horse tied to a stake in a vacant lot which hundreds of people passed every hour The horse was covered from head to foot with gaping, open sores A great swarm of flies and other insects attacked him incessantly, and he kicked and bit at himself in agony Again I tried to do something I first hunted unsuccessfully for the animal's owner, and then tried to interest

somebody— anybody—in helping me find a veterinary Every-body bowed, smiled, and hissed politely, and passed on I could see that they thought I was being quite absurd to be upset about such a scene

This Japanese insensibility to suffering applies not only to animals but to human beings, too—if they are weak, or if the Japanese consider them inferior Once I saw two Japanese railway guards apprehend a small Korean boy, about 11 years old, who was stealing a ride underneath a car One approached each side of the coach and jabbed at the boy with long, heavy, sharp-pointed sticks He was a brave lad, and stubborn, and for some moments he resisted But they punctured the flesh of his body and of his hands and feet and finally he came out, bleeding in a dozen places His hands and feet were particularly injured, and he had the strange look of having been crucified The guards marched him off triumphantly, still beating him After all, he was only a Korean

The Japanese, before the war, thought that America was fat and rich and lazy—and weak They knew America—in a way They had photographed it, sketched it, sent students to study it. They had written everything down in their meticulous ideographs They had a complete blueprint for victory On that they based their war

But the Japanese have no imagination What they *think* they are fighting—which is why their morale is still high—is the America of yesterday They cannot imagine the America of today, the America of production miracles, the angry America, the America that will never negotiate a peace with them, the stubborn America that is building a juggernaut of sea and air power that will bring the worst disaster to Japan she has encountered in all her 26 centuries

Japan was strong But we are stronger now

From Why Japan was strong

A CLERGYMAN and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back The minister looked at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him

'Friend sinners stand on slippery places.'

The old gentleman looked up as if to assure himself of the fact, and said

'I see they do, but I can't '



"He says his uniform takes less material than the average, so could he have the difference in cash?"

So That Mothers May Live

An American woman who tackled "the problem of furnishing women doctors for Indian women most of whom would rather die than expose their bodies to a male doctor"

JEROME BEATTY

THE Little mud-brick hut that lepers had helped to build with their withered hands was unimpressive to the eye, but it meant something very special to the natives of one village in India. For years this tiny, dirty village, about 25 miles from Vellore, had been just a roadside stop for Dr. Ida Scudder's medical truck, but now the people had built a "hospital," a two-room shelter from the rain and heat and dust. They were very proud of it and today their beloved Dr. Ida was to dedicate the new building.

Some of the doctor's staff went out from Vellore early to get things ready, and I went with them. When we arrived all was pandemonium. In addition to local officials, ready for speechmaking, and 36 small boys from a mission school who had come to sing, the place was crowded with prospective patients. The natives had thought, reasonably enough, that the way to make

the opening a success was to come for treatment, and 50 lepers and as many more sick men, women and children were clamouring for hypodermics and medicine and eye drops and salve. Some had walked 20 miles from roadless villages. Some had been carried on stretchers. Many were covered with sores.

The crew of the truck that had brought me—an Indian nurse and two women doctors, one American, the other Indian—worked frantically, trying to finish the treatments before Dr. Scudder arrived for the dedication ceremonies. But soon I heard cheering out front.

"Heaven help us," said one of the doctors. "She is here and we're not half finished!" We told her to wear her prettiest clothes, that she wasn't to touch a patient—just to be the guest of honour. But now we won't be able to stop her!"

And suddenly, there she was, rolling up the sleeves of her

best dress and drawing on rubber gloves. She went up to a leper, looked at his card to see what treatment he should receive, and plunged a hypodermic needle into the dead flesh "Next!" she called, swabbing the wound

Here were jobs to be done, people to be treated, celebration or no celebration

In an hour the doctors had finished their work Dr Ida borrowed a mirror and fixed her hair, and the songs and the speeches began

"I think it was lovely," she said on the way back to Vellore

"Yes," I said "The children singing—and that Hindu farmer who offered all the water you wanted—"

"That was nice," she said, "but that wasn't what I meant Do you realize that we treated 50 lepers? That means they like the place and more of them than ever will come to us for help" She took a deep breath "I love India There's so much to do!"

This extraordinary white-haired woman has, at 72, a spring in her step, a sparkle in her eye and the skilled, strong hands of a surgeon of 45 She is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, and for 18 years has been head of the medical association in a district with a population of

2,000,000 In 1936 the All-India Obstetrical and Gynecological Congress chose Dr Scudder as president, ignoring India's bitter prejudice against making a woman a leader of men Doctors all over India send her their most difficult gynecological cases Woman and children come just to touch her, so exalted is her reputation for healing

India has native doctors, good and bad, but their practice is confined to the cities The villager usually must depend upon superstitious priests or medicine men with their tigers' claws and chicken bones, or ignorant quacks who guarantee to cure leprosy in three months and take what fees they can get

It was nearly 40 years ago that Dr Scudder first established a group of roadside clinics, designed to bring medical service to the poor of the rural areas At first the clinics travelled by pony cart Dr Ida found in these remote communities such horrors as men blinded because priests had prescribed, for fever, the application of ground glass and cayenne pepper to the eyes There were women crippled for life because midwives used garden trowels to help deliver difficult babies

Today her well-equipped hospital trucks give more

than 36,000 treatments a year, about 15,000 to lepers. They can't actually cure many lepers, but they can often arrest the disease, giving thousands the strength to earn something of a living. The trucks serve everyone within a 25 mile radius of Vellore. Treatments to paupers are free, others pay one and one-half cents.

Dr Ida next set about the problem of furnishing women, doctors for Indian women, most of whom would rather die than expose their bodies to a male doctor. By sheer determination and tactful executive ability, she created one of India's three medical colleges for women. The institution has graduated more than 300 women doctors—many of them from low-caste families. Dr Scudder has made them into valid citizens, respected even by high caste Indians.

Today the school is equipped with beautiful buildings and dormitories for 105 medical students, a modern 300-bed hospital with 100 student nurses, and a medical staff of 18 women—Americans, Canadians and Indians. The hospital treats about 50,000 patients a year, 3500 of them are in-patients.

Dr Scudder sometimes performs a dozen operations in a day. Many patients, facing an operation, call in an astrologer

to select a lucky hour for the job. From the doctor's point of view there are too many lucky hours around midnight. She once had to wait until 2 a.m. before performing a critical Cæsarean.

Dr Scudder was due to be retired at 65, but she "mislaid" the papers she was supposed to fill out and never bothered to look for them. Reluctantly, at 63, she gave up playing basketball with her students, but she continued to play tennis.

Right now Dr Scudder and her friend, Gertrude Dodd (age 85), are in the U.S. raising money to improve the school, but Dr Ida is eager to get back to her classes and operating room.

Ida S. Scudder comes from a great missionary family. Her grandfather, Dr John Scudder, became in 1819 the first American medical missionary in India, and 49 of his descendants—14 of them doctors—have been missionaries in India, Hawaii, Japan and Arabia.

Dr Ida's father, a medical missionary, was stationed not far from Vellore when she was born. When she was eight years old, her parents visited America and left her with relatives in Chicago to be educated. She grew up a pretty, popular, spirited girl. Her memories of the pestilence and

squalor of India and her parent's sacrifices made her determined never to be a missionary

She was nearly ready to enter Wellesley when her mother's severe illness called her back to India. One night while she was there three neighbouring native girls died in childbirth the eldest of them was 15 years old. Their families had scorned aid from Dr. Scudder because he was a man. "If I were a doctor," Ida Scudder thought, "I could have saved them." Until then it had not occurred to her that she might study medicine, in those days few girls did.

The urge that drives all great physicians was in her blood. Away went her ideas about a pleasant life far from India. She returned to America, studied for three years at the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, and then went to Cornell Medical School as one of six women who entered its first co-educational class.

A hospital for women was needed in Vellore and when Dr. Ida was graduated from Cornell she was told that if she would raise the needed \$8000 she could build and run it. She got \$10,000 and the necessary surgical instrument. At 30 she opened the hospital—one room in an old house.

She trained her cook's daughter as a nurse. In her first operation, an abdominal tumour, she had only the help of this Indian girl, who had never given chloroform before. The operation was a success. In the first two years Dr. Ida treated more than 5000 women and children. She was the only woman doctor in a district of half a million women. Two years later, when plague killed 1,100,000 in India she went from house to house, inoculating thousands.

In 1918, on the mere promise of help from American women, she opened her medical school for Indian women—in a rented bungalow with half a dozen textbooks, a skeleton and one microscope. Of 150 girls who applied, only 17 could be accommodated. For the first two years Dr. Ida taught classes, ran the hospital, saw that the students were properly fed and housed, and even arranged with the local prison to send over for the dissecting room the bodies of friendless murderers after they were hanged.

It was a hand-to-mouth school until money began to arrive from America, but the training was sound. All the 17 passed the government examinations, although only one out of five of the graduates of other schools made the grade. One girl won

a gold medal for the highest grade in gynecology among the 495 men and women examined

While I was visiting Vellore Dr Ida was called to the hospital one evening to perform an emergency abdominal operation. She returned after a few hours

"Successful?" I asked

"Oh, yea," she said "But a little difficult"

The next day I learned that the lights in the hos-

pital had gone out in the middle of the operation. Panic started among the nurses in the operating room. But Dr Scudder's confident voice in the dark calmed them. She told them to get some electric torches. They returned with four and while they pointed them at the wound she completed the job

"A little difficult," she said "But that's what makes it interesting"

From Americans All over

ADVICE TO BUDDING DEBUTANTES

NEVER forget that etiquette and good manners are the trade-marks of a lady. If a man should try to force his attentions upon you, do not berate him in the language of a fishmonger's wife but politely tell him to go to hell!

MINISTER "Where is your husband today Mrs. Smith? I didn't see him at church."

Mrs. Smith "It grieves me to tell you, sir, that poor Charlie has joined the Great Majority."

Minister "You mean—he's dead?"

Mrs. Smith "Gracious, no! He's gone to the football game."

"YOU should never quarrel, my boys," said the curate as he came across a party of youths who were shouting at each other. "What is it all about?"

"It's this way, mister," said the biggest chap. "We've decided to give this 'ere dorg to the bloke what tells the biggest lie, and everybody thinks his lie is the biggest but mine is?"

"Dear, dear," said the gentleman of the cloth. "When I was of your age I did not know what a lie was."

"Ere, mister," said the small crowd in unison, "the little dorg is yours."

I know that the best thing on earth is——"

A Fiery Crucible That Makes Men

Major Parker C. Hardin, a North Carolina surgeon, has been on active duty with the Army since April 1941. As chief surgeon of the first large evacuation hospital to reach Australia, he arrived down under in April 1942. He later trained and commanded a small front-line portable surgical hospital which was flown over the Owen Stanley Range then proceeded up the New Guinea coast to the Buna area on a small coastal vessel loaded with 50 tons of ammunition. Half a mile offshore the ships were attacked by Jap planes bombed strafed, burned and sunk. The hospital personnel swam ashore through bullets and bombs losing all their hospital equipment and suffering many casualties.

With makeshift surgical equipment the unit immediately went to work in the jungle as the first hospital to see action in the battle of Buna. For 45 days the hospital was under fire while treating the wounded never more than a mile and a half behind the battle front. Serving throughout the entire Buna-Sanananda campaign the hospital personnel sustained 34 per cent casualties killed and wounded.

Major Hardin was twice decorated for gallantry in action, awarded the Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster by General Eichelberger.

The following is a letter written to a friend.

MAJOR PARKER C. HARDIN U S ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

Dear John

AT last I am actually starting a long overdue letter to you, to thank you for your generous ones to me. You know, letters are what keep the soldier overseas going.

The old days of private practice and peacetime living seem very far behind me. I've been in the Army now on active duty for 29 months. If one must travel far from home, he might as well come back a better and a wiser man. I may not be better, but brother, I certainly am one hell of a lot

wiser! I know that war is hell! That men far from home yearn eagerly for return to their own folk, to their native land, I know that all men who are soldiers, be they privates or the highest officers, all think the same thoughts of home and loved ones, dream the same dreams. Mostly, I know that all of us want more than anything on earth to get this job done, to win this war completely, and then, at last, to come home and live and let live. This is my philosophy. It is perhaps a glimpse into the hearts of all soldiers everywhere.

सुनिश्चित रूप से सफल
BALABHAI MURTHI - PUNE

I know a lot about the Japs I have treated them, had them as starving, dirty little animal prisoners in my front-line hospital, seen hundreds of their miserable little dead carcasses, I know their fanatical spirit, their fight-to the death, Emperor-worshipping natures. They are our worst enemy. All of us here believe that. They have already won everything they set out to win. With them there must be no halfway defeat. We must exterminate now and for always their military spirit, else they will overwhelm us, and we shall never again know American life and freedom as we once did. Forgive me for preaching. We sometimes wonder if people at home know there is a deadly war of extermination going on here with the Japs. It will take a very long time. But never doubt that we shall win the victory.

Since I saw you last I have seen the wonders of half the world, strange lands, strange peoples, islands which I once believed to be romantic (God forgive me, I never want to see another coconut palm as long as I live.) I have swum in secret, warm, multicolored South Sea Island lagoons, dived to the breathlessly beautiful coral on unknown shores, talked with natives, come to know ships as old friends, flown over the magnificent peaks of Australia and New Guinea, fought,

worked, prayed and lived tremendously, completely, fully. I have had long, wearisome months of army training to learn what it means to become a fighting man, and how to lead and command men. I have seen men die bravely with a smile upon their stiffening lips, and courage and no fear in their dimming eyes. I have known heroes and common men, good and bad soldiers. I have come to know that life is sweet but that it is worth while to die for a just cause.

I have been bombed so many times I can't count them, and I know what it is to have Zeros come shooting straight down at me. I've been sunk by Jap bombs and bullets, and had to swim half a mile to shore while all about me machine gun bullets killed and wounded my men though my own life seemed charmed. I used to teach swimming, but I darned near drowned that day off New Guinea. I have been so scared I could not open my mouth. I have hugged the good earth, in and out of slit trenches, while the terrible bombs crunched all about me, and my men were wounded right beside me in my hospital.

So far, God has been good to me and spared my life. I don't know why that should be. But I do know that no man can ever be quite the same, that war makes men gentler and finer,

strange as that may sound, that it makes men seek and find God in true religion, that all men are pretty much alike in their hearts. I never knew there were so many unselfish people in all my life, as I now know after being in battle for 62 days at Buna.

I have seen the magnificent Aussies, the "Rats of Tobruk," go shouting and laughing into battle against the little yellow men, and die. I have lived in the cruel jungle, slept on the bare ground tortured by a myriad mosquitoes. I have seen strange, exotic trees, vines that clasp and cling, huge spiders, scorpions, strange birds, the wonder of a great waterspout off the shores of New Guinea.

I have sweated and been faint from long jungle marches with sick and wounded men. I have paddled little boats full of the feeble wounded on stretchers hundreds of yards out into the bright moonlit waters, and fallen into the sea transferring them into larger boats, while only a few miles away the Japs watched from their shores. I have been terrified by flares lighting the jungle like noonday. I have seen men go insane in battle. I know the evil stench of the dead sprawled on the battlefields. I have seen the long rows of our quiet, still comrades in New Guinea. I have buried the dead. I know

the comfort of brave, Christian chaplains in the time of fear and battle. I have trembled and my knees have given way beneath me. I know what strangling cold fear can really be. I have known the deadly terror as bombers came over hour after hour in the full moonlight Christmas Eve, and then the blessed peace of lying naked on the warm sand of the beach eating one tiny can of rations for my Christmas dinner, dreaming of home and loved ones. And I know that most men are brave, and that courage is given to us to face whatever must be when the time of trial comes to men.

I have seen the majesty of great fighting ships in the far reaches of the seas. I have known the exaltation of sunsets over barren mountains, the rosy fingers of dawn at sea and over craggy peaks. I have known what it means to sit alone on hilltops in the peace of evening, and the shivering shriek of shells from our big guns monotonously passing high above me hour after hour, day and night, while I listened for their crash, glad that they were killing yellow devils. I have known the Christlike gentleness of hard-muscled, singing, laughing Papuan native men as they carried our wounded incredible distances. I have worked among scores of wounded, bloody,

weary, bearded and dying men, and had to decide which of them should be treated first, which must be left probably to die so that others with a better chance might live and fight again. I have seen the magic of many lives saved by the life-giving plasma which you send from your own veins

I know the joy of battle, the silent, inner satisfaction a man has when he is under fire and incredibly finds for the first time that he can take it. The unspoken, quiet understanding, the nearness of the spirit, the fraternity and comradeship which mysteriously come to be among men who make good in battle where all men are equal,

where there are only two kinds of people: brave, fighting soldiers, and weaklings. I have known triumph and victory, bitter frustration and defeat. I know that the American soldier has a native strength, ingenuity, courage, cheerfulness, stamina, pride in his comrades, a wisecracking, carefree spirit, and the undying determination to see this job through to the end

But most of all I know that the best thing on earth is the love of a man's wife and the sustaining strength of a man's family at home

Till we meet again,

Parker

AN Englishman on a visit to Peking dropped into a Chinese restaurant, and as he did not understand a word of Chinese ordered his meal by pointing to items on the menu. One dish pleased him very much and he took it to be some very tastily prepared duck. When the waiter came along, the Englishman pointed to his plate and, elevating his eyebrows, said

"Quack, quack?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter in very good English, "what you have just partaken of was puss, puss."

IMPERIAL Criticism—A well known pianist recently played some of his most astonishing pieces before the Sultan. At the conclusion of the performance the Sultan, who had been observing him with great apparent admiration, said to him

"I have heard Thalberg" (a low bow of the artist, and a modest smile), "I have also heard Liszt" (a lower bow and devout attention), "but not one of all that have played before me perspired so much as you do."

FIRST Knut: How did you get on with Miss Smart after the dance last night?

Second Knut: Well, I asked her twice if I could see her home and she said that as I was so keen on seeing her home she would send me a photograph of it.



"Next time your mother visits us, Dear, I hope she can
sit in the shade of this tree"

Britain and France

IN the island life of Great Britain the strip of water called the English Channel has played a decisive part. Only twentyone miles wide at the Straits of Dover, it is nowhere so broad but that it can be crossed in a few hours in a steamer or by a voyage not formidable in a sailing-vessel. From the cliffs of Dover on the English side or from Gris Nez on the French you can see the opposite coast across this thread of water. For two thousand years it has been the historical dividing line and channel of intercourse between Britain and France.

Since Britain is a small country, its inhabitants cannot travel far without crossing the sea, and the shortest and most frequented routes to the European Continent take them over the Channel. At any seaside resort on the south coast the holiday-maker in time of peace has the sense of those other holiday-resorts just across the water where scores of thousands of British people were wont to repair summer after summer. From Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven, and Southampton packet-boats fared daily with shiploads of passengers travelling to France, and an old

paddle-steamer in fine weather plied between Brighton and Boulogne on one-day pleasure cruises. France seemed very near in those days, and her territory was the beginning of the continent of Europe.

But to-day, at the moment of writing—it is necessary so to qualify one's words, for who can tell what may happen to-morrow?—beyond that southern coast of Britain and the adjacent water the way is barred, the horizon darkened, and we do not know what is going on in those once friendly towns and villages on the other side. France, so near, has become distant. Vessels from her ports no longer put in to ours. The voice of her free wireless to which we constantly listened is silenced. The Paris newspapers, which were so quickly carried to London, are no longer on sale here. And though there are many Frenchmen among us, soldiers, airmen, or war-workers, they are—at present—exiles. Is it surprising that France, our nearest neighbour, should have had a special place in our thoughts through the last four years of war?

It could not be otherwise, for our life throughout our history has been so intimately

bound up with hers. Sometimes we were at war with her, but the most persistent of the conflicts, those of the Middle Ages, were dynastic rather than national. Seldom did they so penetrate the national consciousness as to create a feeling of national antagonism or cultural estrangement. In the sixteenth century an English poet, recalling the wars with France, alluded to her as "that sweet enemy", and another, when the Napoleonic Wars were at their height, wrote nostalgically of the "gay lilled fields of France"

Never has her life been very remote from ours. In the Middle Ages there was a constant coming and going of learned clerks and of skilled craftsmen whose handiwork may still be seen in English cathedrals. The ecclesiastical architecture of England has followed a course parallel with that of Northern France, and even the lay-out of the country-side in Devon or Somerset is like that of Normandy. In later centuries no young man seeking to complete his education could undertake the Grand Tour without visiting Paris. French has always been the first foreign language studied, albeit imperfectly, in schools, and it is a language which educated people are supposed to know, though they may speak it with the British accent of

Mr Churchill or Mr Lloyd George

It is beyond the scope of this article, even if it were in my power, to define those qualities of the French temperament which have peculiarly impressed Englishmen or have affected their culture. But I may remark on the surprisingly different, and apparently even opposite, influences they have exerted in the past. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the French led the way in Europe in imposing the new "classicism" on literature and all the arts, they demanded rule, order, propriety, and decorum in the writer as prescribed by the high authority of the ancients and practised by the accredited moderns. It was they who started an Academy in whose statutes it was laid down that the Academy's principal function shall be to work with all the care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language, and rendering it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the arts and sciences"

Sure rules. This was the age when the French language was to be made an instrument of precision, French poetry a thing delicately fashioned according to fixed canons of art, and, it may be added, French society to be governed by an etiquette which prescribed the rules of courtly

behaviour Elegance, correctness, fashion, fastidiousness governing the whole field of taste—it was a pattern of propriety which France in the later seventeenth and in the eighteenth century prescribed for the whole polite world, including the English

But contrast with this the mighty influence of Rousseau and his followers They threw a thunderbolt into the world which tended to overthrow just that serene and ordered condition of society which France taste had stabilized for a century and a half On the one side men like Corneille and Racine, the conservatives, on the others, Rousseau the revolutionary, the protagonist of the Rights of Man and freedom Here are two extremes in which the French genius seems to have declared itself with equal potency both in some mysterious way springing from the same source, from the nature of the French

They are sometimes accused of being victims of their own logic, but Englishmen have loved them because of their caprice, because of the illogical things they often do *Tout arrive en France* We observe on the one side an extraordinary respect for convention, on the other a passion for freedom The French treat their traditions tenderly, yet they are quick in innovation

It was as successful innovators that their greatest artists in the nineteenth century made Paris the artistic centre of the world. Yet in whatever direction their taste leads them there are among them constants on which we can rely A sensitiveness to the external beauties of form is more widely diffused among them than in any other people Their men of letters, their artists, their craftsmen have a conscience in regard to their art which is as remarkable among those who have founded new schools as in the orthodox and traditional In the sphere of taste—in prose writing, in painting in handicrafts, in dress, in manners—the French are supreme by reason of their cleverness, their skill, and their charm

It is the combination of a great diversity of qualities, sensibility, wit, irony, logic, capacity for pleasure, capacity for pain, sentiment, intellectual frankness, these and must besides that makes the unique character that we think of as French. We English peculiarly need the French, because they supply much in which we are deficient, just as we should like to think there is something we might supply to them They are logical where we are pragmatic They tend to the established standard in their literature, but not in politics, we tend to the establish-

ed standard in politics, but not in literature. They are gay and witty where our humour is apt to be quiet and reserved. Their taste is of the centre, ours individualist and centrifugal. Both share the passion for liberty, though with them it takes forms unfamiliar to us. But of course, in both, being human, roles are often reversed.

The qualities of the two races are complementary. We in Britain are certain that France throughout the centuries has provided something without which we should have been poorer, and indeed she has made a contribution to Europe without which Europe as it is to-day would be scarcely thinkable. No one in his senses would think that her light which

has shone with such clarity through all the history of modern civilization, dimmed through four sad years of war, could possibly be extinguished. We in Britain think of France as a living spirit which belongs to all who value clear thought, frankness, liberty. She is our nearest neighbour, our oldest companion in Europe, not less loved because of many quarrels, whose suffering has distressed us though of her recovery we had no doubts. In fighting for the victory of civilization we in Britain feel that no civilization would be complete in which France did not take a leading part. The hour of her liberation is at hand. Her role will be conspicuous in the new dawn of Europe.

Britain To-day

THE boss told his native servant to go out and buy a turkey for the Christmas dinner and he emphasized the fact that he did not want a wild bird, as it would be too tough. When the party sat down to dinner on Christmas Day the bird was found to be riddled with shots. The boss called his servant and told him many things in unprintable language.

"You shot this bird," he said, and that proves conclusively that it was wild."

"No master, it do not," retorted the servant. "It be a tame turkey right enough. Dem shots was intended for me as I came away."

A Scotsman once bought a threepenny ticket in a raffle. He gained the first prize, which was a pony and trap. Every one of his friends imagined that he would be delighted, but he looked very black as he eyed his prize.

"Anything wrong?" queried one of the people present.

"Anything wrong," he growled, "why the things a fraud, they've done me out of the whip."

Charlie Chaplin at Home

AL HIRSCHFELD

THE creative accident of combining Fatty Arbuckle's pants and Ford Sterling's shoes is responsible for the picture easily recognised by most of the world as Charlie Chaplin. Further enhanced with moustache, cane and derby this picture, familiar to millions, has become a symbol of the "little fellow." There have been more ingeniously designed clowns. But the essential quality inherent in this one is that without his props or make-up he is still Charlie Chaplin.

I met him ten years ago on the Island of Bali in the Dutch East Indies. He was on a round-the-world cruise and I had been living and painting there. The motion-picture had not yet made its appearance in Bali. On discovering his anonymity he decided to carry out an experiment. It was then I realised that the moustache, baggy pants and oversized shoes were of no more importance to Chaplin than the type of quill used by Shakespeare or the frame on any great painting. The pith helmet he carried with him would, and did, serve just as well for this research in laughter.

Chaplin looks right because he is. I do not mean that he has not worked hard. I merely wish to point out that like Cleopatra, El Greco or Diamond Jim Brady, Chaplin has exploited to the full his endowed talents. He trusts and never underrates his genius. He will sometimes do nothing for months waiting for the custard pie of creation to smack him. He is a man with both feet firmly planted in the clouds.

—Al Hirschfeld

His audience was composed of seven house boys who worked for me. Only one of these was actually in my employ. The rest were assistants hired in turn by each of the others. These were the unwitting spectators of Chaplin's magical performance. He proceeded to put the pith helmet on his head and it sprang crazily into the air with a will of its own. Undaunted and with a wonderful look of nonchalance he tried it again. And again the hat flew off his head. The natives howled with laughter, thinking his hat to be possessed of demoniacal powers. When the simplicity of the trick was

exposed to them they tried desperately, amid great hilarity, to snap their turbans in the same way. That was the experiment. He had wanted to see if the Balinese would laugh at his pantomime. They did, Chaplin's science is humour and his laboratory the world. His humour is contagious and natural. This was his first day in Bali and he had earned for himself the descriptive title of "funny man."

On my arrival in Hollywood some months ago I tried unsuccessfully to "contact" Chaplin. It seems there are more stories in Hollywood about Chaplin than there are people. His eccentricities are legendary. Anyone who has spent an evening with him, and there must be thousands, will boast of their intimacy with him. The contradictions in the terms people apply to him are phenomenal, ranging all the way from generous to miserly, democrat, anarchist, tyrant, recluse, playboy, intellectual, dope, inspired plodder, creator, opportunist. All those appraisals may be true. I am inclined to think they are. It all depends on which Chaplin you meet.

I had just about given up the idea of seeing him when Tim Durant, Chaplin's closest friend and companion, informed a friend of Durant's and mine that Charlie was "dying to see

me." I had previously phoned his house twice a day since my arrival only to be told by his secretary that "Mr. Chaplin has just this minute stepped out." So with some suspicion I drove to his Summit Drive home and rang the bell in great trepidation. A man servant appeared and I asked to see Mr. Chaplin. He did not ask my name or business but merely said "I have no idea where he is at the moment but you may find him asleep somewhere on the grounds."

In a hammock alongside the swimming pool was the great man curled up asleep. Nearby were some orange peels and on his chin were further evidences of a recent snack. He awoke on my approach and bounded up to greet me. We talked of many things. He was in great form.

I don't remember what he said. He was dancing, laughing and being the greatest pantomimist I had ever seen. White hair, honest blue eyes, a laugh more eloquent than any prose. Young in a way that few youths have ever been. Old with a rare dignity. I watched this man who dares to be simple, as fascinated and amused as the first time I saw him in the movies. He talks and thinks pictorially, knowing every second how he looks and not caring what he says. To listen is to lose everything.

He used words for the same purpose as a magician. He plays tennis with his left hand and writes with his right.

We strolled over the six acre estate. It was a barren hill when he bought it twenty years ago. To day it is a veritable forest resembling the Adirondacks rather than Beverley Hills. His house is comfortable and unpretentious. A glass-enclosed porch affords an unobstructed view of the Pacific. The landscape has been so ingeniously invented that no other house is visible from his

We had tea in the living-room when we returned from our walk. There was a roaring blaze in the fireplace, without reference to the semi-tropical climate. I restrained myself from asking "Why the fire?" because it seemed to me so much to him. It wasn't the heat he needed. It was the flames. They quieted him in a strange way.

He talked of his plans for the future with the enthusiasm of a young talent.

"You know, I don't know a damn thing about writing," he said, "that is, words divorced from action. When I write I invariably think of the pantomime and translate this into words. Unsuccessfully," he added, "because the words are constantly restricting the movement. As you know,

every actor is supposed to stand still when he talks. Stage actors know this and express themselves through the spoken line. But in the movies there should be greater scope for movement and action to express an experience."

The light of the crackling fire made him appear like an old flickering movie. His small and neatly manicured hands were still. The flames were talking to him, making him humble, uncertain, lonely.

"Lines spoken from the screen are easily forgotten. It's the action that is remembered. Movement is liberated thought." He said this slowly as though he had discovered a great truth. He stood up to clarify this truth to himself. "For instance, a spiral staircase goes this way"—and he made a quick gesture with his hand and wrist. "Or a Balinese dancing girl is like this"—and with the elegance of a ballet dancer he hopped about in staccato movement, his eyes wide and shifting back and forth like those of a spectator at a tennis match, his fingers nervously describing a delicate Chinese fan, his head imitating the easy rhythm of a cobra. There she was, the little Balinese dancing girl, and I knew what he meant.

Chaplin is an inveterate reader, plays the violin, piano and organs and has an honest

taste in pictures A Ralph Barton caricature and a Hokusai print hang side by side on his living-room wall He collects ceramics and small objects of art His books which line the walls were not bought to match the carpet and no photograph of this room will serve as a guide for fashionable interior decorators Nondescript easy chairs carelessly inhabit this room, reflecting in a wonderful way its tenant It is a room designed by necessity and as personal as a derby

He is working, and has been for some months, on Paul Vin-

cent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance* He won't appear in the picture himself, but he will produce, direct and write the screen play

He said he didn't understand it

I asked him why he bought the story He answered unhesitatingly "Because it's great"

He trusts his instincts rather than his intellect If a thing seems right or feels right he accepts it His art is not cerebral, it's natural

THE young man had been sitting in the drawing-room alone with her for a long time and it was getting late Suddenly the door opened and her father entered He coughed a little cleared his throat, and then said 'Do you know what the time is?'

The young man arose hurriedly, stammered a few words and in a moment or so was gone

"Is your young friend an idiot or what?" asked the father of the girl, who stood looking into the mirror

"Why?" queried the daughter a trifle irritated

"Well I just asked him if he knew the time, because my watch has stopped and he simply bolted"

BERTIE called on his young lady and was ushered into the drawing room While she was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, her young brother was sent to keep the youngman company

"I say, Tommy, if I give you sixpence will you sneak into the room when Diana is here and switch off all the lights but that one near the door?" inquired Bertie

"No fear," replied Tommy 'Sister has offered me a bob if I knock against the switchboard accidentally and turn them all off'

WELL if Joan had thrown me over I should not be as miserable about it as you are," said the comforting little thing

I don't mind being thrown over what I object to is Joan sending back the ring in a box bearing a label 'Glass, with Care,' replied the dejected youth



KEEP THE HOME GUARD TURNING *By Compton Mackenzie*
(Chatto and Windus 8s 6d)

Mr Compton Mackenzie who proved himself a master of comic writing in the "MONARCH OF THE GLEN" follows up that deliciously ludicrous book with a still more amusing account of the formation of a company of Home Guards in the Hebridian Islands. Captain Paul Waggett, there Commanding Officer is an English sportsman who buys up the shooting rights of an estate in Great Todday and installs himself as laird of the surrounding district. The equipment at the disposal of the Commanding Officer consists of 3 armlets and a pike-staff, plenty of dignity, a willingness to take offence and a tendency to split hairs. He involves himself in a feud with Ben Nevis the Commander of another company of Home Guards over a pair of boots

and the latter leads an expedition (camouflaged as a mock invasion) to recover his property. The Red Tape worm of military procedure rears its head throughout the book and brings about a great many amusing and laughable situations as for example — Mackinnon a local school-master who throws himself enthusiastically into the campaign for collecting scrap receives the following letter from the Ministry of Waste —

Ministry of Waste
Bellevue Hotel
Morecambe
Cumberland

Ref 496421-M W Z27-1642
Dept A (sec. 14)

GREAT TODDAY SALVAGE DUMP

Dear Sir,

I am instructed by the Minister to acknowledge with thanks

the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst and to say that while he much appreciates the work you have done in connection with the National Salvage Drive he regrets that owing to the need to conserve shipping space he is unable to avail himself of the scrap collected on Great Todday Island, Orkney, Inverness—shire

He desires me to express his thanks to the Great Todday District Council for their public spirited offer of the two field-guns presented by the War Office to the local War Memorial after the Great War for Civilization 1914-1918, but regrets that under the circumstances adverted to above he is unable to accept the aforesaid two field-guns

In reply to your query as to what should be done with the

scraps already collected I am empowered by the Minister to suggest either that the aforesaid scrap should be replaced or failing the feasibility of such a measure that the aforesaid scrap should be dumped into the sea after consultation with the Naval authorities and subject to their approval as to the most suitable portion of the sea for the absorption of such material

Yours faithfully

This book which has a laugh on every page and a most impressive gallery of Dickensian characters can be recommended to anyone who has the slightest pretension to a sense of humour Readers with a highly developed sense of the ludicrous will find it divinely funny

LOOK ON UNDAUNTED *By P R Kaikini* (New Book Co)

"As one reads this young poet's verses" writes Professor Amaranthia Jha, in the course of a foreword to the present volume — "one realises that they are the genuine outpourings of his heart He has not imitated any master, he has not indulged in mere "mechanical exercise" Mr Kaikini does not write on set themes It is obvious that he composes from an inner urge, and there is the seal of sincerity on his work

The present collection of his poems marks a distinct advance in his growth, his thoughts are mature, his feelings are strong, he is resolved to be himself "

The poems deal with a variety of subjects and display a vigour and a sense of realities not usually associated with the work of modern Indian writers There is too a happy absence of verbiage and of a smothering of a fragile thought in a panoply of ill chosen words

that most of Mr Kaikini's contemporaries display Now and again, Mr Kaikini's ear plays him false as in —

I love to watch you
When you take your bath
Each morning
In the sun glorious courtyard.

But on the whole he has a sensitiveness for words and a notable grasp of the niceties of the English language His sturdy optimism is refreshing as in the poem which lends its title to the present collection

Great is the night of this
unretrieved day
When man set resolutely against
man
Woody the wasp whimpering fires
And subdued the fierce foreboding
lightning
To slash the delicate prime and
beauty
With cold relentless steel
Nothing but the tidal flame
Ruined cities death's roaring doom
The secret unredeemed in the corn

The glory and peace of dawn
unsustained

The river displaced and troubled in
its bed

Remain

Stark and cold

The ashen bodies of the heroes

And cats and dogs and wolves
and foxes

And the unwearying deathless
crows!

Have ye eyes?

Then look on undaunted Look on

The book ends with a selection of charming folk-songs translated from the Konkani which includes the following —

Each day I offer my lord hot
fresh cooked rice

Seasoned with spices from Ceylon
And well churned buttermilk with
bread

Awaiting his return with unweary
ing eager eyes

Yet he loves me not he loves me
not,

Because he loves an ugly black girl

Who charms him with her strange,
elemental laugh

Alas! He loves me not because of
that beauty black!

TICKY *By Stella Gibbons* (Longman's Green and Co Rs 2)

This amusing story is set against the background of Victorian England and concerns itself with the exploits of a group of young officers in a crack regiment quartered in London The plot centres round the Colonel's wish to acquire a plot of land belonging to the Waiters, a band of harrassed and puny men attached

to the regiment and, the long drawn out feud which results from this desire in which incidentally the colonel is thwarted just as he is about to take possession of the estate Army life and the eccentricities of various eminently Victorian characters are well portrayed and the whole constitutes a witty sparkling and readable book

WE NEVER DIE By D F Karaka (Thacker and Co. Bombay Rs 7-14)

This novel which is in many negative aspects the best that Mr Karaka has yet written illustrates the tragic unfamiliarity of the 'Westernized Indian' with the culture and people of his land. The heroine of the novel is a Muslim girl hailing from the villages and has about as little resemblance to any Muslim girl in any village in India as Mr Amery has to Mr Gandhi. Like a shadowy Mr Pankhurst in Oriental draperies she stalks through a host of shadowy figures against the background of the Indian National

Movement shouting "Inquilab Zindabad" at regular intervals, has an atrociously unreal love affair with a Hindu in the Indian Civil Service and ends up by being installed as his wife in a bungalow in Bombay which he shares with an English colleague in the Civil Service. The book is full of lengthy political discussions and of pictures of village life which are not very authentic. There is evidence to prove that Mr Karaka has shed some of his adolescence and is likely to prove readable when he attains maturity.

THE LETTER THAT WASN'T OPENED

THE Japanese lack of humour is famous. A story describes the American newspaper correspondent who wrote to a friend, 'I don't know if this letter will ever arrive, because the Japanese censor may open it.'

A week later he received a note from the Japanese post office saying 'The statement in your letter is not correct. We do not open letters.'

IT was the geography class. Now, Tommy," explained the school mistress on your right is the east, on the left the west and in the front of you the north, what have you behind you?"

Tommy not answering, placed a flat hand behind his pants.

Well Tommy what have you behind you?"

I know I got a patch there, teacher, I told mother you'd sure to see it."

Claude "Shall we take the short cut home through the fields, sweetheart?"

Pamela "No not tonight, darling. Mother expects me home early."

IF you won't accept me as your lover," said the tragic youth, 'I shall hang myself on the tree in front of your house.'

"For goodness' sake don't do that," she said, "you know how my parents object to fellows hanging about the house."

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

A FAREWELL TO FOLLIES

WHEN a man is accused of leading a dog's life it may be an insult to the dog. When a film producer (in India) is proclaimed guilty of a folly it may conversely amount to the glorification of that folly in which case the folly ceases to be one and more or less assumes the shape of an act of grace! Hence perhaps, the saying fools rush in where follies predominate!

The follies of Indian filmdom are innumerable and influence its workings in the manner of an ancient heritage. Let us reckon with one of the major ones—perhaps the greatest of them all which could aptly be described as a striking testimony to the ever-increasing danger of the abundance of wrong notions and practices in the industry. That folly is the prevailing notion—rendered substantial from time to time—that only those who have been able (by hook or crook) to earn name and fame and are being considered “masters” in their game, are the right people who

matter whereas a score of others—a thousand times more capable and talented—who just cannot have any voice—usually a monetary asset—or else are compelled to remain behind through want of money, influence or some such thing, continue to be deprived of all the chances, means and opportunities which would at once bring about the



Snehprabha Pradhan in Mahakavya
Kalidas [at the Krishna

much desired and long-wanted change by means of their invigorating lead and impetus and thereby hasten the general progress of the industry manifold

Indeed this is not to suggest that this folly of follies is the exclusive lot of the film industry alone and is thus not to be found in other spheres of activity. But the fact remains that the supremacy it is so charitably allowed to enjoy here will surely have few parallels elsewhere

The Only 'Antidote'

The remedy, of course, would call for a drastic re-

moval of as many of those round pegs from square holes, as possible. That would be difficult to achieve at once. For, however useless ill-befitting and overdue, the pegs would take some time before actually quitting the holes and making room for the proper ones. The reluctance is understandable. So the new ones and the deserving ones have got to be provided with sufficient armaments and ammunition before they—or somebody else on their behalf—would launch the "offensive". If the mighty power of the press could not be harnessed for such vital purposes, then one wonders

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DIXIT and URMILA

Director **JAYANT DESAI**

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of what earthly good is it As it is, the settled duds possess enough resistance to overthrow the progressive invader but once a desperate, uncompromising, all-out decision is taken and the move is begun, the victory must garland the right even against the all-powerful might After all, the ideals and principles of democracy and equality are certainly not destined to be confined to the four walls of political puppets They must legitimately find their way all around—and score Here, then, is the right psychological background for the Indian filmdom to wage an impending (non-violent) war and win the peace by safely and politely bidding farewell to these follies That is the only feasible antidote with prospects, possibilities and power!

—Filman

"BANSARI"

ONCE again has Ranjitt typified its traditional sympathy for mass appeal in "Bansari", written and directed by Jayant Desai and now running at the Opera House

Apart from the fact that it holds the audience spell-bound right from the beginning to the end, "Bansari" gives one the impression of a one man's show—Charlie Yes, not only is this veteran comedian the central attraction in the film, but he also justifies the belief—



Ranjana & Jeevan in Prakash Pictures
Police at the Capitol

shared by so few otherwise—that however old and hackneyed, the same stuff can be rendered refreshing and palatable with a little polish!

As always characteristic of Jayant Desai who has so often falsified the belief that films without originality or social significance cannot succeed "Bansari" aims straight at the box-office and scores well Perhaps the fulsome scope he has given to Charlie is an irrefutable testimony to his peculiar individuality in the realm of showmanship

In the leading roles, Shamim and Ishwarlal acquit themselves quite creditably while Dixit and Kesari too give sympathetic performances—all of course,

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being subordinate to Charlie's topping work. As light entertainment, "Bansari" easily becomes a notable success for its makers.

'KADAMBARI'

"KADAMBARI" released through Supreme Film Distributors at the Roxy Cinema, is a fantasy adapted to the screen from the story of the same name by Bana Bhatt. It is produced on a fitting scale by Laxmi Productions, and stars Shanta Apte, Vanmala, Pahari, Harish and Jeevan in the chief roles. It was directed by Nandalal Jashvantlal, and the lyrics were written by Miss Kamal B A. For having recreated the ancient atmosphere of the legendary days on the screen Sjt. Chimanlal Trivedi,



Baby Nalini in Rajkamal's 'Mali' at the Novelty

the producer and proprietor of the concern, deserves congratulations

The story according to the original conception of the author, proves how love even if it is between fairies and human beings, is more powerful than "Tapas" The picture has a lot of things that catch the audience eye and appeal to the heart. The music, which forms an integral part of the film, is of a novel variety that strengthens the story In fact part of the story development is in songs, and they are so apply worded that the audience enjoy them while following the story Per-

formances, costume and settings are all upto mark

'MALI'

RAJKAMAL'S and V Shantaram's second offering *Mali*—produced in two version—Hindustani and Marathi—has proved the hit of the year! At Novelty where it continues to draw record houses

This overwhelming popularity of "Mali" can be attributed to several outstanding attractions of the picture Thus, while some attribute it to its rational theme of glorifying work more than prayer, others attribute it to the superb artist-

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**RAJLAXMI PICTURES' SPECTA-
CULAR SCREEN SENSATION!**

Mahabharat

KALIDAS

Direction **SUDHIR SEN**
Story Idea **R S RAMMYA**
Music **PALSEKAR**

KRISHNA DUBASH THEATRE
(A Diamond Pictures' Paradise Release)

try, and craftsmanship that permeates the whole picture. Then, there are others who are raving over the performance of Baby Nalini, the surprise discovery of the year.

Apart from all this music is also acclaimed as one of the popular highlights of the picture. Master Krishnarao and Amir Karnatki, described as the king and queen of melody, have given songs that will be ever remembered for their sweetness and melody. In addition to this, the songs of Baby Nalini are equally memorable. To hear the songs, which are beautifully picturised, one would like to see "Mahi" again and again. Incidentally, the musical satire on "bhajans" is most delightful and a unique attraction of the picture.

All told, "Mahi" again testifies to Shantaram's mastery in providing us with enlightening entertainment of high artistic order.

"POLICE"

SINCE the release of Prakash's "Police" at the Capitol all shows even during week days had capacity houses and hundreds had to return back after seeing "Full House" board on the box offices. Thus "Police" bids fair to stay at the Capitol for a pretty long time.

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Leela Chitnis in Bombay Talkies
Char Anthen at the Imperial

and witty dialogues. The smart and comic acting of Jeevan has also appealed to the audience. Prem Adib and Ratnamala who, are playing steller roles, are winning applause for their able performances. Ranjana, Shah Nawaz, Amirbai and others are also appreciated.

Director Shantikumar really deserves credit for his able direction of "Police".

"SANJOG"

Uproariously amusing and furiously funny—that's the opinion about Producer-Director Kardar's "Sanjog" among those who have had an oppor-

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MEHTAB, ULLHAS
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tunity of seeing the film at a private show

"Sanjog" which is a comedy of errors, offering you entertainment de-luxe, is scheduled to be released at the Imperial Cinema after the current picture, through Messrs Kapurchand & Co

The story is written by Prof Waquif and is directed by Mr Kardar, set to melodious tunes by musical director Naushad. The main cast is headed by inimitable King of Comedians, Charlie, Mehtab, Wasti, Ullhas and Ansar, ably supported by A Shah, Rajkumari Shukla and others.

With humorous situations and gags, cleverly interwoven in between, "Sanjog" offers genuine entertainment.

"MAHAKAVI KALIDAS"

BRINGING to the screen, the dreamland of love, romance and beauty, created by the immortal poetry of India's greatest classical poet, comes Rajlaxmi Picture's "Mahakavi Kalidas", which was released at the Krishna on April 26, through Paradise Pictures.

Produced on a lavish scale, after a thorough study of the subject, Rajlaxmi people have spared no pains to make "Mahakavi Kalidas" an unique and authentic film-biography, hitting a new high in the annals



Ishvarlal in Ranjit's Bazaar at the
Opera House

of film technique and film music. The presentation of Poet Kalidas' life is so lyrical, so sublime and so inspiring that this production reminds one of the glory of New Theatres' "Vidyapathi."

Directed by Mr. Sudhir Sen "Mahakavi Kalidas" has wonderful music, enchanting dances and inspiring situations, with a sublime climax.

The cast is headed by Pahari Samal, Snehrabha Pradhan and Vanmala, with a strong supporting cast including Shakir, Madhukar Gupte, Nandkishore, Leela Misra and others. The musical attraction is by Palsekar.

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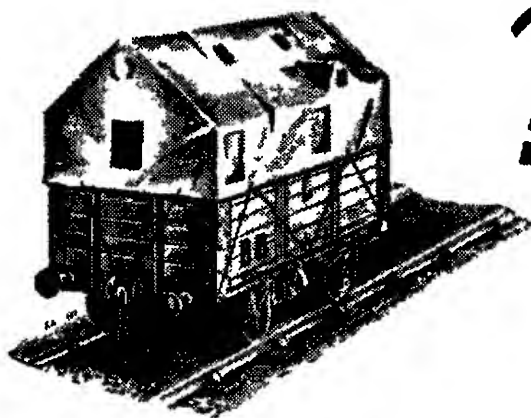
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ASIATIC DIGEST

JULY 1944

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The Men Behind the Invasion

LIEUTENANT GENERAL BREHON SOMERVELL

(Commanding General Army Service Forces)

WHEN an army lands in Europe or an air force bombs a Japanese island, your newspaper has no difficulty reporting the operation in a headline. But the work of the Army Service Forces supplying the troops and airmen all over the world is not so easily compressed into a phrase.

Our activities are complex, varied and widespread. We work in the background, and are rarely frontpaged. Here for the first time, let's go backstage for an accurate close up of the ASF at work.

Right now you are primarily interested in our invasion of Western Europe. The ASF began preparing for this D-Day back in early 1942. We began to build up huge stock piles in the United Kingdom—600,000 to 1,200,000 tons a month exclusive of lend-lease and other supplies—history's greatest supply job. Some of our many other invasion preparations I will mention later, but here is just one item: our engineers have mapped the face of Western and Southern Europe for General Eisenhower, pro-



Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell

ducing 69,600,000 copies of 5132 different maps.

The ASF supply our troops all over the globe. Last year our shipping men sent 23,500,000 tons of supplies overseas compared to a total of 8,800,000 tons shipped during our first World War. Our Transportation Corps carried 1,800,000 men overseas and moved 15,000,000 in continental United States. In one room of the Pentagon

Building a half dozen officers now dispatch more than 37,000 troops daily, release a troop movement every five minutes of the day and night

Special rush and hush jobs crop up continually. For instance, last spring the Quartermaster Corps was directed to outfit an unorthodox pre-landing force for the Attu invasion with special-type binoculars, radio sets, clothing, tents and so on through 34 separate items. Some articles had to be manufactured, everything had to be assembled in Washington, marked and then delivered to the West Coast—all in six days. The orders were placed by phone Thursday, the manufacturing went on Friday and Saturday morning.

Saturday afternoon and night the equipment was moving to Washington, some by plane, some in trunks bought in Boston and checked as baggage. Another batch, made in Ohio, was taken aboard one of the Pennsylvania's crack trains which didn't carry baggage, stacked in the cafe lounge which the conductor locked and guarded through the night. In Washington a Quartermaster crew worked all Sunday, blotting out tell-tale labels, remarking with military symbols, loading it all in a baggage car booked to the *Liberty Limited*.

At Chicago soldiers in six trucks moved the equipment across town where the Santa Fe's *Chief* was waiting, loaded it into a baggage car specially added to that train. The car was sealed, but a Quartermaster officer went along, getting out at every stop to make sure the equipment wouldn't be unloaded by mistake, even holding the train at one stop while he phoned for the last-minute decision as to whether the pre-landing force would embark at Los Angeles or San Diego. Everything arrived on time.

That's a small item, but it saved American lives on Attu. Another hurry call was for waterproofing kits for 16,500 vehicles, 850 light and medium tanks, and 475 mortar and gun carriages for General Eisenhower's Sicilian invasion—all to be delivered to ports in three weeks. Right behind this order came another radio from the General asking for 305,000 pounds of asbestos grease, 378,000 feet of tubing and 270,000 feet of copper wire.

We had the wire in stock—everything else had to be procured and rushed to the ports. But even that wasn't all. The particular type of asbestos grease called for *was not even in production*, specifications having just come in from England by courier. We put the new grease into large-scale

production overnight and met the deadline by flying the last 50,000 pounds from Pittsburgh to New York

When 5700 Signal Corps radio sets were required just prior to the Sicilian landing we were obliged to divert them from every other war theatre. One cable requested a 1350-mile telephone pole line, complete to every crossarm and nail. In rounding up over a hundred 17,000 pound truck and trailer radio stations we even had to pull in four from the African Gold Coasts.

You hear that the production battle is over. Not true—we are procuring even more in 1944 than in 1943, when we secured deliveries 17 times greater than in 1942. We have decreased production of tanks and heavy anti-aircraft guns, but have sharply stepped up our orders for trucks, tractors, mortars, shells and other equipment.

Last year our Ordnance Department issued 150 new weapons to the troops. More new ones will be issued this year—some that will amaze you as well as the enemy. The other day in the office of Major General Gladeon Barnes, Chief of Ordnance's Technical Division, I saw a book twice as thick as a New York telephone directory. Its 1016 pages carried condensed reports on new

weapon projects—in some cases two or three on a single page. General Marshall has a demonstration team in each war theatre showing troops how to operate the new weapons.

Meanwhile here at home still other teams are being trained to demonstrate still other new weapons soon to be issued. Two years ago we put trained technical officers in every battle area to round up captured enemy weapons. These officers have no easy time getting ahead of GI souvenir hunters, but today at Aberdeen Proving Grounds we have 4000 tons of captured weapons every type of known German and almost all Japanese. They are studied, taken apart, reassembled, fired in competition with our own weapons. General Barnes reports that in weapons the Germans are keeping abreast, but that the Japs are not doing so well.

This all squares with what we found last fall on a 49,000-mile tour of war theatres round the world, with what we saw in Italy three weeks after Naples fell, and at Lae in New Guinea about ten days after it was captured. We talked with many division commanders and asked them two questions: Are you getting the stuff? and, What's wrong with it? According to the generals at the front, the only item the Japs have over us is an oil which keeps

equipment from rusting. We have such an oil, but theirs is better.

But we are not standing still. Our Quartermaster Corps has developed, for instance, an all-purpose soap for soldiers, their clothes and their utensils. It works in hot or cold, hard or soft water, provides a good shaving lather and can be used as a tooth paste. Our Medical Department has come through with two new chemical compounds to help prevent malaria. One is an odourless, colourless liquid for the soldier to rub on himself to keep mosquitoes away. The other is a bomb spraying a fine mist which in four seconds kills all mosquitoes in an area ten feet square.

Our development, in collaboration with the Department of Agriculture and other agencies, of two new louse powders became of tremendous importance last December when 1475 cases of typhus fever were reported in Naples. These epidemic threatened American supply lines in North Africa as well as troops and civilians in Italy. It was stamped out by the delousing of 1,633,000 persons.

Meanwhile, long-time control was achieved by immunizing thousands of Italians with a new-type typhus vaccine. In less than 20 hours after receiving the order, five tons of this vaccine assembled

in Kansas City was packed, marked and on the way to Italy by plane.

The Army Service Forces not only supply the Army but act as its house-keeper and odd-job man. We are its doctor, lawyer, merchant and priest—its policeman, photographer, book keeper, banker, school-teacher, postman and jailer. Last year we inducted 2,430,000 men into the Army, produced 856 motion-picture films, handled over 1,800,000 overseas radio messages. We wrote and signed 52,961,824 cheques, handled over 21,000 general courts-martial, over 25,000 claims, and gave legal assistance to soldiers in more than a million matters. Our rehabilitation camps received over 10,000 soldiers convicted of military offences, put them through a new-type training and restored more than 3,000 of them to full military service.

In 1943 we enrolled 12,000 students a month in correspondence courses and distributed 1,000,000 textbooks. We conducted 1,350,000 religious services, sold \$81,000,000 worth of merchandise through post exchanges, paid \$1,476,000,000 in three million family allowance accounts. We did construction work costing \$2,400,000,000, and maintained 3,300 miles of Army railroads, 17,000 miles of electric lines, and military roads equivalent

to 13 transcontinental highways. We took care of 3,850,000 patients in our hospitals

In 94 camps in 45 states we are now guarding 177,000 prisoners of war—123,000 of them Germans. At the same time we are keeping track of our own men who have been captured, picking up every scrap of information about them, collating it all in one master index room. Into this room every day come five or six long yellow cables from the Germans, missing men become the dead or the captured, the names of the latter going into files set up so that information on any prisoner can be given while his relative holds the phone.

Last year we sent overseas 764,000,000 pieces of mail and 2,200,000 sacks of parcels. We handled 20,000,000 Christmas packages, delivering all but five per cent before Christmas Day. Right now the mail to troops is running at the rate of 1,300,000,000 pieces annually, with about one third that much coming back. The return "mail" includes hundreds of live African jungle animals and tons of Jap trinkets. Besides ships, planes and trains, our Army Postal Service has regular mail routes using canoes, rowboats, dog teams, reindeer teams, camels and native runners. For the first time in history, it has worked mails on planes, sacking and

pouching while in flight. It has also developed a parachute route in Greenland which may revolutionize post-war delivery of mail to rural communities without large airfields.

On top of all this supply and service comes training. Last year the ASF completed the training of more than 2,000 service units ranging from three-man searchlight maintenance detachments to 7,000-man Engineer Amphibian Brigades for shore-to-shore operations. Invasion involves not only fighting men on the ground and in the skies but workingmen, bakery units, laundry units, construction units to build air fields, special engineering units to rehabilitate ports after the Germans have systematically destroyed them. It involves railway units to put captured railroads back in shape and operate supply trains from the ports to inland points. It involves forestry units for logging and sawmilling, fire fighting platoons, graves-registration companies, tankretrieving outfits.

For the invasion we have trained personnel replacement depots and mobile machine-record detachments equipped with high speed business machines in big trailers. These depots classify replacements and hold them for emergencies—like a human warehouse. When one of General Eisenhower's outfits needs bulldozer

operators or pipe line experts all the warehouse has to do is set the right stops on the machine, feed it with cards, and out pop the cards of the men with the necessary qualifications

Only a fool would imply that the ASF have done a faultless job. We know we've made mistakes. Some of our early food packaging was poor, and we have several other black marks against us. Yet, considering our scale of operations, the number of such cases is surprisingly small. Those who don't make mistakes don't act

One reason two months last year were spent visiting the fronts was to uncover mistakes, find how we could improve

Later we got up a master list of current problems things we must do, activities we must improve, fields on which we must concentrate — altogether 359 items. Still, with all our planning we cannot alter either human nature or the nature of war itself. War is fluid, quick-changing, full of surprises. An invasion creates emergencies, and undoubtedly the next few months will bring us rush-and-hush jobs of unprecedented size and urgency.

One way or another we shall fill them. Supply details may go wrong, but as far as supply in the large is concerned, at Hitler's doorstep or on Tojo's many steppingstones, no one will be able to cry "too little" or "too late."

Reader's Digest

CORDELL Hull the U.S. Secretary of State, was noted for cautious speech. One day in the train his companion pointed to a flock of sheep.

'Look,' he said, 'those sheep have been sheared.'

Hull looked, and then said 'Sheared on this side, anyway.'

A DEAR old mother of one of the sons of Erin had to send her boy a parcel containing a waistcoat. She was poor and had to practise thrift. This was the note she put in the parcel:

'Dear Mike,—Enclosed is your waistcoat. I have cut off the buttons and the waist buckle to make the parcel lighter. You will find them in one of the pockets. From your dear old mother.'

Undertaker: Are you one of the mourners?

Riley Shure I am. The corpse owed me a fiver.

The Undeclared Peace

ROSCOE DRUMMOND

IT is becoming increasingly evident in fact as well as in theory, that the conduct of the peace is inseparable from the conduct of the war, that the very character of the present fighting is already shaping the character of the future peace

The truth lies behind numerous recent events and gives them added meaning

It explains, in part, why American public opinion is much more decisively behind American participation in the peace now than it was in the corresponding period in World War I

It explains, in part, why President Roosevelt is now hastening to assert his popular leadership within the United States on behalf of a world security system backed by force

It suggests that the political post-war decisions stemming from the Cairo and Teheran conferences of the President, the Prime Minister, Marshal Stalin and Generalissimo Chiang Kai shek, are farther advanced than we had reason at first to expect

It suggests, finally, something of the factors which are operating to persuade Mr Roosevelt that, the war and the peace being inextricably interwoven, he really has no other course than to accept re-nomination and seek a fourth term in the White House That would be sixteen years in all, although the phrase "in all" might be premature

All four of these matters are foremost topics of discussion in the American capital, and they deserve at least a succinct report to British readers who are so vitally concerned with the same things Let us examine them separately

GLOBAL WAR AND GLOBAL PEACE

Every day the full measure of the impact of the global war upon the prospect of American participation in a global peace is becoming clearer, and it offers one significant reason why public opinion is still ahead of Congressional opinion in its support of commitments to police the peace The reason is that political opinion is tending to wait to see an armistice and look at a peace treaty before crystallising

its position, while popular opinion is instinctively recognising that the United States is already in the peace and is inclined to accept the responsibility as an accomplished fact

This does not dilute the essential reservation, emphasised in a previous letter, that no international commitment is either valid or firm until it has the endorsement of the United States Senate, but the extent to which the prosecution of the war is even now immersing the principal United Nations in the peace deserves to be carefully noted. It is certainly not being overlooked in Washington. It can perhaps best be put this way

From September 1, 1939, to December 8, 1941, the United States fought an undeclared war against the onrushing menace of world conquest. It fought it with the manifest approval of the majority of the American people and with the several-times-recorded approval of the United States Congress. America was so involved in resisting undeclared aggression that the formal declaration of war against the Axis came as a passing incident, not as a decisive act, in the nation's evolving world policy.

The fact is now beginning to emerge that just as the United States began this war by being already in it,

the United States will very likely begin the peace by being already in it.

The fact is now beginning to emerge that America's participation in an undeclared war will very likely end by America's participation in an undeclared peace.

This does not mean that this will be an unwanted participation nor an unintended participation on the part of the American people.

The early sale of arms to the defending democracies and their denial to the Axis through amendments to the neutrality legislation were not unwanted nor unintended. The exchange of fifty destroyers with the United Kingdom for defence bases was not unwanted nor unintended. The enactment of the Lend Lease Act, which made the defence of our Allies comparable to the defence of ourselves, was not unwanted nor unintended. But they were dictated more by events than by argument, they were, however, decisions endorsed by the American people and ultimately approved by Congress—though they were not treaties. They represented the flow of war policy dictated by the impact of world aggression. They actually carried America into the heart of undeclared war at the end of which the

formal declaration of war was a mere postscript

There is increasing evidence that the United States is getting into the future peace just as decisively as it got into the present war. Unlike World War I, World War II is producing the mechanism of the peace to follow.

The very circumstances of fighting this at first undeclared war are tending to carry America into the heart of what may at first be an undeclared peace preceding the formal declaration of American participation.

These circumstances include the far reaching Lend Lease Act, which is not only an instrument for fighting a grand coalition war but also a means of economic co-laboration after the war. They include the Combined Staff, the most ambitious and successful merging of the armed forces of two powerful countries in military history. They include the whole vast range of combined Anglo-American war agencies from raw materials to production to munitions assignment. They include a Pacific War Council, joint defence boards of the United States and most of the Western Hemisphere countries and a limited degree of top integration worked out with the Soviet Union at Teheran. They include the United

Nations interim commission on food and agriculture and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

Here, politically, economically and militarily, is the raw material out of which the structure of the future peace is already being partly moulded.

There must, of course, be Congressional decisions scrutinising, sanctioning, implementing American participation in this "undeclared" peace just as there was a whole series of Congressional decisions approving and extending our participation in the "undeclared" war. They will be hammered out on the anvil of evolving events against the force of which any political debate on Isolationism may well prove to be artificial, puny and irrelevant.

F D R AND THE PEACE

President Roosevelt is at last perceptibly beginning to assert the most forthright domestic leadership on behalf of full bodied American sanctions against future aggression, and in his public addresses he is beginning to give three dimensional clarity to the kind of peace which American diplomacy is preparing to support along with Britain, Russia and China.

This domestic leadership by the President has political

significance and it has diplomatic significance. It emphasises his awareness that the peace has got to be shaped—indeed, is being shaped—now, and cannot be postponed. It indicates his conviction that American opinion is ready for, and is demanding, more forthright speaking on his part. The President has been particularly pointed and outspoken in advocating that the peace this time must be a “peace kept by force,” and again, “a peace strongly enforced.” This thesis has marked his recent public utterances.

Mr Roosevelt is making this point the crux of his exposition of his peace objectives. He is doing so because he recognises that the country is ready for such a policy and because it represents, not the final aim of peace, but its indispensable basis.

“If we are willing to fight for peace now, is it not good logic that we should use force if necessary, in the future, to keep the peace?” Mr Roosevelt is asking the country.

It is agreed that such emphasis is sound statesmanship, but it is also noted as sound—and timely—politics because Mr Roosevelt has been frequently criticised, even by his friends, for hanging back in his own public definition of his foreign policy and, without speaking

out himself, letting former Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, and Secretary Hull, and even Senator Connally speak for the Administration.

Fourth Term—There are by now numerous considerations which persuade most Washington correspondents that the argument is almost all in favour of Mr Roosevelt's intention to stand for a fourth term. His now familiar disavowal of the slogan “New Deal” to characterise his war time Administration is widely regarded as actually an avowal of re-nomination intentions.

The evidence is not conclusive and will never be conclusive until the President says the word openly, which he will not do until the eve of the Democratic nominating Convention. But the clues are cumulative and they all appear at present to point in the same direction.

Mr Roosevelt has lately made an interesting statement to the nation and to the troops overseas. “The well-intentioned but ill-fated experiments of former years did not work. It is my hope that we will not try them again. No—that is too weak—it is my intention to do all that I humbly can as President and Commander-in-Chief to see to it that these tragic mistakes shall not be made again.”

Many incline to the view that the remaining months of the President's third term would hardly be sufficient for him to "see to it" that the tragic peace mistakes of the past are not made again.

During the Press conference at which he sought to discard the New Deal phrase, Mr Roosevelt offered what to many of us appeared to be very much like a fourth term campaign platform. He may not run on it, but he seemed to be getting it ready—just in case.

His platform in the most skeletonised interpretation was: Let us put the New Deal behind us because it has served its purpose, win the war as quickly as possible and build the peace as securely as possible—this is the Administration's overwhelming, almost exclusive, objective, post-war problems will be mostly international and better leave them to Dr Win the War-Roosevelt—his own description of himself.

It would seem to take more than the remaining year to accomplish this programme.

In advocating a "peace strongly enforced," the President has now spoken out for himself and has spoken out more decisively than heretofore. He has defined a position and he has asserted a leadership which will make it difficult for

the Republican Party, divided as it is on peace policy, to take foreign affairs out of the 1944 campaign. Perhaps there was no political purpose in the President's stronger and sharper definition of his position, but it will have a political effect—and Mr Roosevelt rarely does things unwittingly.

From all these straws in the wind you may not be able to say that President Roosevelt has decided to run for a fourth term, but to us political writers in this political capital it seems quite evident that he is doing nothing to make it difficult and several things to make it easy.

TEHERAN ADDENDA

Authentic reports on some of the incidents of the Cairo and Teheran Conferences are still cropping up, and to all that has been published in the British Press they may still add some amusing and perhaps some significant sidelights.

What, for example, did President Roosevelt really have in mind when, at a Press conference, he referred to Marshal Stalin as a realist? Most people already think of Stalin as a realist, and therefore one wonders if something particular may have happened at Teheran to put this impression uppermost with the President.

Something particular did happen, and it adds to our

understanding of Stalin as both man and diplomat.

It appears that by protocol it fell to Mr Roosevelt to open the long-desired conference. He tactfully and courteously began by deferring to Mr Stalin and suggesting that he might like to say a few words.

Mr Stalin quietly remarked that he would prefer to listen. Thereupon the President spoke for about a minute on the historic significance of the occasion, its value to the conduct of the war and to the building of a secure peace, and the contribution it could make to world freedom. Then he passed the ball to Mr Churchill.

Mr Churchill took it zestfully and skilfully and executed several oratorical feints in the best diplomatic manner. After several minutes, during which the Prime Minister, as usual, didn't fumble once, he returned the play to Mr Roosevelt with nobody offside. The President then again turned to Mr Stalin and asked if he would like to say a few words.

He would. And Mr Stalin said in substance: Gentlemen,

all the sentiments appropriate to the occasion have been expressed. I subscribe to those sentiments. Now, let's get down to work.

Because of the apparent delay and difficulty which President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill encountered in bringing off this personal meeting with the Soviet Premier, the question inevitably loomed in the background, as to whether Stalin attended reluctantly, willingly, or with fingers crossed.

I have asked this question of those who have access to the facts and whose own attitude towards these conferences is not one of wishful thinking.

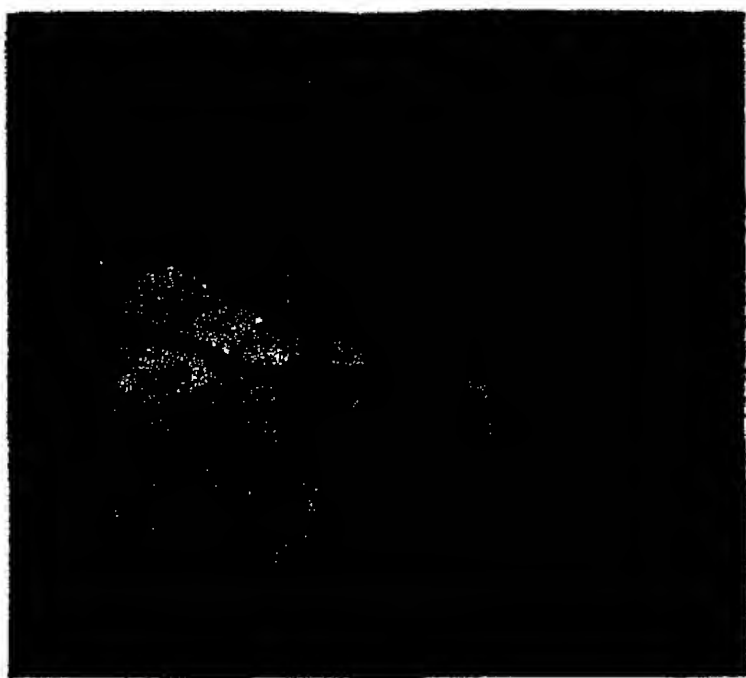
The answer is, that Stalin was manifestly a fully co-operating participant in all the deliberations, that he was present because he wanted to be there, not because he had been finally wheedled into attending, that his purpose was to exchange views, not to withhold them, and that he wanted to strengthen the Allied coalition both to win the war and secure the future peace.

The Transatlantic

'ANYONE there know shorthand?' asked the sergeant of the recruits.

Two men stepped forward.

'Good,' he said, 'go and help with the potato peeling. They're short-handed there.'



PROFESSOR EINSTEIN IS A PROLIFIC READER OF CURRENT LITERATURE AND
HIS KNOWLEDGE OF CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS IS VAST

Einstein: The War— And After

THE house was an old one, built of wood and painted white. It was one of a row in a sunny, tree-lined, suburban road in Princeton, New Jersey—a township, built round the famous American university, that manages to look like Oxford.

As we stood on the sidewalk summoning up our courage, it

looked a modest, unpretentious—even shabby—sort of house to be the home and workshop of possibly the greatest mind in the world today.

Within these four walls, I was thinking, lives a man who knows more about time, space, the mysteries of the universe than any human being has ever known.

"Come on," said Jarché
 "Let's go." He rang the bell

Einstein was in the living-room, playing with a flaxen-headed little girl, daughter of a relative—also a refugee from Hitler

"I will take you to my rooms,"
 Professor Albert Einstein said

The professor lives in a wing at the back of the old house. His study has a long window from wall to wall overlooking a garden, rugged with pines and cedars. His bedroom communicates, and both rooms are lined with books. Slippers, old pipes, sheets of manuscript covered with mathematical problems, odd socks and vest litter the place, and in the bedroom is an old-fashioned, heavy, mahogany bed.

"I was having a nap on my bed," he said. "After lunch. So you have come from London to see me?"

We said we had, and Jarché began to unload his cameras and lights. Children were playing in the garden next door in the sun, among the pines, "Doesn't the noise distract you?" I asked.

Einstein laughed. He has a mighty Falstaffian laugh that bursts on the world out of purest good humour. Indeed, you can see the good humour and kindness in his face the moment his mind turns from an

abstract, slightly absent-minded concentration, to tie up once more with the conversation or whatever is going on.

"Noise does not distract me I like it," he roared, "I am very happy here. Never have I had such good opportunity to work. I work better than in Germany. After the first publicity I have settled down to good work."

"I am left alone," he continued. "People here do not bother me. You know, I do not give interviews to any one, I do not like publicity. Now I am left alone—and it is good."

Jarché dropped a tripod.

"I hope you will allow me to write about what you say, Professor," I said, quickly.

"Yes, you can write what I say." The professor looked across to the corner where Jarché had assembled his formidable outfit.

"You can take a picture, but I do not like photographs."

"Professor," Jarché pleaded. "I have several cameras."

The professor laughed again. "Well," he said, "they keep writing to me for a photograph and I have none to send them."

He took up a pipe with a broken mouthpiece and began hunting for his tobacco jar. He

found it in the bedroom under the bed.

"I like the British," he told me. "But I resent the British policy towards the Jews in Palestine. It is unfair. It is likely to lead to trouble. The Jews have not always worked in closest co-operation with the Arabs, but the British could have done much to make co-operation easier."

"I would like to see the English hold a fairer balance. You use appeasement politics to the Arabs. It is like Chamberlain's policy towards Germany, and it gives the idea of weakness. The Jews, of all people, deserve fairness and this I resent of the British who have done so much for the world."

Beyond the long window woodpeckers were clinging to the russet holes of the cedar trees. A child was trundling a hoop and crying with delight. Jarché's camera was clicking as we talked. "What is he doing?" Einstein asked.

"He is taking your photograph," I said. "Will you live here in America after the war, Professor?"

"Of course! Here in this School of Advanced Studies I work with one or two people, and I am happy. Sometimes someone telephones to ask me a question and I answer it. People come to see me to talk

about a problem and we talk about it.

"I am at work now on what happens in an explosion. When a big bomb falls and explodes there are many problems as to what exactly happens."

"I am working a little with the U S Navy but it is not important work. There are many who do much more important work, of course. It is only a little, but sometimes there is a question I can answer for them. Bombing Berlin is not like bombing London. London is the heart of the world."

"What do you think will follow the war, Professor?"

"There must be a great revolution in Germany after the war for the people have to be re-educated. I do not know how it will be done. It is a vast problem. Not only the leaders but the people."

"There will be a great economic upheaval in the world. Politics—the whole system of government must change. As in Russia, the intellectuals will emerge from the war on top. They will be the important people, but, of course, scientists will never govern. Their training does not give them power. The economic system of the world is wrong and that is probably one of the causes of the war."

"Community control of production must come. Even here

in America, where it will be most difficult to establish. There is the problem of unemployment. Unemployment cannot be separated from capitalism, and with unemployment as a factor to be contended with in any system of economy the problem is insoluble.

"An unemployed man means a non consumer, and a consumer the less means an increase in unemployment. The circle is vicious. The system is wrong."

"After the war, there will be problems to face as grave as any war problems today. I think Stalin is right. The Germans should be made to pay by work. Germans should be taken in civilian armies to rebuild with their hands the damage they have done to Europe."

"How else can she pay? You cannot export goods to a country that has nothing to offer in return—what is he doing now?"

"He wants," I said, "to take some colour photographs. He is fixing up powerful lights to make sure of good results."

Einstein's study was almost knee-deep in Jarcho's wire lamps, burnt-out flash bulbs, tripods and cameras.

"He is a very busy man," the professor mentioned, absently.

"He uses a lot of material."

"We will clear up the mess."

"It does not matter. In Russia the intellectuals are on top. That also is good. We must have a new world after the war."

On the bookshelf over the professor's head I noticed a volume *Hitler's Mein Kampf*. "How do you spend your spare time, if you have any?" I asked.

"I read. I have many fine books. And I like to do puzzles. People know it and they send me puzzles."

Einstein began to search for his box of current puzzles. He found them in a tobacco jar under the little round table at which he likes to read and work out his problems in mathematics.

"You see, they are very interesting. I solve them. I am interested in puzzles—what does he want now?"

"He wants," I said, "to take a picture of your puzzles and also—if you wouldn't mind, Professor—of your hands at work on a problem—a real problem, the sort of 'puzzle' that only you could understand."

"This I do not like! I do not like publicity."

For a moment Einstein frowned, then—like a ray of sunshine from behind the clouds—came that overriding good humour. "He has been so busy," he roared. "I will do it! Here is a problem, but any one would understand it."

"They tell me," Einstein said, eventually, "that a generation of children has grown up in Britain that has never seen a banana."

"That is true. We have been short of some foods, but we have been taught to make the best use of such foods as we have, and the nation is actually the fitter for the war. They tell us how to cook our food in the best way."

"Vegetables?"

"Yes. In England we steam them and are beginning to appreciate how such things should be served."

"That," roared the Professor, "is a revolution in itself! A revolution in the English kitchen is a good thing. The English are tough. They are toughest in their stomachs. — What is he doing now?"

"He is packing up."

"That is good."

"Could you tell me," I ventured, "what this problem we have photographed is about?"

"That? It is some work I am engaged on."

A similar problem that this great brain had once been "engaged on," I recalled, had changed man's entire conception of the world. "What does this particular problem deal with, Professor?"

That magnificent sculptural head—Einstein is a genius and looks like one—clouded over absently.

"Deal with? About? How can you say what anything is about? This is one of those very simple things which are so difficult to explain. The very simple things are always difficult to explain."

"Once, with my very good friend, Professor Lindemann, I was telling him of such a simple thing, so difficult to explain, and then later he called me to the bath, where he was in it—taking a bath. He said to me 'I have the explanation'."

"He told it to me and it was a very good explanation. He is a very brilliant man with a fine mind. So you are going now? Well, good-bye!"

The great man walked with us to the door. He opened the door for us and I noticed for the first time that he wore no socks and that there was a triangular tear in the back of his trousers.

As we got into our car the greatest genius of the century was waving to us from the porch, the flaxen child once more in his arms.

"What are you going to call the problem?" Jarché asked me.

"Didn't he say Professor Lindemann solved it in the bath?"

"That was another one, I think. Or was it? We'll leave it," I said "to the Editor."

The Illustrated

The August Complex

The writer says in this article, "Observing recent events, I cannot help saying that India has developed a serious political complex. This complex may be called the August complex. It has affected every political party, and everybody is talking about it in sombre tones."

U G RAO

The most important event of the past month was the release of the correspondence which Gandhiji had carried on with the authorities while under detention. These letters while giving a clearer conception of the differences between the Congress and the authorities, removing certain misunderstandings and ridding the political atmosphere of a number of false theories and a good deal of cant, does not take the country any further than the stage of deadlock reached in August, 1942. Ever since then, but for the release of Gandhiji, there seems to have been no promising development in the relations between the Government and the popular forces. India's political thought, which stood stunned on the fateful morning of August 9, does not seem to have recovered from that state to this day.

CONSTRUCTIVE ASPECT

The only constructive idea, if it can be called such, that emerges from the Gandhi-Wavell letters is the appeal for mutual co-operation made by both the distinguished correspondents. Lord Wavell, in one of his letters, says that the greatest service that the Congress can render now is to change its outlook and co-operate with the authorities in fighting the Japanese menace tackling the economic problems of the country and laying the foundation for future development in every possible direction.

Gandhiji, in his reply indicates that he is as keen on fighting the Japanese menace as any other foreign menace and that he is anxious to solve the problems of the people, but that co-operation with the authorities is possible only on terms of

equality and mutual trust. He further states that it is for Lord Wavell, to co-operate with the elected representatives of India. Lord Wavell, in another of his letters, makes this significant remark, that a solution is possible if there is the right spirit of compromise and good leadership

This is the only constructive and hopeful part of the correspondence, which otherwise, is preoccupied with the enumeration of charges and counter-charges. At this critical stage in Indian history, the tendency to carp at once another and apportion blame, when all should be busy helping the country out of the helpless state into which it has fallen, sounds unrealistic, if not worse. Is this the time for the whole country to be divided in a fierce controversy over the question as to who was responsible for India's tragic state? Is this the time for accusations and recriminations?

FATEFUL AUGUST

Observing recent events, I cannot help saying that India has developed a serious political complex. This complex may be called the August complex. It has affected every political party, and everybody is talking about it in sombre tone. The chief feature of this complex is the assumption that the month of August in 1942 has

decided India's future for ever, that there can be no political development without reference to it and that everything revolves round that month and its fateful events

While I realise the great significance of the month, I would like to know why political thought should refuse to advance from that stage? Is that the end of all political, constitutional and revolutionary enterprise in this country? Is that again the basis on which India's popular forces will stand judged for all time in the eyes of the authorities? Can there be no hope of a compromise between the authorities and the people without constantly referring to and speaking in terms of the August happenings? In other words, cannot the past be forgotten?

GOVERNMENT'S ATTITUDE

If it were that both the Government and the Congress or either of them had reason to be satisfied with the present state of affairs, there would have had some excuse for refusing to budge from their respective positions. As it is, both the Government and the Congress stand to lose by the continuance of the deadlock.

The Government may say that they can get all the help they want for the war effort without the co-operation of the

popular forces, that they are still in a perfectly strong position to maintain law and order, that they can afford to ignore popular demands and that all is fairly well with India and its administration

But are these facts? The authorities may choose to be content with the help that they already get from the people in prosecuting the war effort, but are they wise in being content with just that? Is it an undesirable development that the whole country should rise in enthusiasm to support the war-effort and oppose the forces of aggression? Is the prospect of the war being shortened thus at least in the East, an unattractive one? And how long can a Government hope to exercise, without popular support or sympathy, the autocratic, almost dictatorial powers of rigorous control and direction in such vital matters as food, clothing and shelter which war-time exigencies require?

PONDER AWHILE!

And then can either the Congress say that it is pleased with the present situation? Apart from the unhappy idea that it is not in a position to help the people, whom it has always championed, in the difficult times through which they are now passing, there is a further reason for misery in the fact that the political situation is at a standstill, that the future is obscure and that the country runs the risk of being denied the privileges and advantages that would have accrued to it at the end of the war if its popular leaders were in power now and could, by virtue of that, exercise a deciding voice on behalf of their country at the peace conference

Both the Government and the popular forces must ponder over these facts, search their hearts and decide for themselves whether, by their present policies, they benefit themselves or the country or the world at large

T IRED Traveller, to driver of the only village cab 'How much to take me to the station?'
 'Five shillings, sir'
 And how much for the bag?'
 'Nothing for the bag, sir'
 'Good, then take the bag—I'll walk'

Ticket Clerk 'Eighteen and ninepence, sir Change at Crews.'
 No thanks, I think I'll have it now'

Can the Pilotless Plane Bomb India?

R WYNNE & T. BOCARRO

"THE enemy has begun to use his secret weapon—the pilotless aircraft."

With this sensational announcement the British Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, Mr Herbert Morrison, revealed to the world the latest refinement of Nazi cruelty in this war to date. In the absence of fuller information it would be difficult to estimate the ultimate effect of this uncanny machine on the progress of the war.

From what is already known the damage it has caused in England has so far been relatively insignificant. The very appearance of these machines, however, was sufficiently disquieting for Mr Morrison to make a detailed public statement setting forth measures which the British public should take to safeguard themselves, as far as possible, against their sudden dastardly attacks.

It will be recalled that our clairvoyant Prime Minister, Mr Churchill, himself warned the House of Commons that the Germans were preparing

on the French invasion coast new means of attack on Britain—either by pilotless aircraft, or possibly rockets, or both, on a considerable scale. This has come to pass.

From the meagre evidence at hand what are the advantages and disadvantages of this secret weapon to the enemy, and how far will it effect his present prospect of losing the war?

On the credit side must be stacked the powerful element of surprise. The shaking of Britain's morale was no doubt Hitler's aim at a time when the Allies were vigorously prosecuting the Second Front. In this he has not succeeded. A certain amount of consternation there was, but this soon gave way to an insatiable curiosity on the part of the prosaic Britisher to know exactly what there was in this new Hitlerite menace from the skies. Like a schoolboy's ambition to find out the workings of toy trains, or the contents of a Divali cracker.

The craft is said to have terrific speed, keeping on a dead

straight course, being catapulted or even radio controlled. It may be that the Germans are using different types of these midget planes, but without question there is something sinister about their rocket-like approach through the air. Like ghost planes from Mars!

If this ingenious invention solves anything it appears to solve the acute German manpower problem in the air, inasmuch as it is pilotless. The planes, we are also told, have a distinctive rhythmic note. It is not, however, clearly known yet how great or small is the sound of this throbbing. If loud enough for sound-detecting apparatus, it will like any other plane give ample warning of its approach to spotters.

By day it is easily verified by reason of its resemblance, on a midget scale, to a Spitfire. By night it shows a distinct yellow glow in the tail, and in the beams of searchlights can be distinguished by trails of thick smoke ejected in its wake. It is significant that the B B C has announced the possible interruption or cancellation at short notice of a programme at any time. The fact that Big Ben is not to be broadcast directly but instead from records goes to show the great precaution which Government is taking to see that no radio

aid is given to the enemy in finding his invisible targets in Britain.

It, however, afforded the German High Command some small cause for Jubilation to find, on their introduction of this aircraft, that the British Ministry of Information were the first to announce its unheralded appearance. This strategy in propaganda may be seen to imitate President Roosevelt's silence at the time of the initial raid on Tokyo from the mythical "Shangri-La", which was later discovered to be the U S Aircraft Carrier *Hornet*. The U S War Department had maintained a discreet silence thus leaving it to Tojo & Co. to make the first announcement to the world.

One of the greatest advantages is the apparently unlimited field of operation, at the thought of which imagination recoils. Objectives in the U S A, Australia and India at present out of range of Nazi bombers could be brought within easy striking distance. It appears, at least theoretically, that no target on the face of the globe is beyond reach of such craft.

On the other hand, the most apparent disadvantage to the enemy is his irretrievable loss of every such aircraft sent over Britain. For this plane has a short slender body with a box-like arrangement in the

tail and itself constitutes the exploding projectile. It may be safely assumed that German shortage of metal will prevent a large scale production of this type of plane as much as of any other. It is, therefore, left to the imagination and the future trend of events, as to how many of this craft the enemy has in reserve or contemplates building, and his capacity to replace certain loss.

Another disadvantage is borne out by the Ministry of Information's announcement recently, that any news relating to attacks on Britain by this plane will on no account reveal the area attacked beyond mentioning that this was vaguely, for instance, Southern England. This indicates that the Germans have not as yet perfected remote control of their robot-craft. So far as is known, no objective of any importance has been hit suggesting infallible accuracy.

Belatedly, it is now revealed that the famous British Air-

craft Designer, Mr F G Miles, had long before to-day offered the British Government a practical design for a pilotless plane, which was rejected on the ground that it was too 'indiscriminate' a weapon. This would seem to indicate that the German pilotless plane is less secret than at first appeared. More than this, it encourages the confident belief that counter measures have already been taken which will allay any anxiety that may be felt as to the enormity of destruction of which this invention is capable.

The last war in particular, and history in general, has shown that while the Germans are first with the most diabolical of war-time inventions, not much time has elapsed before the British have devised an adequate counter measure.

Summing up, one question seems to strike us most forcibly. Is this the German answer to the Allies' Second Front or is it Hitler's last trump card?

Time alone will tell.

Quaint old couple, listening to results of raffle, in which they had declined to take part. He: 'There you are, dear, I'm glad we kept our money. You see, we didn't win anything.'

'GOOD Afternoon, madam, I am collecting for the new home for inebriates.'

'Right, you can have my husband, with pleasure.'

The Guilty Hideki Tojo

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

THE real ruler of Japan is not Hirohito but chunky, granite-faced Hideki Tojo. As Premier, War Minister and Home Secretary, all power is in his hands, for he controls the courts and the police, as well as policies and military operations. The members of the Japanese Diet are his rubber stamps, for his assassins are quick to liquidate dissenters. More than any other, this walking vermon sac embodies the fanaticisms and ferocities of his race, for even as he forced war with China and the United States, so is he waging both wars with a barbarity unknown since man quit running about on all fours.

The horrors of Nanking, Hong Kong and Shanghai did not proceed from the sudden fury of wild beasts excited by the smell of blood. Japanese troops acted under the direct orders of Tojo himself, conveyed in these precise words: "In pursuit, be thorough and inexorable." The bayoneting of British and Canadian captured and wounded, the rape and murder of hospital nurses, the torture of prisoners, the beheading of Chinese noncombatants until the very gutters

ran blood—all of these bestialities trace back to Hideki Tojo, insane in his hate of "foreign devils" and infatuated with the German theory of *Schrecklichkeit*.

The Death March from Bataan, that ghastly journey in the course of which hundreds of American soldiers died of starvation, beating and stabbing, is another crime that lies at Tojo's door-step. His violation of every rule of civilized warfare was deliberate, and warfare in the Pacific is marked by the same ordered animalism. Captives lashed to trees and bayoneted into pulp, others mutilated, daubed with honey and staked out on the ground for the ants to eat, still others blinded and broken and thrown into the jungle and its night creatures. For these and all other atrocities, Hideki Tojo, supreme war lord, is responsible.

The whole life of the man is red with blood and black with treachery. He first rose to fame in 1932 when he and his assassins set out to still every voice that preached peace or liberalism. Prime Minister Inukai, Finance Minister Inouye and Baron Takuma

Dan, head of the great House of Mitsui, were murdered in swift succession, and two years later Major General Nagata, chief of the Military Affairs Bureau, and Tojo's superior, was stabbed to death as he sat in his office

The pace, however, was too fast even for a people accustomed to assassination, and an imperial order sent Tojo to the sticks. A forceful schemer and unrelenting, he soon reappeared as head of the Military Gendarmerie, a combination of Gestapo and OGPU, and then bobbed up in command of the Kwantung army. He proceeded to aggravate the "China Incident" by marching his men into the province of Chahar, starting the bloody business that was to lay China waste

"Slaughter battles," the massacre of unarmed civilians, was a Tojo invention, and it was Tojo who accelerated the opium traffic, even doping the candy given to little children. He also rounded up vast numbers of Chinese for deportation to Manchuria where they died by thousands under the lash of Japanese masters

There were still some sane men in the Tojo government and, in 1936, the indefatigable TOJO engineered another "patriotic purge." Officers of the army, forming a murder gang, shot down 80-year-old

Takatsuki, Minister of Finance, Admiral Saito, Lord Keeper of the Seals, and Inspector General Watanabe. Prime Minister Okada was on the list, but the assassins killed his brother-in-law by mistake. On the heels of this purge, Tojo was made Vice-Minister of War, and lost no time in declaring for the Greater Asia Co-Prosperty Sphere, meaning an end to all white interference in the Orient

Konoye, the Prime Minister, stood out against war with the United States, and so did Baron Hiranuma, the Home Secretary, but when an assassin's bullet put Hiranuma in a Hospital bed, Konoye found it expedient to resign, and deadly Hideki Tojo took his place. With the army under his absolute control and Hirohito no more than a puppet, the iron-willed gangster struck the match that was to set fire to his powder train. Hurrying Kurusu to Washington to keep the United States cajoled and befuddled, he launched his attack on Pearl Harbour

There will be no peace as long as "Old Razor Blades" stays at the head of Japan's government. As venomous as he is implacable, he has ordered a war to the death and he means just that. No quarter. Kill, burn, torture and

hara-kiri—the samurai way—rather than capture. That is the sad part of it. Hitler and Mussolini, in all likelihood, will break and crawl at the last, but Hideki Tojo will never let himself live to be tried by

“foreign barbarians.” The only thing to do is to hasten the day when he will plunge a knife into his belly, draw it across and turn it upward

G. C.

Collier's



“He got the medal for the ‘Snookum Wookum Ickey Dickey, stuff he writes his wife. The Espionage is going to use it for a new code!”

Turkey In Transition

RAY BROCK (*Foreign War Correspondent*)

AT the signal from the handsome dark young man, the girl disengaged herself from her escort, stepped out of the conga line and came to our table on the Taksim Casino terrace overlooking the Bosphorus in Istanbul. We—three American journalists—started to our feet, but she waved us back into our chairs and slid into the empty one at the table. She accepted my proffered cigarette, lighted it and blew a puff of smoke upward, cocking her pretty head to the right.

"Well?" she grinned. "What's cooking? You three look as conspiratorial as—"

"Look, Nermin," I cut in, "we want to know what Uncle thinks—"

"Uncle can speak for himself," she cut back in. "If you want to come out tomorrow?" We nodded vigorous agreement. "Come along! I'll phone Uncle tonight and tell him you're coming." She rose. "But remember, no direct quotes."

Thus, with no more ceremony than a few words off a crowded dance floor in Istanbul, three foreign correspondents arranged an important interview with



President Ismet Inonu was Ataturk's ablest General. He is still Turkey's Chief.

"Uncle"—Numan Menemencioğlu, Turkey's Foreign Minister—through his charming niece and confidante. That off-the-record interview next day enabled us to interpret correctly and forecast accurately the vital trend of Turkish foreign policy through the collapse of Italy and the beginnings of the winter crack up in the Balkans.

M. Menemencioğlu's niece, the girl who arranged the interview, typifies the best of modern young Turkish women. Intelligent, quick-witted, independent, raceproud—no truly Anatolian Turk forgets his ancestor, Genghis Khan—this slim brunette illustrates what Kemal Ataturk had in mind when he wrenched Turkey's destiny out of the wretchedness

and ruin of the postwar period and set the feet of her men and women on the highroad to Western civilization. Ataturk, however, foresaw the mess which Western Europe might make of its World War I heritage. So the Ghazi trained his people to cling grimly to Asiatic thinking. The result is a formidable combination.

No other combination, perhaps, could have pulled the Turks through four and a half years of war surging about their frontiers—and kept them out of it until exactly the right moment. Turkish policy, aimed from the outset at a remarkable fluid nonbelligerency—a nominal “neutrality” weighted heavily upon the Allied side—baffled and confused the Wilhelmstrasse, gently stiff-armed an importunate Whitehall which sought Turkey’s premature entry into the war in 1941, and kept a querulous and misinformed America, prey to strong misgivings and sometimes downright dislike of “Johnny Turk,” nevertheless upon the side of Ankara through the dark days when Berlin, Moscow, the small Allied governments in exile in London and even London itself cast heavily sarcastic aspersions upon the “fence sitting” of the Turks. No mean feat!

Nor was it an accident. No accident could have torn the Turkish capital away from the

filthy, jumbled, unhealthy atmosphere of Byzantine Constantinople and transplanted it to the almost antiseptic site of Ankara, below old Angora, on the eastern fringe of the Anatolian plain, flung up the glittering, glistening government buildings, ministries and war colleges, hotels and restaurants, theaters and art galleries, and laid down miles of spacious, tree-lined boulevards. Neither could an accident have transformed Constantinople into modern Istanbul. Much of the dirt and the misery remain—some of the “open-work” sewers, slums, hovels and tenements from which typhus and smallpox still spring almost annually to terrify European Turks and galvanize the Ministry of Health into redoubled efforts to check the plague. Such work takes time, and the Kemalist Turkish Republic has had less than a quarter of a century. And Ataturk’s death robbed his people of their powerful dynamo, if not of their dynamism.

However, modern Turkey is still breath-taking to the average foreigner alighting at Istanbul from what used to be—before Germany’s Balkan invasion—the Simplon Orient Express, or to the American crossing the southern frontier from Syria and rolling through the mighty range of the Taurus Mountains.

onto the Anatolian plain and into the Turkish capital itself

Take Istanbul Istiklal Caddesi, the romantic Pera Road to the armies of occupation of the last war, glitters with bright shops, cafes, restaurants, cinemas, hotels American built or German made government or army limousines and taxis—privately-operated vehicles have been banned since 1941—jam traffic and hoot past the tramcars and buses, carrying smartly dressed Turks and foreigners to modern office buildings, to the sleek Park Hotel overlooking the Bosphorus across to the Asiatic shore, or to golf or tennis or swimming or gambling casinos or the races. By night, Istanbul glows with the only lights in eastern Europe—gaudy neons along the Istiklal, Taksim Circle and Cumhuriyet Boulevard, smart subdued reflectors in the Taksim Gardens, in the Taksim Casino and on the terrace, where Istanbul's own Cafe Society and international set dance and dine and drink, discussing the war which seems a thousand miles away, but is in actuality rather less than forty minutes away as the bomber flies—from Bulgaria Istanbul's millionaires, Turk and foreigner, drive on later to their villas along the Bosphorus on the European side, or skim across to Asia in motor launches

The one A M "siege law"—adopted in the critical spring days of '41—blacks out the gay restaurants and cafes, but there are still places where Turkish *kanyak*, vodka and even *viski* may be had until morning, even with music, at a price

Turkey, and especially Istanbul, are expensive. Compressed economically, as well as politically militarily and geographically, between the great warring powers, the Turks have suffered. And many of them, especially the entrenched minorities in Istanbul, have profiteered outrageously. A good pair of shoes costs upward of \$40. A well tailored suit, roughly \$300. A good dinner, with wine, for one, \$15 to \$25. Scotch and soda, at Taksim Casino, \$3. An Istanbul apartment on the Bosphorus perhaps unfurnished except for radio, telephone and electric refrigerator, \$350 up. This does not include lights, gas, heating.

Smart Turkish women yearn futilely for the American shoes of prewar days—and buy cork-soled slippers at \$20 a pair. They can still get a Paris model occasionally, but for the most part they pay heavily for imported woollens and prints—and copy models from the American fashion magazines. In Istanbul's ancient bazaar, they seek out fine old jewels,

gold bracelets and brooches, rings and pins, and have them cleaned and remounted. The Turkish woman wears the most glittering jewels in Europe. The Germans, however, have stepped in here. Millions of reichsmarks have poured into the bazaars for gold and jewels.

From Istanbul's railroad station and the airport at Yesilkoy, trains and planes depart for all Europe and, *via* Ankara, for all the Middle East and India. The celebrated Taurus Express originates at Haydar Pasha on the Asiatic shore and runs on to Bagdad, with Syrian connections for Palestine and Egypt. Fifteen hours from Istanbul on the Taurus line lies Ankara.

In an atmosphere almost painfully Graustarkian the Turkish government, the foreign diplomatic corps, the Axis and Allied agents, the inevitable and growing bureaucracy attendant upon any modern-day capital carry on their business.

Karpich's drives home the unbelievable quality of Ankara. Baba Karpich, a stooped, baldish old Georgian refugee, owns and operates his restaurant—the real social and political hub of Ankara life. Here Briton and German rub elbows, Japanese mingles with broad American accents, and Balkan languages clash with north European tongues and central European and Asiatic dialects.

Here, in one evening, the visitor may dine between Reich Ambassador Franz von Papen, Britain's envoy Sir Hughe Montgomery Knatchbull-Hugessen, Turkey's Premier Sukru Saracoglu and Foreign Minister Menemceale. Tension between Hungarian and Rumanian diplomats, and the acme of Oriental diplomacy as Chinese and Japencioglu, and watch the by-play between Italians and their late allies, Bulgarians' reactions to German *politesse*, uncanonese dine at adjoining tables.

Incidents, of course, do happen. There was the night when two American war correspondents kicked four Germans into Ataturk Boulevard when the Germans had the colossal effrontery to hum "*Deutschland, Deutschland uber Alles*." It was the night of July Fourth. There have been nights when, had the band played one more Viennese waltz or one more Allied air, fists would have flown.

But the Turkish composure is superb. In two and a half years in Turkey—and most of that time in Ankara—I never saw a responsible Turk involved in a diplomatic incident in public. On the contrary. There was the memorable night amid the milling confusion of the Presidential Ball when Turkish aplomb scored tremendously. On the packed floor

of the great ballroom, the surging crowd had manoeuvred two small groups together. One included Ambassador von Papen and his wife, who were chatting with the Finns. With her back to Frau von Papen, the wife of the British naval attache talked animatedly with the wife of the Danish minister. In some manner, the net gown of the British attache's wife became entangled with the gown of Frau von Papen. *Tableau!*

The ladies moved uneasily. They tugged. Simultaneously they looked over their shoulders—and looked away. The crowd froze. Von Papen stood in rigid embarrassment. The gold braided British attache looked frantically for help.

Then from the fringes of the crowd appeared a Turkish Foreign Office functionary. He strode firmly to the vantage point and grasped the entangled gowns. Smiling gaily, he chatted with Frau von Papen. With animation, he remarked to the Briton's wife on the quixotic accidents that befall one. In three minutes he'd done the trick. The ladies fled into the crowd. The crowd itself, stunned to silence, awoke. There was a muttered "*Varol!*" (Bravo!)

The Turk has been set down as a bloodthirsty barbarian, and as a cynical, decadent Oriental.

He is neither. The Turkish man is, if anything, a trifle tougher physically than the European. His outlook is that of a stern realist, his humour deeply subtle, somewhat Oriental. He looks West, thinks East.

The Turkish woman is feeling the oats of her emancipation enormously. She is frequently more nationalistic, more independent, than her mate. She is frequently beautiful.

Modern Turkey, its armies and its people, torn from the old mould and forced, in Ataturk's Westernization programme, into European social, political and economic forms—with certain important Turkish adaptations and reservations—presents an impressive picture. This is no fumbling, frightened Balkan power which is poised today to cast its might of manpower and political weight on the sides of the Allies, but a hard, realistic nation of over seventeen millions, with a potential army of two millions—and one of the shrewdest, hardest foreign policies in Europe.

In the realm of Europe's dark and tricky international politics, the Turk stands high. Menemencioğlu's superlatively adept management of Turkish foreign policy has won the admiration of all countries.

including the Third Reich, and the Turkish Foreign Office has become known as "the best in Europe." Sukru Saracoglu's government is rugged and able, and has seldom been subject to the crisis which sucked the strength and initiative from the *Balkan nations assailed by Axis* and Allied pressures.

The Saracoglu government as it exists today is a united body of active, thinking men, generally representing the desires of the Turkish people as well as those of the Army and Ismet Inonu. Inonu himself, aging, slightly deaf, is still Turkey's Chief. They think of him that way, as they think of Ataturk as the "Eternal Chief." Inonu was Ataturk's ablest general. He still commands the highest respect of the Army and the people.

Under Inonu and Marshal Fevzi Chakmak, the Turkish Chief of Staff, and such rising young generals as Kazim Orbay and Salih Omurtag—new deputy chiefs of the General Staff—and with its terrifyingly capable military intelligence division, the Turkish Army has become recognized as one of the best of its size, with its equipment, of the armies of southeastern Europe and the Near and Middle East.

The uncanny accuracy of Turkey's "G-2"—Intelligence Division—is known reverently

to every foreign military and naval attache who has been posted to Ankara and Istanbul. It is no longer any secret that the Turkish Intelligence knew first, and in detail, of the real striking force of the German army. And that before Poland Turkish Intelligence accurately forecast the attack in the west and the campaign in the Low Countries, and it was only the sudden collapse of France that caught the Turks short. The suddenness of it, not the collapse.

The Turks, too, foresaw, the Balkan campaign and counted—as almost nobody else did (including Allied military attaches in Belgrade)—upon the Serb revolt which overthrew the Cvetkovich government, ousted the corrupt regency, and installed King Peter and a fighting Yugoslav government which defied Germany and was ground under the German assault in the Balkans.

In the mind of the writer, who was reporting from the Near and Middle East through the critical years which followed the Balkan campaign, it is highly significant that only the Turks correctly assayed the real might and cunning of Marshal Erwin Rommel—and in reports by their military experts and government leaders, as well as in the Turkish press, demanded to know why the Allies persisted so long in re-

garding the North African phase of the war as a minor, diversionary affair. After the Allied landings in Morocco and Algiers, no joy was greater, no vindication deeper, than that of the Turks when they were told—and their intelligence people verified the fact—that the Allies had at length decided upon an all out offensive from east and west to smash the Afrika Korps and drive it from North Africa. I hate to be tiresome about this, but Turkish government leaders and officers had outlined to me as early as the spring of 1941

how they thought the North African campaign must be handled, to provide basis for the attack upon Sicily and Italy.

The Turk is tough, proud, stubborn. He is also keenly intelligent, human, progressive. The Turks who are approaching their entrance into the conflict in Europe are the equals, and in many departments the superiors, of the peoples they will be fighting and the peers of the Allies. They are on their way.

The Cosmopolitan

IN Paris, some years ago there existed two periodicals the *Razor* and the *Scorpion*. Each aimed, it seemed, at attacking the other. Every week thousands of people bought copies to enjoy the slashing attacks of one and the stinging retorts of the other.

At length acrimony went beyond the bounds of charity even beyond the bounds of provocative journalism, and a certain philanthropist decided to invite the two editors to dine with him. He hoped that at his genial table they might be persuaded to dissolve their animosity and to return to their very evident gifts of fair controversy.

He was delighted when the editors accepted and was priding himself on the fruit of his goodness when the first guest was shown in.

He appeared to be so depressed and cadaverous a man that after a pause, and as no other visitor was announced the host asked kindly: 'May I ask, sir, are you the editor of the *Razor* or of the *Scorpion*?'

Both!' said the macabre scribe.

THE Representative of an Edinburgh house found himself marooned by snowdrifts in a small town. He telegraphed for instructions. His sales manager replied: 'Start summer holidays as from yesterday.'

Impatient Customer: 'I suppose for all you care I can stay here till I starve.'

Waiter: 'Hardly, sir, we close at eleven.'



"Never mind showing us your curves. Get rid of that
grenade—and FAST!"

Interlude In Iran

On her forty thousand mile trip to the fighting fronts of our global war the author (daughter of Mme Curie) paused at Teheran, the gateway to Russia while waiting for the plane to Kuibyshev

EVE CURIE

Condensed from 'Journey Among Warriors' (Heinemann London)

DECEMBER 1941 was coming to an end. The members of the British Legation's staff were rehearsing Christmas carols from morning to night. The Americans and the Poles were hunting for presents at the shops of antique dealers of Teheran, where one could find precious brocades, jades, Persian enamels, and heavy silver jewels at fabulous prices. In the "delicatessen" places all the foreigners were buying large, round tins of caviare. Dark haired Iranian officers, clad in showy uniforms the colour of pale mustard, rubbed shoulders with them in the crowded streets and watched them sharply. These decadent sons of a people that had once been great had not yet swallowed the Allied "occupation."

The cinemas were showing Russian, Armenian, or French pre-war films. In the French *Journal de Teheran* the night

clubs were advertising special programmes for the holidays, with czigany musicians or jazz orchestras bearing such names as "The Jolly Boys". Bored English officers were having drinks in the bars in the town, while wondering which one of the blonde girls seated at the next table was a German spy that had escaped the recent round up. Once or twice a week there was dancing in the afternoon at the Darban Hotel for a mixed crowd of Iranians and foreigners. One could occasionally get a glimpse of a remarkably beautiful Iranian woman's face, with dreamy black eyes and incredibly long eyelashes, under a sophisticated hat copied from an old Paris model. A jealous husband was to be found in the immediate vicinity. The old Shah had modernized many things in Iran, but not the jealousy of the husbands—so I heard.

Quite a number of Iranians, belonging to good Teheran families, were married to French women the young men had made their studies in Paris and had come back from the Sorbonne, each with a diploma plus an attractive girl. It was often impossible to say, when listening to the husband and the wife, which of the two had been born in France every cultivated Iranian, with or without a French family, spoke the language excellently. I was measuring in Iran the profound influence of France as a force of civilization in land separated from her by thousands of miles. The delegate of the Free French Committee, M. Andre Godard, who for many years had directed archaeological works in Iran and was the head of the Teheran Museum, said to me

"There are learned and distinguished Frenchmen in Iran teachers, priests, scientists doctors, artists. Their work has always been non-political. The important thing is that they should keep their positions, that the Iranians should not stop trusting them. Part of our mission is to see to it, while working with all our strength for the Allied cause, that the name of France should remain associated with Iranian culture and progress."

M. Godard himself knew Persia as well as France and

could dive into its history, up to six thousand years back, without ever getting lost or mixed up. I learned more in two hours spent with him at the Teheran Museum than if I had read several books on the Persian dynasties. The admirable golden plates of Darius the Great with their inscriptions in three languages, the fragments of sculptures carved in black shiny stone representing men or animals of gigantic sizes, found in the excavations of the all black city of Persepolis, told with magnificence of the centuries when the Persian Empire stretched from the Mediterranean to the Indus River.

I hardly dared to picture how difficult it would be, in such a "formal" country, to get to see the new leader of Iran, the Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, and how many faults of protocol I would commit when requesting an audience. But the young sovereign turned out to be the easiest man in the world to meet. Through a Swiss friend of his, Ernest Perron, with whom he went hunting and skiing almost every day, the Shah gave me an appointment as soon as I asked for it.

It was amazing to come all the way to Iran, to a country of glamour, of legends, and to be received by the Shah in a dull office that could just as

well have been located in Rockefeller Centre, New York. The palace, with its squarely-cut marble panels and indirect lights, was a questionable idea of the modern-mad father of the present Shah. Glamour, however, was not absent from that extraordinary place: it was provided by the young monarch himself. The Master of Ceremonies introduced me to a thin, tall boy of twenty-two, clad in a pale green officers' uniform. He had black, curly hair, thick eyebrows. In his handsome face the eyes were very dark, sensitive and proud, the features sharp, the nose high bridged. The Sovereign of Iran, in this streamlined *decor*, managed to be as graceful as the oriental princess about whom I had read when I was a child. Here was another instance of an Iranian who spoke French like a Frenchman.

He had just gone through events which, although they had brought him unexpectedly to the famous Peacock Throne, had nevertheless distressed him. On the very day when he had taken the oath, in September, his father, Reza Shah Pahlevi—who had started his career as Colonel Reza of the Persian Cossack Brigade, had won his kingdom by a *coup d'état* in 1921, and had finally appointed himself "His Imperial Majesty, Shah-in-Shah [King of Kings],

Shadow of the Almighty, Vice-regent of God and Centre of the Universe"—had hurriedly left the country on a solitary voyage to the remote "forced residence" of Mauritius. Meanwhile, British and Soviet armoured cars and troops had occupied Iran's capital. For a young man who had received a quiet education in Switzerland, and had afterwards lived in the shadow of his authoritarian father, these were not very happy circumstances under which to come into power.

What gave to the new sovereign so much dignity was precisely that he did not attempt to conceal the sufferings that he had endured. To my bewilderment, he asked me at once, in a stirred voice: "What does the world think of our non-resistance?"—meaning the "non-resistance" of the Iranian soldiers to the Anglo-Russian occupation. I was almost sure to make a blunder, whatever I answered. I chose to be sincere and to say:

"I cannot tell you impartially what other people think of the occupation of Iran. I am much too biased. My own country, France, is now conquered by the Germans. Rather than see the enemy on our land I would give anything to Allied troops to occupy France temporarily, just as they now occupy northern and southern Iran."

As if he were relieved of a secret humiliation, the Shah said eagerly "Well, it is to avoid for Iran the fate of the countries doomed by Hitler that we have accepted the present arrangement and entered an alliance with Britain and Russia "

He then asked me a few questions about President Roosevelt, whom I had seen not very many weeks before at the White House, and expressed the desire to establish the closest possible relations between Iran and America It was while we were speaking of the United States that, in his soft, timid voice, the Shah pronounced the word "democracy"—a word to which he was not yet really accustomed

There is something dramatic in the contrast between the ideals and formulas set forth every day by the great democracies and the real state of affairs in some of the countries that listen to their talk The distinguished young man ruling Iran seemed to be sincerely attracted by the liberal concepts of which America was a symbol. But he could not ignore how far his half-illiterate country, poisoned by crookery and cowardice, still was from being able to govern itself by a democratic process That might be the reason why, while praising the American Republic, he also praised the strong hand that his despotic

father had used to rule the Iranians With a peculiar modesty, he believed that Reza Shah, was feared like fire by his subjects, might have been more capable than himself of leading Iran in the present perilous circumstances, had Britain and the Soviet Union persuaded him to swing to their side and to forget his clique of Nazi friends

I was not total admirer of the old Shah—who had indulged in somewhat violent methods to bring about progress and who, at times, used to kick in the stomach people who had displeased him—but I liked the defiant way in which the young Shah defended him He well knew the temper and the prejudices of his predecessor he had quarrelled with his father more than once The fact remained, however, that he was fond of the old man and seemed deeply upset each time his name was mentioned

When the Shah got up to show that the audience was over, the Master of Ceremonies appeared from nowhere and took me to another room of the palace, where tea was served A young girl was there who looked like a lovely American debutante Queen Fawzia of Iran was just twenty years old The sister of King Farouk of Egypt, she had never met Mohammed Reza before she had become engaged to him

From what one heard in Teheran, the young couple were happy. The Iranians often saw their rulers skiing on the mountain slopes, laughing, falling, in the snow, enjoying themselves. The sovereigns had a plump and healthy daughter, one year old, who was brought in and shown to me while I chatted with the Queen.

It was hard luck to be twenty, to be good-looking, to be a queen—and to have to reign while an awful war was going on. The little Queen Fawzia talked with nostalgia about the two countries that she had not been able to visit for two years: hers and mine. She evidently missed Egypt, her family, and her palace on the banks of the Nile. She also missed France—not so much I am afraid, for the Republic, not so much for the Sorbonne,

not so much for *liberte, egalite, fraternite*, but for the dresses and the hats. She knew what Paris meant to every pretty woman in the world—and she was among the very prettiest. Our conversation in French, rather embarrassed at first, became animated once we got to discussing the styles of clothes, the names of the big dressmakers, and the colours of make up.

I was often to remember the two rulers of Iran, both handsome, both charming and young, trying pathetically to find their way in the turmoil of the war. What could a twenty-two-year-old Shah do, crushed as he was between those fighting colossi, Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito, Roosevelt, Churchill, Chiang Kai shek, Stalin? Indeed, not much.

THE motorist was a reckless fellow but generous nevertheless, and he swerved and ran over a fowl which darted across the road. An old woman who lived in a cottage nearby was on the scene immediately. Her face was stern, her features hard and forbidding. Before she could utter a word, the motorist plunged a hand in his pocket and tendered her a Bradbury.

‘Here my good woman,’ he said apologetically, ‘this will square matters.’

The sour face softened. ‘It’s good of you,’ she said. ‘now I shall be able to start keeping fowls myself.’

Commercial Traveller (entering the city office) I have come about an attachment I have for your typewriter.

Clerk Well, I’m sorry she is out and what’s more, she and I are engaged.

Jews Also Fight

ALFRED JOACHIM FISCHER

People who are prone to calumniate the Jews on grounds of black market deals, cowardice and general misconduct should be reminded that—

WITHOUT country, state or government, the Jews are the only people who cannot claim a share in man power, losses and distinctions in the war against Hitler. It is therefore fitting to consider their contribution to the Allied war effort. Our sources of information are the records of the Allied Governments and the authorized estimates of the Jewish Agency and the Jewish World Congress of New York. Figures are not always complete, because some armies do not list their soldiers according to religious denomination. According to the Information Office of the Jewish Agency, some 500,000 Jews served in the Allied armies from September 1939 to September 1942. Further mobilization in America, Palestine and Russia brings this number up to date to about one million. It is officially estimated that three million Jews have been put to death in Europe and five million are still under Hitler's tyranny.

The number of Jewish fighting men in the ranks of the Imperial Armies is estimated at 50,000, excluding Palestine. Altogether about 110,000 Jews are serving in H. M. Forces. This number represented a higher percentage than that contributed by the general population.

Field-Marshal Smuts has praised the fine record of the Jews in his country. With a ratio of only 4 to 4.75 per cent of the population, they contributed 8,000 men or 12 per cent of the various military formations. More than 3,000 South African Jews fought in North Africa.

The 50,000 Jewish soldiers fighting in the Mediterranean since the Libyan campaign have been joined by 20,000 Palestinian Jews in 40 Jewish units, with about 180 officers. With recruiting on a voluntary basis, this is a proportion of 4:1 as between Jews and Arabs, or of 12:1 as between Jews and the total number of the population.

Forty thousand Jewish fighting men—that is 11½ per cent of English Jewry—are serving in H M Forces, of these 7,000 are in the R A F. There are 100 Jewish officers in all branches of the Royal Navy, at least six of them have been decorated. English Jews have been awarded at least nine D S O's, nine D F C's, nine D F M's, five Military Crosses, eleven Military Medals and twenty have been mentioned in dispatches.

Quite a number of Jews have held high posts in the army. One of them was the late Brigadier F. Morris, killed in an aeroplane crash last year. Brigadier F. H. Kisch died in action as Chief Engineer of the Eighth Army. At present the British Army has one Jewish full General, two Major Generals, and six Brigadiers. In the R A F the senior Jewish officer is Air Vice Marshal R. L. G. Marix.

In the United States winter army of 1941, of the one and a half million men serving, 50,000 were Jews, and when the mobilization is completed they will number about 500,000. Jewish generals in the American armies include Major-General Irving J. Philipson, Brigadier-General Julius O. Adler, Brigadier-General Eugen Oberdorfer and Major-General Sam Lawton. Jewish admirals Morell, Taussig and Bloch. Among the

twenty Medals of Honour awarded by Congress, six went to American Jews. A most popular pilot, First-Lieutenant Norman Segal, of New York City, 23, is a holder of five decorations for valour as navigator of American Flying Fortresses over enemy territory in Europe and in North Africa. Meyer Levin, a most successful hero in the air war against Japan, was killed in action.

Official Russian statistics state that in September 1942, 250,000 Jews served in all branches of the Red Army. Their total number in Russia before the German massacre was 3,300,000. In spring 1943 about 400,000 Jews enlisted, which is as high a proportion as the other sections of the Soviet people. There are seven Jewish Heroes in the Union. Two full Generals, one Lieutenant General and 51 Major-Generals in the Russian Army are Jews.

In September 1939, when France was only partially mobilized, 50,000 French Jews and 30,000 Jewish refugees were under arms, their total figures being 250,000 and about 100,000 respectively. When France fell many thousand Jews from the French provinces, Central Europe, Africa and America joined de Gaulle's Free French Forces. Four hundred thousand North African Jews who were barred by the Vichy laws from

military service are now allowed to fight against Hitler, and about 45,000 have joined up

Before the German invasion, 3,000,000 Jews lived in Poland, making about 9 per cent of the total population. In 1939 their losses amounted to 100,000 men. At the end of 1939 a new Polish Army, created in France, included 7,000 Jewish volunteers, or 12 per cent of the total. In 1941 General Anders organized six Polish divisions from among Polish prisoners of war in Russia. About 15 to 20 per cent of the ranks and many officers are Jews. The battle of the Warsaw Ghetto against the Nazis has been described as the most outstanding example of popular resistance against Nazi oppression in Europe.

Five months before the Czechoslovak National Committees in Paris and London proclaimed general mobilization, 1,500 Jews volunteered to serve in their exiled army and registered their names with the Czechoslovak Consulate General in Jerusalem. The first batches of Czechoslovak volunteers sent from Britain to France consisted mostly of Jews. Among the

Czechoslovak fighting men in Russia are many Jews who have been decorated by Stalin and praised by the Soviet Press.

Like the Serbian national army of old, Yugoslavia's Army has no prejudices, racial, religious or otherwise, and many Jewish officers and men have shown great valour and courage in battle. There are Jews fighting in the armies of both Tito and Mihailovich.

Twenty thousand Jews actively participated in the fight for Greece's freedom, 8,000 joined from Salonika and a further 8,000 volunteered in Palestine.

The Czechoslovak people had a Lidice, the Poles, the Yugoslavs, the Norwegians and the Greeks had their Lidices too. For the Jews the whole European Continent is one great Lidice. They know, however, that sufferings alone will not be enough to justify their demands for a Jewish Homeland and for equal rights for the Jews remaining in other countries. Active fighting against Hitler and Fascism is the basis for an active share in a new and better world order, and the Jews are fighting.

SULTAN "I have just begun my 92nd honeymoon. I suppose your newspaper readers would like to know all about that?"

Newspaper Reporter "Well no, what they would like to know is what you do between honeymoons."

Children of the Red Star

***RUSSIA HAS A NEW
LINE IN BOY SCOUTS***



QUENTIN REYNOLDS

THE ice on the river had broken and the swift current had swept it down to the Volga. Standing on the embankment, looking across the river towards the Kremlin and its towers and domes, you could feel the warmth of the sun and you knew that spring had come to Moscow.

The youngsters just out of school were hurrying to the embankment across the narrow river outside the Kremlin. They laughed and yelled, and then a soldier gave an order and the laughing stopped.

The youngsters lined up. There were about sixty of them, one-third girls. None was more than fourteen. The soldier gave crisp orders. The youngsters marched smartly up and down the embankment. They marched by twos and fours, with their drill-master barking out military commands.

They drilled for an hour—and then were dismissed. As they hurried away from the drill-ground, again laughing gaily, it was not to a park to play. Their real work of the day was just beginning. Children in Moscow have no time for play. Time after time they have heard their parents and teachers say "This is your war too!"

These children of Russia are organised into a society called The Pioneers. It is much like our Boy Scouts, except that girls are also admitted to membership.

The duties of Pioneers are not nearly so pleasant as those of Boy Scouts. During war-time there is no game-playing, and there are no long hikes in the country, no lessons in knot-tying or woodcraft. These Pioneers do not even have uniforms.

When school is done and drilling is finished, they go

into homes and help. Each Russian housewife now has to run her home by herself. There is no servant problem in Moscow, there are no servants. Only the very old can be spared for domestic service. The Moscow housewife has to do her own housework and her own shopping, and she has to take care of her children.

If her children are very young, her problem is a difficult one. This is where the Pioneers enter the picture. Each group of Pioneers is assigned to a block of houses. They find out which families need help. They go into the homes and do what is needed.

If the woman of the house is too ill or old, or is nursing a child, they do the shopping, sweep the floors, help with the dishes, and sometimes, to allow the wife a night off to visit friends, they stay and mind the babies.

Within the Pioneers there is a secret group, the envy of all the others. These are called the Timur. Some years ago, a moving picture depicted a boy named Timur who had very great powers. He often visited the dirty homes of mortals and merely by waving a wand would make the house immaculate. If there was wood to be chopped, he would

wave his wand again and there would be a neat pile of logs all ready for the stove.

When the family came home to find the house clean and wood piled in the bin, they knew that Timur had been. Timur was a great favourite with Russian youngsters, and the Pioneers adopted his name for this secret society of theirs.

They work much as Timur worked. A family is finding the burden of carrying on too heavy. Perhaps the husband is at the front, and his wife works in a factory all day. Nurseries take care of her children while the mother is working, and she picks them up on her way home. Then she has to prepare dinner for them. She has little time for house-cleaning or wood-chopping.

Vigilant youngsters will report this to the Pioneers. A flying group of Timur lads will descend on the house, give it a thorough cleaning, scour the pots and pans, beat rugs, wash and dry any dirty dishes, chop enough wood to last a week—and then vanish. The housewife comes home and looks at her now clean and tidy house and thinks that the age of miracles has come again.

Although discouraged by military authority, some of the children have actually been in combat. I met fifteen-year-old

Vassia, who was just back from the front. He was a baby-faced lad with wide-open eyes, and his friends called him by the diminutive Provassili. He was very unhappy. He was being sent to school. However, he said stoutly, a good soldier must always obey orders.

Vassia lived the life of an ordinary country lad in the region of Kharkov. The Germans came and killed his father, and Vassia ran away to join the guerrillas. At first, he acted as a scout for them—a spy who could go into occupied villages without fear of detection. But many of his comrades in the guerrillas were killed, and young Vassia picked up the gun of one who had fallen.

In time he became an expert Tommy-gunner. Vassia liked the gun very much, he told me.

Oh, yes, he had killed Germans! So many that the Germans heard of him and learnt his name and took their typical revenge—they hanged his mother and sister, who were still in Kharkov. Fearing the boy would do something really rash now, the guerrilla chief made him go to Moscow.

He had never been to Moscow before and was having the time of his life. He spent his first two days in Moscow's magnificent Metro subway,

which combines the best features of the London and New York underground railways.

When I met him, Vassia had discovered tramcars and was spending hours each day seeing the sights of the capital from their crowded top decks.

A group of Pioneers became heroes not long ago in an occupied region near Kurak. They had a swimming hole, and when spring came, they spent most of their time in it. Unfortunately, the Germans also discovered the hole, ordered the youngsters to run along and swam there every day themselves.

There was only one road leading from the town to the swimming paradise. The youngsters thought of a bright idea.

They found some old gramophone records. These they planted on a road used by the Germans. Both the Germans and the Russians have an anti-personnel mine which looks like a gramophone record. When the Germans saw some of these half-buried records, they suspected that the guerrillas had been active.

The Germans have a healthy respect for Russian mines. They brought up a machine-gun detachment and sprayed the road with bullets, hoping to explode the "mines." No

explosion resulted. They brought up heavier guns and sent barrage after barrage into the inoffensive road. This took some days, during which the children swam happily in their pool.

Pioneer ingenuity triumphed again in the Kursk neighbourhood, and all Russia is laughing about another ruse of the youngsters. They heard some nature-loving Germans discussing a report that there was a nightingale in a little wood outside the town. The Germans decided to bring a recording machine to the wood and record the song of the nightingale.

Clever young Ivan Pechnikov had a bright idea. He was an expert at imitating bird songs. He would go into the woods and warble his tunes. The Germans would come along, and the guerrillas would capture them. He ran to a guerrilla detachment near by and they agreed to his plan.

It worked perfectly. Ivan and his beautiful whistling led the Germans to where the guerrillas were waiting. The unsuspecting Nazis were blissfully recording the so-called bird when the guerrillas came. They captured the small detachment of Germans and the truck with the recording machine.

They played the record back. It began with the lovely notes

of young Ivan and then came shouts and curses and the sound of gunfire and the wail of captured Germans, who hadn't had a chance to turn off their recording machine!

A youngster whose story is told wherever Pioneers gather is fourteen-year-old Mischa Nikolaev. His family, too, was wiped out, and he joined a band of guerrillas. A Russian war correspondent from *Pravda* met young Mischa on the road.

Soon the lad was telling the correspondent a fantastic story, none of which the correspondent believed. He told of going behind the German lines and stealing six horses. Oh, yes, he got the horses back to his detachment. He told how he had surprised three Germans, chopping wood in a forest. They had laid their guns on the ground. He had stolen close, grabbed one of the guns, captured the three Germans, and brought them back to his guerrilla group.

"Go on, young Munchausen!" the correspondent laughed. "Tell me more."

"In all I have killed fourteen Germans," the boy said earnestly, "and once I captured a machine-gun nest alone by sneaking in close and throwing a hand grenade."

They parted, the correspondent laughing at the

youngster's boastfulness. He reached a near-by guerrilla party and asked the commander for some of his experiences

"We have only one person here who is worth a story," the commander said "That's young Mischa We took him in because his family had all been killed He had orders just to help with the cooking, but we found him sneaking off on his own Once he brought back six horses Again he came in with three captured Germans Only the other day he actually put out of commission a machine-gun nest that had been giving us a lot of trouble He's a very shy youngster and I'm afraid you will have trouble getting his story from him "

"Shy' " the correspondent exploded "He's the most boastful little brat I ever saw I met him down the road and he told me the whole story, none of which I believed "

"To-morrow, the general is visiting us," the commander explained, "and he is going to give young Mischa a decoration I told him that the general would wish to hear the whole story of his exploits For a week the kid has been in terror He has been rehearsing his story and to-day he told me he was going for a long walk and that he would try the story on the first man he met He

thought that would give him some practice in telling it."

The correspondent mentally apologised to the boy and then brought the story to Moscow The Pioneers adopted Mischa as their No 1 hero

Someone said that truth was the first casualty in any war

Education is usually the second casualty The Soviets have been careful not to allow education to be killed, and to-day the Moscow schools are running on almost a peace-time basis

In addition to drilling, which occupies five hours a week, school children learn a great many things to fit them for war-time service when they reach military age

In one classroom of a school I visited the teacher was an eighteen-year-old Red Army sergeant, and the children were learning radio and telephone communications Here they were taught all the methods used by the army in the field of communications, and the young sergeant, a wounded veteran of Stalingard, said they were learning the lessons well

Children study hard in Moscow schools Only by diligent work can they earn the right to attend military camps during summer vacations, otherwise they are sent

with younger students to collective farms where their job is to pick berries and medicinal herbs

Every year thousands of children leave Moscow for a summer on a farm. Their

parents are happy to see them go. Fresh milk and butter are plentiful on farms, and outdoor work is just what the youngsters need after being confined in snowbound Moscow for the winter.

Strand Magazine



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9-81

Robot's Work For Russia

DYSON CARTER

PERHAPS you recall speeches by Hitler and Goebbels that have tried to explain defeat to the German people by protesting that the Russians had brought up overwhelming quantities of tanks, artillery and 'planes. The Nazi leaders were frank in their amazement. They had not the faintest idea where the Red Army had obtained such vast reserves of equipment. Only a small amount came from America, Canada and Britain. Up to the time of Stalingrad we had been told, and Hitler had believed, the USSR had lost a large portion of its production centres and resources in the earlier Nazi drives. But all of a sudden the Red Army hurled forward enormous amounts of new mechanized equipment. Where did this come from? More important, who made it?

Our own production experts tried to answer these questions by saying that the Soviet Government had mobilized every man, woman and child in the huge Republic. Also that many factories had been transferred from conquered areas to safe places in the Ural Mountains. Both these explanations were in part true.

We have all read about 'atomsmashing"—research done to find out what atoms are made of. Now in the Soviet Union smashed atoms are being used not just for scientific purposes but in order to smash Hitler. The Russians have mobilized even their atoms and 'atomic shrapnel' from exploded atoms has become one of the remarkable potent weapons backing up the great Red Army offensive.

But they omitted one extremely important fact

It is now possible to reveal that the lavish reserves of heavy equipment poured into the Soviet offensive along a 2,000 mile front have been turned out by absolutely new production methods, including some revolutionary manufacturing techniques. Just as the Red Army's tanks, guns and 'plans have proved to be superior in quality to those of other nations, so now the quantity of Soviet production exceeds anything previously thought possible. Smashed atoms have played a vital part in this new kind of Soviet mass production.

The secret of the new production technique is the *electron*. Electrons are the shrapnel from atoms that have been blown up. It takes thirty billion, billion, billion, electrons to weigh a single ounce. In communication and detection equipment electrons fight for us on all war fronts. Every nation uses electronic devices, America, Britain and Canada have made some progress in putting electrons to work in war plants. But it is in the Soviet Union that these infinitely small particles of matter have taken on superhuman powers.

Before we consider the new factory technique it is interesting to note that Stalin hinted some time before the offensive that surprises in production might be expected. He pointed out that in the first year of war Soviet equipment was superior to the enemy's, but quantity was lacking. He promised that this difficulty would be overcome, despite the loss or destruction of great production centres. None of our commentators paid any attention to this highly significant hint of Stalin's. But after the great Red Army offensive began it revealed to the world what miracles of quantity production had been achieved. Then Alexander Shcherbakov, Chief of the Soviet Information Bureau, stated simply "Of great importance for the country's mili-

tary might is the work of Soviet scientists in prospecting for new raw materials and in the elaboration of new methods of their utilization." Shcherbakov is Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union, and he does not waste words. He was frankly informing the world that Soviet Science had developed *new* methods of mass production. One of those is the electronic production method.

Have you ever seen a "robot," or mechanical man? These are electrical oddities that obey simple instructions when spoken to, such as getting up off a chair, walking, shaking hands. For many years writers have toyed with the idea of robots that could actually think, or, at least, work at manual labour. Now in the Soviet Union a robot machinist is actually at work. This robot has electric wires in place of nerves. Instead of thoughts the robot's brain is buzzing with electrons which have eyes, never make mistakes, never get tired, never even blink. Its eyes stare hour after hour at strange drawings. This weird creature made of copper and glass and electrons sits in an office, but its arms and hands are half a mile away working in a machine shop!

What on earth does such a contraption work at? Just this: its photo-electric

eyes read a new type of blue-print. This blue-print shows the design of a complicated piece of machine work—say, a steel fitting for a big gun breech. The robot reads the blue-print, flashes electron-thoughts over its wire nerves to its electrical hands, and these hands operate all the controls of a huge metal-turning lathe. In other words, this machine takes the place of a human lathe operator.

But the purpose of this Soviet invention was not to displace human labour. In several important respects the robot machinist is far superior to the most highly skilled human worker. First, it reads the blue prints with highest accuracy and the lathe tools follow this accuracy at all times. This makes possible mass production within extremely close limits. Then again, the robot cannot possibly make an error. Its machining never needs to be checked, for what is on the blue-print will be in the finished piece. Further, the robot machinist works twenty-four hours a day without rest

periods. It never gets tired or sick, or has an accident. Finally, this astounding machine with one set of eyes and one glass-tube brain can control two, a dozen, fifty, a hundred lathes—all turning out the same job!

Anyone can appreciate what such an invention means to the mass production of high-quality heavy armaments. It was to this invention and others of somewhat similar nature that Shcherbakov referred when he spoke of new methods worked out by Soviet scientists for the utilization of Russian raw materials, methods "of great importance for the country's military might." The Soviet Union solved the "impossible" problem of training many thousands of highly skilled machine operators within a period of a few months. The problem was solved by turning the machine over to electronic brains. To train these robot operators how to run a new machine is simply a question of handing them a new blue-print. No design looks strange to electron eyes.

(From Russia's Secret Weapon)

A farmer was asked to assist at the funeral of his neighbour's third wife, and as he had attended the funerals of the two others, his wife was surprised when he declined the invitation. On being pressed to give his reason he observed, with some hesitation:

"You see, Mary, it makes a chap feel a bit awkward to be always accepting other folk's civilities when he never has anything of the same sort of his own to ask them back to."

Shall We Have a World Language?

H G WELLS

SOME remarks of mine made at a British Association meeting have produced an inundation of letters about Esperanto, Ido, and whole series of well-meaning experiments in language-making. The amiable idea inspiring all the experiments is to find a short cut to human unity. A number of facts and considerations go to show that this apparent short cut to unity is really a blind alley, and that a practical solution of this very urgent problem of world understanding is to be found in quite a different direction.

Contemporary science is gradually clearing the history of speech, how the human being first talked, how he talked in his primitive days, how little he talked, and why he talked. We know within a few thousand years when it was that organized languages appeared in the world and were written down and grammar descended upon mankind. Man, up to the beginnings of agriculture, used gestures for communication and drawings for record as much as or more than articulate speech. The simple

association of "bow-wow" with dog or "hiss" with snake is fairly obvious, but that is not articulate speech.

Speech, indeed, is so specialized and localized that it seems highly probably that the universal means of communication in the future may involve a very scanty use of the spoken and written word. Instantaneous photography, colour photography, micro-photography, and air transport make the most rapid and complete distribution not only of facts, but, with a skilful use of diagrams and suchlike symbols, of ideas, from end to end of the earth, possible. There is scarcely a fact spoken language can express which cannot be conveyed a thousand times as rapidly and completely through the eye.

The obdurate inadaptability of articulate speech to changes in sound or accent militates still more powerfully against the idea that the world may be de-Babelized. And there is also a perpetual shifting of the meaning of words. Consider such a word as "alibi." The other day I had a grossly

insulting letter (anonymous, of course) declaring that my contempt for a "classical" training had led me to use "alibi" as an equivalent for "excuse" whereas it has no such meaning. The poor gentleman was scandalously ignorant of his Dickens and his dictionary. Sam Weller gave a new twist to "alibi" and from the great *Oxford English Dictionary* my correspondent will learn that in the English language now, not only is this meaning for "alibi" as an "evasion" accepted, but that there is a verb, "to alibi" with various derivatives, carrying exactly the sense I gave it.

That is one instance of verbal depravity, a legal term that took the wrong turning. Directly one passes to more fundamental ideas, one finds in languages everywhere an endless array of false assumptions and the decaying metaphysics of a dead past. Every language Man has ever used is an ever-changing torrent with nothing whatever to keep it clear and clean. "Time, like an ever-flowing stream, bears all its sons away," but language has no ability to rid itself of its illegitimate and corrupt offspring.

This is true of the vocabulary of any language. The difficulty about the actual sounds of a language is equally insurmountable. George Bernard

Shaw is the man best worth listening to in this matter. He has an exquisite ear for sound, and he has told us clearly and exactly what are the necessary preliminaries before you can dream of a world language.

Manifestly, before you can think of a common language for the world, you must have a script that is universally readable. There are thirtynine sounds requiring separate unambiguous letters. With these thirtynine letters and a few accents and indications of intonation, it would be possible to write down anything in any language, so that anyone totally ignorant of that language could nevertheless read it aloud and be understood by anyone using that language. But the letters for this universal alphabet must be freely designed so as to be unambiguous. Such letter shapes as COP, which in Russian would be read as SAR, must be suppressed altogether. Given such an alphabet, I do or Volapuk become bare possibilities. Until you have it, they are impracticable dreams.

Nevertheless, when our utmost has been done with pictures and diagrams to convey fact and relationship, there still remain certain matters for which language must be used. There are the Universal Rights of Man and treaties generally. It is hard, for instance, to think

of any pictorial method of prohibiting tyranny by the taking of hostages. Ogden, with his Orthological Institute, and his associates, have been experimenting therefore with the translation of the Universal Rights of Man into Basic English. ["Basic" English, Russian or Italian is the minimum vocabulary necessary to talk understandably in any of these tongues.] Coupled with micro photography, 'Basic' seems for more suitable for spreading ideas over the whole earth.

Gesture came long before the use of speech in the history of the human mind. Manifestly articulate speech was never adopted by Man for the unrestrained broadcasting of what he had in his mind. Gestures, grunts, howls, and so forth conveyed one's feelings and intentions to everybody within sight and hearing but spoken speech was a very convenient way of coming to an understanding with one's intimates while leaving the stranger present unaware of what was brewing. Most of us have passed through a phase in our adolescence when we invented languages. They were always secret languages, cants, back slang, "owhay oday ouyay" devices, designed to defeat the uninitiated listener and put authority at a disadvantage. The demand for a universal over-riding speech is an

innovation upon linguistic practice. Speech is used to conceal our thoughts much more frequently than it is used to express them.

The various "Basics" may expand and pick up words from one another, and they seem likely to converge upon a sort of universal uninflected world "pidgin" speech with a vaster vocabulary of words in common than any languages have ever had hitherto. "Pidgin" will enable a traveller to get about, order accommodation, take a ticket and so forth, and remain as flat and unsuitable for poetic, intimate, and delicate expression as pidgin English is in China today. No one will ever want to make love or indite a sonnet in a pidgin language. The first thing two lovers set about is the invention of new names for each other and a little language of their own. Every set and clique of friendship and conspiracy in the world devises its own slang and dialect, its nick-names and specialized interpretations. Nothing is likely to abolish that.

It is hard to conceive of any form of poetic expression either in prose or verse that is either everlasting or translatable. Nor, in spite of the magnificence achieved by such a polyglot as Milton, can I believe that really lovely writing is achievable by anyone who is not saturated to

an exclusive pitch by thinking, talking and wringing the utmost expression out of his or her native tongue William Shakespeare had little Latin and less Greek, and down the record of English literature to our own time the most clear, poetic, and delightful English has come from monoglots with a natural gift for verbal melody

But I am straying towards a critical disquisition that will take me, if I pursue it, far away from that Auxiliary Language Possibly because I dislike and despise the idea and am glad of any excuse to get away from it So I submit, me lud the public I submit me lud, my case against this Auxiliary Language idea What can be said for it I cannot imagine

The Bookseller

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I Confess My Faith

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

MY mother lived very close to God, and her example has influenced me greatly in recent years. When we asked her advice about anything, she would say, "I must ask God first." And we could not hurry her. Asking God was not a matter of spending five minutes to ask Him to bless her child and grant the request. It meant waiting upon God until she felt His leading. Whenever Mother prayed and trusted God for her decision, the undertaking invariably turned out well.

By nature I am not a religious person, at least in the common acceptance of that term. I am practical-minded and somewhat sceptical. I used to think Faith, Belief, Immortality were more or less imaginary. I believed in the world seen, not the world unseen. I could not accept things just because they had always been accepted. In other words, a religion good enough for my fathers did not necessarily appeal to me.

During my childhood I always had to go to church and I hated the long sermons. I do



Madame Chiang Kai-shek

not yet believe in predigested religion in sugar coated doses. But today I feel that this churchgoing habit established something, a kind of stability, for which I am grateful to my parents.

As long as Mother lived I had a feeling that whatever I did, or failed to do, Mother would pray me through. Though she insisted that she was not her children's intercessor, that we must pray ourselves, yet I knew that many of her long hours of prayer were spent interceding for us.

One day I was talking with Mother about the imminent Japanese menace, and I suddenly cried out:

"Mother, you're so powerful in prayer, why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan—by an earthquake or something?"

Looking at me gravely, she said "When you pray, or expect me to pray, don't insult God's intelligence by asking Him to do something which would be unworthy even of you, a mortal!"

That made a deep impression on me. And today I can pray for the Japanese people, knowing that there must be many who suffer because of what their country is doing to China.

During these years of my married life, I have gone through three phases as related to my religion. First, there was a tremendous enthusiasm and patriotism—a passionate desire to do something for my country. With my husband, I would work ceaselessly to unite China and make her strong. I had the best of intentions. But something was lacking. There was no staying power. I was depending on self.

Then came the second phase, beginning with the Japanese invasion. I saw the Japanese overrun our richest provinces, I

saw our people die from enemy action and flood and famine. And I saw the death of my saintly mother. All these things have made me realize my own inadequacy. More than that, all human insufficiency. To try to do anything for the country seemed like trying to put out a great conflagration with a cup of water. I was plunged into spiritual despair, bleakness, desolation.

Then I realized that spiritually I was failing my husband. My mother's influence on the General had been tremendous. His own mother was a devout Buddhist. It was my mother's influence and personal example that led him to become a Christian.

Too honest to profess faith just to win her consent to our marriage, he had promised my mother that he would study Christianity and read the Bible. And I suddenly realized that he was sticking to his promise, even after she was gone, but losing because there were so many things he did not understand.

I began to see that what I was doing to help, for the sake of the country, was only a substitute for what he needed. I was letting him head toward a mirage when I knew of the oasis. Understanding that, and feeling my human inadequacy, I was driven back to my

mother's God I knew there was a power greater than myself I knew God was there But Mother was no longer there to do my interceding for me It was up to me to help the General spiritually, and in helping him I grew spiritually, myself

I had formerly prayed that God would do this or that Now I prayed only that God would make His will known to me Thus I entered into the third period, where I wanted to do not my will but God's And despair and despondency are not mine today

Life is really simple, and yet how confused we make it In old Chinese art, there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll Everything else in the picture is subordinate to that one beautiful thing

An integrated life is like that That one flower, as I see it now, is the will of God But to know His will, and do it, calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with one's self, and it means using one's mind to the best of one's ability

Prayer is more than meditation In meditation the source of strength is one's self But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own

I am often bewildered, I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance, in prayer God enlightens my understanding, and when I am sure, I go ahead, leaving the results with him

It is something like this I go walking, and the hills loom above me, range upon range, one against the other I cannot tell where one begins and another leaves off But when I talk with God He lifts me up where I can see clearly, where everything has a distinct contour

I do not think it possible to make this understandable to one who has not tried it What I do want to make clear is that whether we try to get guidance or not, it's there, available to each of us But only by practising the presence of God, by daily communion with Him, can one learn how to use this source of strength One cannot expect to be conscious of God's presence when one has only a bowing acquaintance with Him

With me religion is a very simple thing It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength and mind to do the will of God

The United States News

Self destruction is part of the
Japanese warrior tradition

Glory Through Hara-Kiri



Adapted from
"Close Up of the Jap Fighting
Man"

LIEUTENANT COLONEL WARREN J CLEAR

THE mysterious death of Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Japan's No 1 military and naval strategist, has been variously explained. But Robert Bellaire, former United Press chief in Japan, reports that Yamamoto frequently said he would take his own life rather than lose any Japanese-held territory.

Many instances of "honourable suicide" by Japanese officers and soldiers have been observed in this war. The only Jap commissioned officers taken prisoner have been unconscious or badly wounded. A Tokyo communique announced that the sick and wounded soldiers on Attu killed themselves before the last American attack—probably on orders from their officers. Crews of Jap planes shot down in the Pacific have refused life lines thrown to them by Americans. Several officers entrusted with the air-raid defence of Tokyo committed hara kiri because the shadow of the wings of Doolittle's bombers fell athwart the Imperial Palace.

The ancient custom of hara-kiri is typical of the Japanese

ruling caste. Day after day from earliest youth, the samurai are drilled in the awesome details of the tragic ceremony. So vividly is the technique of self-destruction impressed on boyish imaginations that, when Jap officers are confronted with what they consider the necessity of performing it, they can meet the terrible ordeal with complete composure.

I once heard the exact story of such an act, from the lips of a man who had seen it performed before his very eyes. It may give the reader a clearer picture of the extraordinary enemy we face.

My informant was General Ogawa, whose father committed hara-kiri a few hours after his superior, General Nogi, had done so. The son took great pride in his father's action.

"My father called me," said General Ogawa, "and told me that he felt under compulsion to join the spirit of General Nogi, and that he wished me to assist him in the act of hara-kiri—if assistance became necessary through his failure

to perform it efficiently I was to stand beside him, slightly to his rear, with his great two-handed sword upraised and strike off his head if all did not go well

"I remonstrated with him, because he was yet a comparatively young man, only 51. But he said that he had followed General Nogi through many years of fierce battle and he was resolved to follow him in death

"I watched him bathe, put on his white kimono and prepare the place of his ending. Then he took up his gold-hilted *wakazashi*, the short sword, and wrapped a snow white cloth about its hilt and the upper part of the blade. Slowly he thrust the blade deep into his abdomen on the left side, and then cut across to the right side, turned the blade and cut upwards. His face was very

white and tense, and his eyes closed as he pushed the blade home. I watched closely for any signs of weakness, for that would have been the signal for me to decapitate him, but there was none. He was a great warrior and a true samurai."

My eyes never left General Ogawa's face as he told me this story, for I thought at that moment I could almost see past the inscrutability of the Jap. Here was an infantry commander of the Imperial Japanese Army—in the 20th century—telling me, proudly, impassively, the tragic details of an act of self-destruction on the part of his own father.

The whole thing was quite beyond the comprehension of the rational occidental mind. But in its very weirdness lay a suggestion as to the formidability of a nation that has been an insoluble enigma for centuries.

PROFITEERING

THE battle for Benghazi was in full swing. The colonel of a Scots regiment was jealous of the large number of prisoners the Australians were taking, so he called his men together and offered 2s. 6d. per hundred prisoners brought in.

The next day a Scotsman marched in with 800 Italians, the officer paid him £1, at the same time asking how he had managed to get so many single handed. The Scot replied—"I bought them from the Australians at a bob a hundred."

Medical Officer "Any scars on you?"
Nervous Recruit "No, sir but I've got some cigarettes if you'd like one."



THE FIRE WAS BRIGHT *By Leslie Kark (Macmillan London)*

THE type of exploit which earned for the Royal Air Force Mr Churchill's vividly-phrased panegyric "Never in the whole history of human endeavour was so much done for so many, by so few" forms the background of the present collection of short stories by a writer who has himself been on bombing operations and is now doing valuable work as a Public Relations Officer connected with Bomber Command. The stories have consequently an authentic ring and concern themselves with narration of scene or incident rather than exploitation of character or personality.

In a background where heroism is a matter of the everyday courage cannot go far beyond the starting point, but it appears to have inspiring and incredible variations the nar-

ration of which is undertaken in an atmosphere of continuous soft-pedalling and understatement. The book is a little muffled by journalistic writing and the aridity which goes with the baldness of speech sanctified by much contemporary usage. But it manages to convey that sense of lofty achievement and superhuman endeavour implicit in —

"My comrades everyday
have seen

Such golden deeds that
might befit

The Nazarene "

The final chapter "Strange Assignment" deals with the author's own experiences as a Public Relations Officer in the field attached to Group Headquarters. His duties included the task of showing distinguished visitors round and some good

stories are given of these encounters. A particularly amusing one concerns Jarché the well-known press photographer and his attempts to photograph an Eastern potentate. "For some weeks it seems the whole tribe of Fleet Street Photographers had shadowed the Potentate in vain attempts to secure pictures and then one night Jarché met him as the Eastern monarch was climbing the stairs to his suite at Claridge's. Jarché bowed, made his request advancing arguments which were not strictly true, received permission to photograph their Majesties and waited in the sitting-room while the Eastern Queen disappeared to prepare herself for the photograph.

"No sooner had she left the room than the Monarch let forth a resounding belch or burp. Jarché continued his story as though such were the very model of etiquette in society. But the damage was

done. The Queen returned and then ensued an argument of which the photographer lost the finer details because they were disclosed in an Eastern language, but gathered the purport because Her Majesty was vehement while the Monarch repeatedly pointed his finger at Jarché, clearly intimating that he was the culprit. Doubt furrowed the queenly brow and disaster was imminent. It could not now be long before the camera-man would be shown the door with his plates unexposed. Inevitably it was snowing.

That was the moment at which Jarché showed coolness, the devotion to the job in hand indeed the very heroism for which he has become famous. In similar manner but needs must with quieter effect, he belched or burped. The Royal argument ceased. The Queen slowly smiled. Photographs were taken and James Jarché left Claridge's with one of his best earned scoops."

MAN AND OTHER POEMS *By S Fyzee Rahmin* (Thacker and Co., Bombay Rs 4 8)

MR Fyzee Rahmin enters the world of letters with a reputation well established in the sphere of art. He belongs to the small coterie of Indians who have achieved international fame and whose work is well known to discern-

ing connoisseurs in all the capitals of Europe. Some years ago he shone forth as a writer of plays two of which were produced in London evoking much admiration from the critics. "Man and Other Poems" marks his entry into

yet another field of literature and continues the process of presenting to the world a delicately matured and evolved consciousness through to some, a more acceptable and comprehensive medium

It is interesting to note that his work portrays, whether in colour or sound the same quality of gentle sadness, of tears which come from pity rooted in strength, of clear-sighted vision that persists in spite of the decorative formalism of his art, of Loveliness sensed through an acute sensitiveness to the pageant of Life and an imaginative understanding of the malaise of existence. Fyzee Rahmin's "Portrait of a Rajput Warrior" (at present in the Tate Gallery in London), "Kashmiri Landscapes", "Invented Gods" and much of the body of the present work reflect an organisation of experience which proclaims the Oriental

philosopher at his best divorced from the negation, the urge to escape unpleasant reality while Oriental philosophy sometimes conveys

"Man and Other Poems" covers a wide range of mystical subjects and is recommended to serious readers with a contemplative habit of mind. The mode of expression is sometimes inadequate to the theme but these are small defects in an otherwise excellent publication which is beautifully bound, beautifully illustrated and leaves the reader with the sense of peace which is like "the peace at the heart of a new moon night". One shares and rejoices with the poet's ultimate vision —

"When the stars shall be
dispersed, the darkness
vanish, the sky

Be rolled up and man
attain his peace and
harmony "

THE DOCTRINE OF KARMA *By Swami Abhedananda* (Ramkrishna Vedanta Math Calcutta. Rs 1)

SWAMI Abhedananda a disciple of Shri Ramkrishna "arrived at the feet of the Master" in 1880 when he was about seventeen years of age. He spent the first few years in the austere surroundings of the monastery at Bhatnagar, travelled barefoot over India

for nearly a decade until Swami Vivekananda called him overseas to help in his religious work in the West. The Christ Theosophical Society in Bloomsbury Square witnessed his first public appearance in England where he stayed for a year crossing the Atlantic

take charge of the Vedantic Society in 1897. There he met with the phenomenal success and later toured the Americas giving lectures on Vedantic Philosophy.

In "Doctrine of Karma" the Swami gives a lucid exposition of the theory that "God neither rewards the virtuous nor punishes the wicked, that action and reaction are equal and opposite and that we ourselves whether (in this life or in the past) have earned the happiness we enjoy and the misery we suffer. "The forces of Nature," he observes, "operate neither for profit nor loss but for a perfect balance or harmony." "The law

of compensation is as irresistible as the law of causation and as relentless as the law of action and reaction. There are excellent chapters on the law of Compensation, Retribution, the Philosophy of work and its Secret and the motives which underlie activity. The book terminates with an analysis of Maya and the underlying principles of the heart in contradistinction to the Mind, and is well worth reading in an age in which the quest is for quick and easy triumphs and the stress on the short lived satisfactions of the day. Its message needed repetition and will, we hope, be carried far and wide.

A FATHER, determined not to foist the stork legend upon his small son, answered his very early questions by explaining that human life was something like the plant life. The seed hid in the dark and grew until it was ready to appear.

The next morning, while shaving, he observed his small child busy putting a tiny flower pot over something that he had apparently inserted in the soil. Nothing was said and for several mornings the father watched the small child march earnestly down the garden and remove the flower pot. There was nothing to see. The perplexity on the child's face was a study but he made no sign.

Then, one morning, he lifted the flower-pot and underneath it was a tiny frog.

He contemplated it first with amazement and then with undisguised disgust. Then, bending down and glaring at the tiny frog, the child said: "If I weren't your father I would wring your neck."

JOHNSON Galsworthy was fond of telling how a police sergeant in a Midlands Police Court had said: "The book advertised, your worship, was Galsworthy's 'Sago'."

"Never," the author would retort, "has the *Forsyte Saga* been so clearly indicated as food for babes."

Indian Film Section

EDITED BY D C SHAH

THIS "INSTRUCTIONAL" BIRD WON'T FLY!

The first flush of enthusiasm over the fruits of the so-called "instructional" enterprise, now seems to be over as the first few of this variety (like "Police", "Char Ankhen", etc.) have not only left a bad taste in the mouth, but verily made the conclusion appear crystal clear that if this is how coming events cast their shadow before, let's be done away with the whole thing and have no more of it. For this bird cannot and will not fly—unless, of course, provided with far better wings! So the problem remaining where it ever was, the only difference which could be said to have resulted is that while formerly the problem was how to get on with instruction as early as possible, now it is how to best get rid of it as early as possible! In other words the definition of the word "instruction" as obtainable in various dictionaries not only ill-befits the vogue embarked upon in our film dom but—ironically—threatens to question the reliability of its very origin and set

up an altogether unknown code!

Apart from the fact that what has begun to be doled out to us in the name of instruction, is provenly anything but that precious thing, it is of vital importance to see that the consequently gloomy outlook and atmosphere does not come in the way of the necessary



Sadhana Bose who stars in *Ana* Pictures Pogram at the Lamington.

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OUT OF
ABSOLUTELY
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*
KARDAR
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Crazy Comedy!

'SANJOG'

Director **A R KARDAR**

Music: **NAUSHAD** * Story: **Prof WAQUIF**
Songs: **MADHOK**

Starring **CHARLIE**
MEHTAB, ULLHAS ANWAR,
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revision (drastic and thorough) of the entire episode in its correct perspective which alone is now capable of fructifying in a really genuine understanding, grasp and output as far as these instructionals are concerned. Indeed, for the time being the pious hopes about the instructional era promising the long standing substitute for the sickening socials and outrageous mythologicals, may appear to be out of question but it certainly cannot be calculated to damp the persistent ardour of the collective intelligent opinion in the industry for a progressive change.

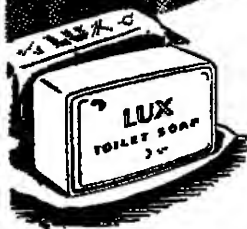
The belief is generally supported by many that the fundamental drawback in our instructional (mis)adventure has been the absolutely incongruous mixing up of the propaganda element. Bare exceptions apart, a good instructional need not necessarily be a good propaganda picture also and vice versa. For, more often than not, it has been proved by experience that while in an instructional there can be ample scope for entertainment, the same isn't always true with propaganda pictures.

There is little wonder, however, that with the Government regulations acting like the point of a bayonet, our box-office-conscious producers could not but make a veritable mess of

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both the elements of propaganda and instruction with neither acquiring any purposeful character

The matchless ingenuity and efficiency of foreign methods in this direction have been cited time and again as an exemplary force for improvement. That has borne little or no benefit as it has been found that instead of comprehending and following their brighter aspects, our producers have conversely found it easier to exploit their darker and worthless side of production and technique. In this respect there is another notable point which seems to have been sadly missed by these makers of instructionals. That is the measure of success and popularity achieved by some of our own outstanding products which although not distinguished as such as "instructionals", had immense significance of congenial instruction in them. I will cite only one such instance which enables one to have a complete grasp over what elements exactly to mould—and how—and develop to constitute instruction and at the same time maintain the entertainment value of the picture. That is "Doctor" which unmistakably, still retains the distinction of being the greatest instructional produced in India. This N T masterpiece tackled at least half a dozen different aspects of social and humani-

tarian significance: the unique serviceable supremacy of the medical profession, the evil of caste system, child marriages, the need for propagating hygienic education, etc. in the villages and last but not the least, the urgency of the youth's radical and uncompromising spirit to resist all wrongs and evils and fight for truth till the last.

Why can't, in the name of all that is supposed to be done and said for the welfare of the industry, the instructional bird turn to a similar path where it definitely stands every chance of a successful flight—safe and sound—instead of pursuing an utterly suicidal one? Till then, it's certain, it just won't fly.

—'filman'

"RAMSHASTRI"

TO deliberately make a picture in which a high moral appeal gives a secondary place to mere romance is a venture that Prabhat alone can undertake and get away with. "Ramshastri" is that type of venture.

It is not any boy-meet-girl stuff, not the fight-and-chase fare, not the rough-and-tumble comedy material. It is the story of a noble development, the growth of a poor but spirited lad to the highest seat of Justice in the kingdom, it is the account of the building-up of one man's character, it is

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Jagirdar in the title role of 'Ram Shastri Prabhats great historical at the Central

the vindication of sterling virtues like truth, justice and courage. In depicting the life of Ramshastri, Prabhat has used the wide canvas of history for background, the tale travels through the reigns of three Peshwas in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Authentic art direction gives a remarkably true atmosphere of those days for the dramatic episodes in Ramshastri's career. First-rate stars like Jagirdar, Lalita Pawar and Meenakshi give convincing work in their respective roles. Hundreds of extras fill gigantic sets and take you back a hundred and fifty years, and through all these

busy happenings the career of one man stands out with commanding effect. The picture delineates the influence of a man of character, whose appearance on the screen at the Central gives the audience an unprecedented experience.

"PAIGAM"

WITH the new romantic team of Sadhona Bose and the golden-voiced Surendra, Amar Pictures' third production "Paigam" provides a delightful novelty in dancing and music. The picture was released at the Lamington on June 23, through United Films.

The story has been written by Mr. Manmath Ray, the reputed author of "Rajnartaki", "Meenaxee" and "Kumkum", and gives the fullest scope to the two stars for their respective talents. "Paigam" has been directed by Mr. Surendra Desai, who with his long and varied experience of the production of several hits has brought out its dramatic highlights in a powerful and entertaining manner.

"Paigam" is an attempt not only at bringing home the realistic and purposeful significance of dance and music in their truest sense, but also at symbolising the spirit of unity in the broader and wider sense of unity, among classes and communities, as also in life and art. This message is



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MOST TALKED ABOUT STORY!

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SADHONA BOSE

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A Supporting Cast of FAVOURITES

Raigam

(DIRECTED BY SURENDRA DESAI)

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conveyed through the characterizations of two noble and devoted souls who believed in loving for an ideal, living for an ideal and dying for an ideal. Shankar, the born musician and Jayanti his favourite pupil—later beloved—did not merely live into a world of their own but were constantly striving to elevate the universal grief and suffering around them through their gifted arts, rather through the unity of their respective talents in art and life. Jayanti and Shankar, enacted respectively by Sadhona Bose and Surendra, are characterizations that will live for ever in the memory of

cinagoers and, what's more, together with them will live the imperishable ideal of unity.

Never before have these two leading artistes been given so fulsome a scope in their respective spheres of dance and music, as in "Paigam," which promises to turn a new leaf in the history of its makers.

'MALI'

THE Government ban against pilgrimage to Phandharpur has evoked much controversy in the press, and both sides are in a mood to argue their case out. Whatever the individual opinion in the present circumstances, it would be

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HIS ENEMIES!

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interesting to note what opinion a well known saint held on the issue of pilgrimage

Those who have seen Rajkamal's and V Shantaram's film biography "Mali" now running at Novelty must have been struck by the potent fact that Savanta Mali throughout his life never went to Phandharpur, though it was only six miles away from the place where he lived. And the reason for his not going on a pilgrimage was that he believed that God was everywhere in his own home, garden and heart and it would be wrong to leave one's place of duty for a pilgrimage. In upholding this viewpoint Savanta had to fight against orthodoxy, though ultimately he triumphed.

"SANJOG"

RELETE with the funniest of situations, tuneful songs and peppy dialogues, Producer Director Kardar's crazy comedy "Sanjog", is scheduled to be released as a next change at the local Imperial Cinema, through Messrs Kapurchand and Co.

In "Sanjog", director Kardar presents inimitable Charlie in absolutely a new type of characteristic role, in which he is at his best. With him there are Mehtab, Ulhas, A Shah, Anwar and Rajkumari Shukla and above all your favourite Wasti.

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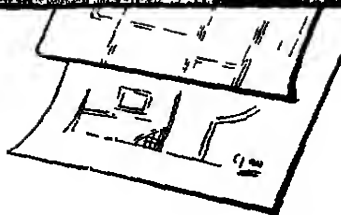
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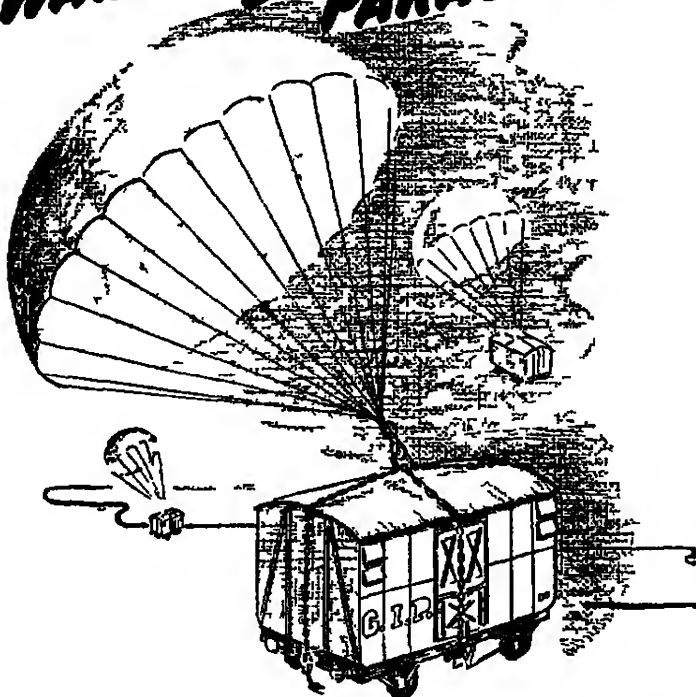
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